E. R. Casement & Co. Nails, Iron, Steel, AND GENERAL HARDWARE. Madoc, Ont.

North Hastings Review.

E. R. Casement & Co. Glass, Putty, Paints, Varnishes of all kinds. MADOC, ONT.

JOHN R. ORR, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum, in advance

VOL. V., No. 235. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, October 6, 1881. POSTAGE PREPAID.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WE do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

DEAR SIR.—Would you be so kind as to give me room in your valuable paper for a few remarks in connection with the Cooper and Remmington mails. I suppose you are aware that the people of this part feel sore at heart at the way our mails are carried, namely, from Bridgewater and back to that evergreen city instead of to the village of Madoc, which is wholly our place of business, thence to the front, namely, Belleville. Some how or other the P. O. Department at Ottawa must think that us folks here must belong to or come from the "fiji" islands or some such place. But we are business people here at Cooper and Remmington, and also this is one of the most business part of the township, if not of the county, (keep out the city, and your flourishing village of Madoc) and yet they only give us three mails a week and that is to and from the backwoods, but I may be wrong, (Bridgewater) indeed to and from Bridgewater. I assure you it's not what we want. We were better suited when we had it twice a week from Madoc, and in my opinion this back mail route is only imposed on us for individual purposes. Look at the inconvenience we are at—say we post a letter here for Belleville, it goes to that flare-up city, of Bridgewater, gets a free passage on the stage, thence to Belleville taking the second day to get there, and if we post a letter between Madoc and Belleville, it also goes to Bridgewater, next to Belleville, then takes a passage on the stage to its destination, where, if we had it by way of Madoc it would leave here in the morning and be at its destination the same evening. What I say is this—Madoc is our place of business, and in and through Madoc all our business is done, and for Bridgewater we want nothing to do with it in the shape of a mail route. I notice a letter in your paper from Hon. Billa Flint in reply to Mr. Thompson of Queensborough. I agree with Mr. Thompson in saying that in the route from Bridgewater to Cooper and Remmington $180 is expended in the wrong place, for Cooper and Remmington are not suited, Queensboro' does not want it, and in the name of common sense why is the mail carried that route for when it can be taken from Cooper to Madoc and back for a good deal less than from that fine city, Bridgewater. What Gooper wants is a mail say three times a week from Madoc, and until we get that we will never have our rights. Hon. Billa Flint states that he does not want the mail cut off from Cooper and Remmington by Bridgewater, in his opinion he wants to do Cooper and Rimmington a great kindness; but we are not prepared to take it as such. He wants badly to accommodate the people of Cooper and Remmington, but how he is to haunt us evermore with that Bridgewater mail route I think is what he means, but we do not mean anything of the sort, we hope for better days. Mr Flint takes a great interest in us, and would like to make a change, by putting us back at Bancroft and bringing Bancroft to Cooper and Remmington, or it might be better for his honor to take a rest until the Toronto and Ottawa Railway is built, then he could take that fine city Bridgewater down about the Bay shore, Belleville, by the car load and then he would have nothing but Bancroft to look after, and I assure you if we heard the bag-pipes play a whistling tune as he was moving that wonderful city to the front we would bid them farewell and not be sorry if it would make a change in our mail route, as it certainly would. Now I have nothing against Bridgewater people if they have seen fit to have two mails a day, and if the Post Master General had seen fit to grant it. I say let them, but not stick that mail on us simply to suit their purposes. I hope the day is not far distant when our mail will go to and from your village.

Yours very truly,
S. R.

Remmington, 29th Sept., 1881.

DUNGANNON AND FARADAY.

The day after I sent you my last communication we had heavy rain, and have had more since, so that the bush fires are extinguished, the blinding smoke gone, and in more senses than one, we breathe again.

A few days since, we were visited by Mr. Pusey and Mr. Chapman, of Toronto, Professor of Mineralogy, who in company with Mr. Hutchinson, examined the various mineral claims purchased by Mr. Pusey in this quarter, and lying between the Monk Road, Faraday, and the 10th and 11th cons. of Dungannon. Within this comparatively small radius there are no less than 11 mines, 8 of which have been secured by Mr. Pusey. Prof. Chapman pronounced several of these not only to be extremely rich, but also extensive. It is Mr. Pusey's intention to start immediately for England with Prof. Chapman's report, with a view to raise a company for the purpose of working these mines, and also to build a railroad into this quarter, from the west.

An entertainment was held at L'Amable on Sept. 27th, for the purpose of raising funds to procure books and papers for the Sunday School children. The programme consisted of recitations and vocal and musical selections, which were well given and well recieved by a numerous audience. It was very successful.

Bancroft continues to grow, Mr. J. Powers, blacksmith, and Mr. J. Murphy, carpenter, having each built houses here lately; they are also finishing the Carding and Fulling Mill, and putting in some of the machinery which has arrived. The mill will indeed be a boon to this back country, and many who never had sheep before will have them now, and those who already have them will increase their flocks.

SYLVANUS.

Faraday, 1st Oct., 1881.

Madoc Markets.

Flour, per brl	$6 50 to	$6 75
Wheat, per bushel	1 15 to	1 35
Rye, "	0 90 to	0 95
Oats, "	0 35 to	0 40
Barley, "	0 70 to	0 75
Peas, "	0 65 to	0 70
Potatoes, per bag	0 65 to	0 75
Eggs, per doz	0 15 to	0 00
Butter, per lb	0 18 to	0 20
Wool, per lb	0 20 to	0 00
Hides, per cwt	7 00 to	8 00

Belleville Markets.

Wheat,	$1 35 to	$1 40
Barley,	0 80 to	0 85
Rye,	0 95 to	1 00
Oats,	0 38 to	0 40
Peas,	0 65 to	0 70
Butter,	0 25 to	0 30
Eggs,	0 13 to	0 15
Potatoes, per bag	1 00 to	0 00
Flour, per bbl	6 00 to	7 00
Sheepskins,	0 00 to	0 00
Wool, per lb	0 22 to	0 00
Hides,	7 00 to	8 50
Hay,	6 50 to	10 00
Calf Skins, per lb	0 10 to	0 00
Deakens,	0 00 to	0 00

JUST RECEIVED
A fine lot of
SOLID SILVER
—AND—
COLORED GOLD JEWELRY.
Elegant designs in Sets and Single
Brooches and Earrings,
Also a fine line in
SILVER LOCKETS
—AND—
BRACELETS.
BROOCHES & EARRINGS
In real Whitby Jet, also
Bracelets and Necklets,
And a great variety of
STUDS, GENTS' SUITS, COLLAR BUTTONS, and SCARF PINS,
PLATED & FINE PEARL.
E. L. WEISS.

FOR SALE.
A CORNER LOT on Church and Elgin streets, Madoc, with two good new frame dwellings and a good new frame barn, also plenty of room for three more dwellings on the lot. This property is situated about twenty rods from the business portion of the village.
Terms liberal. Apply to
WILLIAM MOORE.
On the premises.
Madoc, March 29th 1880.

ARRIVED
—AT—
D. W. WRIGHT'S,
QT. AND ½ GALL.
Stone AND Glass Fruit Jars
A SPLENDID QUALITY OF
ALE,
In 10 gallon kegs and on draught, for summer use.
A choice lot of
Groceries, Crockery and Liquors,
Gooderham & Worts' Proof, Old Rye, and Malt Whiskies always in stock.
D. W. WRIGHT,
Grocer and Wine Merchant,
VICTORIA BLOCK, MADOC.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

BEST'S L. O. L. No. 517. Meets on the first Thursday in each month. JAS. BATEMAN, Sec'y, Madoc P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070, Meets every first Tuesday in each month. C. DONALDSON, Sec'y, Millbridge.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094, Meets on the first Saturday in each month. DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624, Meets every Friday on or before full moon. HENRY BENTLEY, Sec'y, York River P.O.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437, Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon. W. J. WIGGINS, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285. Meets on the first Monday in each month. J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P.O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253. Meets every Monday on or before full moon. R. S. ALLEN, Secretary, Cooper P. O.

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389, Meets every first Monday in each month. T. E. JACKSON, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4. J. F. MORRILL, D. M., Millbridge, C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

Royal Black Knights of Ireland, Meets in the Lodge-room of No. 1133, Hazzard's Corners, on the second Wednesday of each month. H. KETCHESON, W. M.

MADOC LODGE
No. 179, I.O.O.F.
THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Hall, on
Monday Evening, Oct. 10th,
At 8 o'clock.
C. S. MITCHELL, Rec. Secretary.

Stoves & Tinware.
If you want good
COOKING, BOX, OR PARLOR STOVES
CALL AT GEO. CHOWN'S,
Division Street, Reed's Block,
Where you will find a good assortment, together with all kinds of Tinware, on hand or made to order. Furnaces, Eavetrough, and all kinds of job work attended to. Remember the place, opposite Orr's blacksmith shop
22 GEORGE CHOWN.

FLOUR! FLOUR!
THE undersigned keeps on hand large quantities of SUPERIOR EXTRA flour in Bags or Barrels at the North Hastings Warehouse, sold in quantities to suit purchasers and at the lowest possible prices.
He is in receipt within the last few days of
THREE CAR LOADS
OF THE CELEBRATED
"Empress" Brand,
a grade of flour that has given general satisfaction. The best evidence being that he has sold about 1,000 Bbls. since the 1st of Jan. last.
SEED GRAIN.
He keeps on hand Wheat, Peas, Oats and Barley for seed. The Wheat and Oats are from the neighborhood of Lindsay, and of superior quality. A limited quantity of superior Spring Wheat for seed on hand.
A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, March 2nd, 1881.

Land For Sale.
TWENTY-ONE (21) Building Lots for sale in the Village of Madoc, laid out on Park Lots 3 and 4, and known as "Norman's Hill."
Enquire of Captain Norman, Millbridge, or the undersigned,
CHARLES GREAM.
Madoc, September, 1879. 131

NOTICE!
NOTICE is hereby given that the Municipal Council of the United Townships of Elzevir and Grimsthorpe will pass a By-Law at their next meeting, to be held on the 31st of October next, for the purpose of opening and establishing a Road commencing at south side of Lot 16, in 4th Concession of Elzevir, running across part Lot 16 in the 4th, 16 and part 17 in the 5th, to 6th Concession line, Elzevir. All persons interested therein will govern themselves accordingly.
E. JAMES.
Township Clerk.
Bridgewater, 12th Sept., 1881.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN G. DEANS,
CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,
O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK!
MADOC.
Banking House!
—OF—
E. D. O'FLYNN,
"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.
Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.
Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted.
DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD
Money received on deposit, subject to withdrawal without notice.
Madoc, August 6th, 1879.

MONEY TO LOAN
—ON—
REAL ESTATE SECURITY.
The Canada Permanent
Loan and Savings Co'y
TORONTO, ONT.
Mortgages and Debentures Purchased.
Apply to
S. D. ROSS, MADOC.
AGENT FOR THE
Lancashire Insurance Comp'y.
All Losses Promptly Settled.
Office at the Store of Sydmer Ross & Co.
Madoc, April 15th, 1879. 107

Desirable Property for Sale
THE HOUSE and an acre and a quarter of land on the East side of Wellington Street, in the village of Madoc, owned by Mrs. Gunn. The above lot is well situated, near the Post Office. Title guaranteed. Terms easy. Apply to
PETERSON & PETERSON,
Barristers, Madoc.
Dated, 1st June, 1880.

TO BE LET.
LOTS 57 and 58, east side Hastings Road, Township of Tudor; also Lot 58, west side (part of the Cameron Mining Lot) comprising 100 acres or upwards. About 40 acres cleared, the rest well wooded, with water accommodation. The above would be well suited to the wants of a grown up family. A lease can be given on very moderate terms.
Apply to CAPT. NORMAN, Millbridge,
or to
Chas. Gream, Esq., Madoc. 130

Money to Loan!
Low Rate of Interest!
To Farmers and Real Estate owners in Madoc and Vicinity:
Do you want to add to your farm?
To build a new house or barn?
To make improvements by the way of fencing, clearing, or draining?
To pay off a mortgage, and get plenty of time at a low rate of interest?
Then apply to the undersigned, who is agent for
THE CANADA
LANDED CREDIT COMPANY,
FOR THIS COUNTY.
AMPLE TIME WILL BE GIVEN,
with or without sinking fund, with the privilege of paying as soon as you please
Per Cent. INTEREST. 6
The operations of the Company, which are of long standing, can be referred to as a guarantee of their square dealing and equitable terms.
A. F. WOOD,
MADOC.
Nov. 1st, 1880.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

GEO. D. DICKSON,
BARRISTER, &c., Belleville. Money to loan at low rates.
CHARLES GREAM,
SOLICITOR in Chancery, Notary, Attorney, Conveyancer, &c., Madoc. Office in the Victoria Block.
R. S. HENDERSON,
BARRISTER, &c., Madoc. Office—over the store of Sydmer Ross & Co. Entrance—Side door.
HENRY BLEECKER,
BARRISTER, Attorney-at-Law, and Solicitor in Chancery. Office,—Bridge Street, Belleville, over the Custom House.
CHARLES BUTLER,
ISSUER of Marriage Licenses, and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Residence—Stirling, Ont.
W. A. DAFOE, M. D. &c.,
LICENTIATE of the Royal College of Physicians, Licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh. Office and residence nearly opposite the Windsor House, Madoc
DOUGALL & FALKINER,
BARRISTERS, Belleville. Money to loan on farm property at very low rates.
A. R. DOUGALL. | N. B. FALKINER.
DENMARK & NORTHRUP,
BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Money to lend on easy terms, both private and Company funds.
GEO. DENMARK. W. B. NORTHRUP, M. A.
GEO. W. WALKER,
SURGEON DENTIST, Front St. Belleville, still continues his visits to Madoc village, strictly on the first Monday and Tuesday of every month. Rooms in Mrs. Moon's Hotel. Belleville Office directly opposite the Anglo American Hotel. 53
PETERSON & PETERSON,
BARRISTERS, Attorneys-at-law, Solicitors in Chancery, Notaries, &c., Private and Company moneys to loan at lowest rates.
Madoc Office, - O'Flynn's Block.
Belleville Office, Cor. Front & Bridge sts.
A. M. PETERSON, B.A. C. W. PETERSON, B.A.
St. FRANCIS HOTEL,
ELDORADO, ONT.
FRANCIS CONLIN - PROPRIETOR.
GOOD accommodation for the traveling public, at reasonable rates.
The Bar stocked with choice Liquors, Cigars, etc. 149
BLAIR & HOUGH,
BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Offices: No. 4 Ashley Block, over Canadian Bank of Commerce, Front St.
HUGH BLAIR. J. STANLEY HOUGH.
N.B.—Private money to loan at 7 per cent.
A. F. WOOD,
LAND, LOAN,
AND
Commission Agency.
OFFICE—Second Door South from Masonic Hall.
Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.
Madoc, January 27th, 1879. 96
WINDSOR HOUSE,
MADOC, ONT.
HAVING purchased the building formerly occupied by Mr. Thos. Cross, we have fitted it up as a first-class Hotel, and are now prepared to offer superior accommodations to the traveling public.
Large and commodious sample rooms for Commercial Travelers.
Every attention paid to guests.
CONLEY & McNEILL.
Madoc, May 4th, 1880.

PRIVATE FUNDS! TO LOAN.
$25,000
Have been placed in the hands of the subscribers to loan upon farm or city property at from
7 to 8 per Cent. Interest,
according to the size and quality of loan.
NO DELAY in obtaining the money beyond the time employed in the investigation of the titles.
NO COMMISSION OR CHARGES other than those of drawing up the necessary papers, and disbursements of loans.
Straight Loans only.
BLAIR & HOUGH,
Barristers, &c.,
Oct. 25, 1880. Ashley Block, Belleville.

FOREST FIRES.

Their Terrors and Horrors.

The forest fires in our own country have been terrible in their destructiveness and extent, but the following account from the *Detroit Free Press* gives a most heartrending account of the ravages of fire in Michigan.

The pioneers who settle in the forests of the new world find themselves face to face with an enemy. This enemy is the forest itself. Giant pines, sturdy oaks, strong beeches, chestnut and the underbrush are so many obstacles to be removed before the plow can turn a furrow. Even after these have been cut down, the windfalls, the stumps and roots must be removed, and branches and foliage lopped off and removed, and fences built to protect the crops. Between August and November of nearly every year there are several weeks of warm, dry weather. The harvests having been gathered the pioneer sets himself to "clearing" that portion of his many acres which is littered with dead or fallen trees, stumps and bushes. The dry weather favors him. The timber is inflammable, the leaves dead, and in a few weeks he is able to accomplish by means of fire what only the incessant toil of months would otherwise achieve.

At long periods of ten or fifteen years, however, there comes a drought. With the exception of an occasional shower, no rain will fall during a part of July, August, and September. Wells are almost destitute of water, deep rivers are almost fordable; the grass dries and turns red; the leaves fall prematurely from the trees; timber becomes tinder; the atmosphere is of a furnace heat—oppressive and dry, seeming almost ready to burst spontaneously into flames. Every year during the warm dry season, forest fires originating from the fires of burning bushes, from the sparks of saw-mills and locomotives and hunters' camps, sweep away a great deal of timber, and here and there an isolated farm-house, a barn full of crops, the growing grain, burning even stock and human beings. But in these especially long dry seasons, the thoughtless settlers or the reckless hunters will set fire to the brush heaps. For days these will burn slowly. Suddenly the wind springs up; the fires start and spread. Before they can be arrested they have caught the tall timber, the flames rush to the top and envelope the tree in the twinkling of an eye. In a few hours an acre or more of forest will be in flames and beyond all control. The resinous boughs of pine, hemlock, spruce and fir kindle with the touch of a spark, and produce a heat so intense as to give a fire great headway. It will then dry the wood in living trees to such an extent that they will rapidly burn. After a forest fire has been raging for a considerable time it heats the air that moves before it so that it prepares the trees through which it passes to feed the advancing flames. A fire once under headway will generally continue in its course till an extensive clearing or a body of water is reached.

Such a fire occurred in 1871, on what is known as the Huron Peninsular of Michigan. The general outline of the lower portion of the State of Michigan resembles a mitten; which the Huron Peninsular answers very well as the thumb. Ten years ago a large portion of this was burned over, and on Sunday and Monday, September 4 and 5 of this year, after a two months' drought, in three large countries containing a population of 70,000 people, scattered over an area of 1,000 miles, another still greater tornado of flame broke out, and for four or five days went roaring back and forth across this land, destroying not only the immense forests, but farms, crops, barns, houses. It is estimated that at least 2,000 families, numbering 10,000 persons, have been rendered destitute. They are without shelter, without clothing, without food. Many of them had fine farms, full crops gathered, some in the field, comfortable homes and outbuildings, orchards of apples, peaches, and plums; others, sawmills, griss-mills; others merchandise and warehouses. All disappeared from the face of the earth, leaving nothing but the ground on which they stood. Between thirty and forty settlements and villages were thus swept out of existence, to say nothing of the many square miles of forest destroyed.

These fires, once started, traven with incredible swiftness—at times almost as fast as a horse can run. Their roar is like the roar of a great cataract. They will come down upon a settlement with scarcely any warning. The smoke is seen at a distance. It increases—is soon so thick that the air grows dark. It becomes darker. Candles and lanterns must be lighted in order to see or move. Suddenly a deep red glare, turning everything to the color of blood, bursts through this midnight cloud. The heat becomes intolerable. Great sheets of flame tower over head. Huge bombs—which are the resinous pine knots and other inflammatory pieces seem to burst everywhere, setting fire to everything they touch. People run for their lives, sometimes in vain; others hitching up their horses and mounting their waggons drive furiously over the rough roads, picking off the burning coals that fall upon them, lashing their animals to the top of their speed, and, if not cut off by another fire driving down upon them from another direction, may escape to a large clearing or a settlement out of the way of the flames. Often the fire comes so suddenly that they do not have time to dress, but rush out with scarcely anything but undergarments or light dresses upon them. Young ladies who have a great abundance of clothing of every kind are left with nothing except a wrapper and are compelled to go about barefooted. It seems almost impossible that people having so much around them could come away and leave it without taking something with them. Terror and consternation seem to seize tifem, and they leave everything. A few women were found literally naked, holding their babes in their arms. Sometimes their only refuge are their wells, and the ditches by the side of the road. Ten or a dozen people have been found. in one well, and in one case a child was born under these appalling circumstances. The heat is so great that a person standing in the middle of a field of twenty-five acres would be roasted. Wherever the people live near the great Lake Huron, they take refuge in the water. Even then the heat is so intense that they throw water upon each other to keep from burning; and the water is so tainted with the ashes that are thrown into it that although they are standing up to their necks in the lake, they are almost dying like shipwrecked sailors, of a thirst which cannot be quenched. Dead birds in immense numbers float upon the lake, whither the flames have driven them and into which they have dropped from exhaustion. The shore of the lake is lined with game; patridges, quail, woodcock, squirrels, rabbits, white deer and bears are found roasted in the woods.

Many persons are unable to escape. The smoke suffocates or the heat destroys them. They fall and are burned to death. Two or three hundred lives are reported lost, and it is believed that this does not include the whole number. Cattle, sheep and hogs have been burned by the hundreds. The darkness and the fire made many people think the last day had come and it was hard to persuade them otherwise.

The following incidents of the terrible scene will be read with interest:

On Wednesday a relief party were hunting for bodies a few miles from Forestville, and in a plowed field of about four acres they encountered two women, each of whom carried a child in her arms. Mothers and babes were stark naked, the former having deliberately thrown off their clothing for the reason, as they said, that they would be less liable to be burned to death. The hunters had some bags ot oats in a waggon. They emptied the bags and "faked" substitutes for dresses for the women, whom they carried to Forestville, where they were provided with more suitable apparel.

Samuel Robinson lived near Cedar Springs, and when the fire came down upon him he put his wife and three children in the buggy and made a dash for liberty. He crossed a long stretch of corduroy, or road made of logs, at a gallop, the fire hissing and cracking on all sides, singing the horses names and their eyebrows, the smoke blinding them and the heat causing intense pain. They go through, but when they reached Millington they were in such a blinded aud crazed condition that they could not for some time give an intelligible account of their perilous adventure.

A poor woman in one neighborhood endeavored to save herself and children by digging a hole and covering as best she could with her hands. They were all subsequently found dead. The little ones had their heads burned off to their shoulders.

Monday morning a man had occasion to visit some of the districts which were afterwards devastated by the devouring element. The country was as peaceful as could be. Farmers were busily engaged in preparing for fall crops and all indicated prosperity and independence. Cattle were feeding in the pastures from the roadsides. Forty-eight hours later all was changed. Homes were desolated. Green pastures were blackened by the breath of the destroyer. The carcasses of the cattle strewed the roadside. Farm houses and barns were smouldering embers, their occupants, in many cases, who the day before breathed the breath of life and hope, blackened corpses.

Among the most heroic actions was that of John Oborski, of Paris Township. On seeing the fire approaching he placed his sick wife and a child about two weeks old, together with his four other children and three children of his brother-in-law in a waggon, and hitching a yoke of oxen to it attempted to draw it to an opening about a mile and one-half distant. Before going many yards the oxen became frightened and broke away, leaving the suffering wife and eight children to be taken care of by one man. But Mr. Oborski was equal to the emergency. He took his wife with the infant on one arm, the youngest of the children on the other, and instructing the remaining seven to keep close to him, made a dash for life. Burdened as he was, and having his seven little followers to watch, he succeeded in reaching the open space for which they originally started. The fire was so close that the entire party were temporarily blinded. It is estimated that the fire in Paris Township travelled at a rate varying from ten to fifteen miles per hour.

ONE EXPERIENCE

in escaping will afford an idea of the terrors. The wife was confined to her sick bed. The husband was tired with fighting fire. There were several children. At noon, Monday, it was evident that they must fly for their lives. It suddenly grew dark, so dark that the man had difficulty in getting the horses. By the time he got them it was so dark from the smoke that he could not see to harness them. Besides, the smoke blinded the eyes and oppressed the lungs. He got the horses harnessed and at the waggon. Then he went into the barn for a neck yoke, and when he came out he could not find the waggon and team for a minute or two. He had to feel about for them like a blind man. Then he went into the house and carried his wife out on her bed, bed and all, and put her in the waggon. The children got in and a girl of 15 drove the team off three miles in the darkness and blinded smoke, over a bad road with trees falling and the horses perfectly frantic with terror. How she did it she hardly knows. The man being left behind to make a last effort to start his cattle, escaped on foot. Before he left, the barn and farm were literally covered with flying cinders; the glass of the windows broke with the heat, the bellowing, moaning cattle gathered together and staggered aimlessly about, and as he got into the road, the buildings, fences, stacks—the whole place—burst into flames, which made an awful yellow glare in the smoke. With all this, the wind blew with frightful violence and varying gusts. Sometimes the smoke settled down upon him in dense darkness, so that he staggered from suffocation. Then the smoke would rise before the gust of air, and an awful blistering heat took the place of the smoke. The woods along the road took fire behind, on each side and in front of him; but he got through safely, happy to find that the waggon with his family had successfully preceded him.

A report was received at a place called Grindstone City that four men, with their arms and legs burned off, had managed to reach a barn which had escaped destruction, six miles from that place, and a team was at once dispatched to bring the sufferers in. In places the soil is actually burned to a depth of several inches. Acres and acres of land have been divested of every living thing, clear down to the very roots in the ground, leaving the country as bare as a desert strewn with ashes. In many cases one cannot tell by the looks the difference between a ploughed field and one where there was a dense woods. There are square miles of lands all ready for the plow—cleared as thoroughly as if years of labor had been expended upon them. And there are other square miles where the pioneer can now make a farm by merely removing a few scattering chunks, not wholly consumed, and putting up fences.

These are scenes as described by an eye-witness:

"The wind commenced blowing from the west at about 11 o'clock Monday morning and rapidly gained in velocity as the smouldering fires were fanned into flames. By 1 o'clock the wind had increased to a hurricane, and, accompanied with a horrible roaring, bore the insatiable flames with the speed of a race-horse through the woods toward the doomed Village of Bad Axe. An hour later the people who had been fighting the fires for twenty-four hours were obliged to abandon everything and flee for their lives. A large part of the inhabitants found a refuge in the court house. This building was saved with the greatest difficulty. While the fire was raging around it the interior, which was packed with men, women and children, was as hot as the mouth of a blast furnace, and all were in imminent danger of suffocation.

"The first building in the village to take fire was Charley Brason's stable. His house almost immediately followed and then the work of the fierce destroyer was finished with all possible dispatch and completeness. By 4 o'clock the smoking ruins were all that was left to mark the business part of the town. The court house and records, five stores and ten houses are all that remain of the county seat of Huron County. J. A. Morgan's family and myself escaped by lying on our backs in a green swale in a low piece of ground to the east of the village. His only salvation was the high wind which blew most of the intense heat and dense smoke over his head and left an undercurrent of comparatively pure but hot air, barely sufficient to escape suffocation. As it was his hair was singed by the scorching heat and his clothes badly burnt by the falling sparks. No one who has never experienced them can frame any conception of the horrors of forest fire. The premonitory stillness, the subsequent roaring, a terror in itself, the falling trees, the showers of sparks and the angry tongues of flame, then the dense black clouds, causing the darkness of night, these with the suffocating and blinding smoke form a series of horrors that one never cares to go through a second time."

The midnight scene on the beach at this place last night would cause the hardest of us to shudder with terror. Wild, baggard and half-famished women with their infants clinging to them; old and young men, all mingling together, despair indelibly stamped on their faces, and louder than words proclaiming their sufferings.

Contributions of money are coming in from all parts of the United States. But inasmuch as these people will have to be cared for during a long and severe winter, hundreds of thousand of dollars, and even of pounds, will be needed. Those of our readers desiring to help these needy people can send their money to W. G. Thompson, Mayor of Detroit, Michigan.

The Rage for Beauty.

A correspondent, writing from London, says that, talking of beauty, among fashions of the moment none strikes one more than the use extracted from it both by the possessors of this article and those who borrow it; and it will be well to instruct our girls at home more fully and from their earliest infancy about the immense resources that they hold it in their power to develop by this valuable stock in social trade, so that they may early become adepts in the great art of bartering it successfully. It may be stated without qualification that at the present day beauty is all-powerful; and beauty pure and simple; beauty without fortune (if adroitly utilized); beauty without talent (other than the commercial-social talents); beauty, must we say it, without character, it is all one. It is named in every invitation. "My dear," I heard old Mrs. Landy say to elderly Mrs. Bond, "I'm so sorry you were not able to dine with me! I had such a perfect dinner party; if you had only known. Just think! A poet, an actor, a journalist, a painter, a wit, and a beauty. Yes, and a new beauty. I'll tell you how I found her. She really belongs at present to Lady Morfy and myself; but of course, now we have started her, all the other people will snap her up. Well, we were sitting together at Mrs. Houndsley's, the other day, thinking it rather dull, when suddently the most perfect apparition you ever beheld stood before us. An old-master dress, an immense pattern, a large hat-rim encircling a face, inside some dark-red hair, and the face a perfect one. Yes! Well, you know it turned out that she wasn't born in the purple; her husband is just a clerk in Burley's bank. But we both insisted on being introduced to her; for you see, my dear, there's no doubt about it, she is a ready-made beauty. So the end of it was that Lady Morfy and I said to each other: "Now, it won't do for us to have made her acquaintance and then do nothing but give her the cold shoulder afterwards. We'll bring her on. You invite her Tuesday and I'll invite her Thursday, and then she's started." "What luck!" sighed the elderly Mrs. Bond. "Wasn't it, my dear? No kind of trouble, you see, about the dinner party. It went of itself."

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

It was an affecting meeting between the Emperors of Germany and Russia. They embraced and kissed each other, and then examined their shirt fronts to see if their diamond studs were safe.

PRINCE BISMARCK was recently overjoyed at the welcome news that his only daughter, the Countess Rantzau, who was formerly his favorite companion in the country, had been safely delivered of a second son. His daughter's husband is the descendant of an ancient Holstein family, which has been prominent in Danish history. He is attached to the Chancellor's staff, and has at times acted as his confidential secretary.

THE young King of Bavaria is fond of travelling incognito. Recently he made a trip into Switzerland, and there, while crossing a secluded valley, he fell in with three young Alpine peasants and entered itno conversation with them. The young men had heard that the Bavarian sovereign was in the country, and soon began to talk about him. Louis the Solitary, as his affectionate subjects call him, readily joined in the discussion of himself, and enjoyed it so well that when he parted from his comrades he left them considerably richer pecuniarily than when they met.

THE FIRST CZAR OF THE ROMANOFFS.

How Michael Fedorovitch Was Made Emperor against his Will 268 Years Ago.

St. Petersburg Novoe Vremia.

Yesterday the Emperor returned safely to Peterhof. This first journey of the Czar to the very heart of Russia, besides having brought him into a close contact with great masses of his subjects, has a deep political significance. His Majesty's visit had been paid to places which are glorious in Russian history and memorable for the Romanoffs. It was the famous defence made by the Froitsko-Sergievsky Laura that raised the spirit of the Russian people in 1612. It was at Nijni-Novgorod that the voice of butcher Minin was first heard summoning representatives from the whole country to Moscow to save Russia. It was at Moscow that the representatives assembled in the Zemsky Sobor ("Land Assembly," or National Council) and elected the first Romanoff to the Czar's throne. It was at Kostroma that the first Czar of the reigning family yielded to the request of the delegates of the Assembly and consented to become Czar. It was at Yaroslavl that Michael Fedorovitch was first received as the Czar of all the Russias.

The election of the house of Romanoffs to the Czar's throne, 268 years ago, was an event which is unique in history and beautifully characteristic of the Russian people. It took place

WITHOUT VIOLENCE OR MACHINATIONS;

it was the result of an urgent need universally felt after a severe trial, it was accomplished unanimously, as if it had been inspired from above. It fully answered to that concord of the supreme power and the people, that union between the sovereign and the country, which the Slavophiles regard as the basis of our State.

When, after a three year's interregnum, Moscow had been taken by the national militia, and Sigismund, King of Poland, had been forced to retire, came the time for the election of the Czar. An edict had been sent to all the cities and towns inviting the people to elect representatives and send them to Moscow. The boyards and vayvodes declared that "the Muscovite State could stand no longer without a sovereign, being divided into many parts by thievish machinations." The edict concluded as follows: "Let all the church authorities come to Moscow. Let all the cities and towns elect of these good, strong, and wise men representatives, as many as shall be found necessary, from the nobles, the boyards, the merchants, the tradesmen, the inhabitants of faubourgs and districts, and send them to Moscow for the National Council and the election of a sovereign."

When the majority of the representatives had arrived at Moscow a fast of three days was announced, and after the fast the Council was opened. The candidates suggested by foreign royal families were set aside, and it was decided to elect a Russian. Canvassing began in earnest, and a number of parties were formed, but none of them could take the lead. On Feb. 8, 1613, a nobleman of Galitch laid before the Assembly his opinion in writing to the effect that as Michael Fedorovitch Romanoff was the nearest relative to the formerly reigning house of Rurik, he

MUST BE ELECTED CZAR.

Many dissenting voices were heard, asking whence this writing had come and who had brought it. Then arose the Ataman of the Cossacks of the Don and handed in his opinion, also in writing. "What is that opinion, Ataman?" asked Prince Pojarsky. "That Michael Fedorovitch, by virtue of his birth, is our Czar," answered the Ataman. These two opinions decided the question; Michael Fedorovitch Romanoff was unanimously chosen to be Czar.

But not all of the chosen representatives of the people had reached Moscow, and among the absent were many of the most powerful boyards, who were angry that their country had been saved without their help. Special messengers were sent to call them to Moscow. Meanwhile, trustworthy persons were sent into many towns and districts to ascertain the feelings of the people toward the newly elected Czar. The final election was postponed for two weeks. At last all the representatives arrived at Moscow, and the messengers returned, informing the Assembly that the people were well disposed toward Michael. On Feb. 21 there was a new meeting of the Assembly. Every member gave his opinion in writing. All the opinions were for Michael. Then Metropolitan Foodorit of Riazian, with a number of church dignitaries and boyards, appeared before the people assembled in the Red Place and asked, "Whom will you have for Czar?" "Michael Fedorovitch Romanoff," was the unanimous answer. Thus the election of the Assembly was sanctioned by the people.

It remained yet to get the consent of the newly elected Czar, who was but 16 years old. The Assembly appointed a committee of eight church dignitaries, three boyards, and a number of the representatives to inform him of his election and pray him to consent to the people's will. The Assembly did not know where Michael was living at the time, and that was natural, for the Romanoffs were

NOT CLASSED AMONG FAMOUS AND RICH FAMILIES.

The committee was ordered to go on to Taroslavi, to find the sovereign, and to address him thus:

"By God's will, and by the election of the people of all classes of the Vladimirsky and Muscovite States, and of all the great States of the Russian Czardom, you are chosen Sovereign Czar and Great Prince of all the Russias. Great Sovereign, be pleased to take and occupy your throne at Moscow, and save us from the many evils and sorrows that beset us."

The committee left Moscow on March 2. Before that, on Feb. 25, there had been sent throughout the country an edict informing the people of Michael's election. One province after another swore allegiance to the new Czar. Soon the Assembly was informed that Michael had been found in Kostroma. The committee arrived at Kostroma on March 13. On the next day the members formed a procession, took the holy images, and went to the Ipatievsky Convent, where Michael was living with his mother. Michael and his mother came out of the convent to meet the sacred procession. But when the committee had told its errand Michael "answers with great anger, and cried that he did not want to be a Czar. His mother Martha added that she would not send her blessing with her son if he took the throne. Both of them at first refused to follow the procession into the church. At last they consented to enter the church and to hear what the people's representatives had to tell them. The committee handed to Michael their commission from the Assembly and delivered the address intrusted to them. Martha said that her son was not yet of age and added: "In the Muscovite State the people of all classes became shallow souled according to their sins; to their former sovereigns they used to swear allegiance, but never served them faithfully." The delegates from 3 P. M. to 9 P. M., were on their knees beseeching Michael and Martha, but Michael persisted in his refusal. Then the Archbishop threatened him and his mother with the wrath of God in case the country should be destroyed. At this threat son and mother yielded, saying that they submitted to God's just and inscrutable decrees. Martha gave her blessing to her son; Michael received the staff from the Archbishop, and gave to all present his hand to kiss.

Several months passed, but the Czar did not appear at Moscow. The Assembly again sent delegates to him

URGING HIM TO COME

to the capital. There were many circumstances that detained him. The time was full of seditions, highway robberies were every day occurrences, and besides Michael had no money to cover the expenses of the journey. He left Kostroma on March 19, and on the 23rd arrived at Yaroslavl. He stopped at the Sergievsky Laura, and on April 2 entered his capital. It was Sunday. All Moscow went to meet the new Czar. At the Ascension Cathedral a solemn Te Deum was performed, and the Czar admitted the people to kiss his hand. On July 11 he was anointed and crowned. On that day he created Prince Pojarsky, chief commander of the national militia, a boyard, and the butcher Kosma Minin a nobleman. A hard time was before the new Czar. The treasury was quite empty, and before the coronation the Czar and the Clergy, in behalf of the Assembly, requested the rich family of Stroganoff "to lend money, breadstuff, fish, salt, cloth, and other goods, in order to bring about Christian peace and quiet."

More than two centuries and a half have passed since then. If in Russia now, as it was in 1613, there are many "shallow-souled" persons. If "thievish machinations" are going on, and if at times the treasury becomes empty, we may hope that there is still the same patriotic spirit that at the beginning of the seventeenth century saved the country from a sure peril, liberated it from the foreign yoke and from internal seditions, and organized a strong government, corresponding to the national wants and ideas. We believe that there will be found enough men, "good, strong, and wise," who will assist the sovereign to settle our troubles. The common sense of our people and their loyalty to the supreme power were plainly shown in that hearty welcome which has been tendered to the Czar everywhere he went.

The Prevention of Hydrophobia.

From the Pall Mall Gazette.

M. Pasteur and other French savans have lately been devoting special attention to hydrophobia. The great authority on germs has, in fact, definitely announced that he does not intend to rest until he has made known the exact nature and life history of this terrible disease and discovered a means of preventing or curing it. The most curious result yet attained in this direction, however, has been announced by Prof. V. Galtier of the Lyons Veterinary School. This inquirer has found, in the first place, that if the virus of rabies be injected into the veins of a sheep the animal does not subsequently exhibit any symptoms of hydrophobia. This in itself would be a sufficiently curious result to justify attention, though its importance, except as confirmatory, becomes less striking when it is remembered that M. Pasteur has lately shown that the special *nidus* of the disease appears to be the nervous tissue, and particularly the ganglionic centres. But there is this further curious consequence. Sheep which have thus been treated through the blood, and which are afterward inoculated in the ordinary way through the cellular tissue, as if by a bite, are proof against the disease. It is as though the injection into the veins acted as a vaccine. Twenty sheep were experimented upon; only ten were treated to the venous injection, and then all were inoculated through the cellular tissue. The ten which had been first "vaccinated" continue alive and well; they have not even shown any adverse symptoms. The other ten have all died of rabies. It remains to say why M. Galtier experimented upon sheep, and not upon dogs and cats, which usually communicate the disease. The incubation of the disease is much more rapid and less capricious in the sheep than in the dog or in man, and hence M. Galtier was able to get his results more certainly within a short period. Having succeeded so far, he is now justified in undertaking the more protracted series of observations which experiments upon the canine species will involve; and this he proposes to do. Experiments of this nature are not without a serious risk, and admiration is almost equally due to the courage and the intelligence of the experimentalist.

Newspapers.

Newspapers seem to us to show a marvellous improvement within the last fifteen years, and the promise of a great growth toward a high ideal. Here and now we do not define the improvement and the promise. But the marked tendencies toward the condensation, the culling, the purifying and the pertinence of news; toward conscientious and thorough work in reporting and reviewing; toward embracing all objects of human interest, with preference for the best; toward independence in every line of action and thought, social, religious and political; toward the elevation and stimulation of the best there is in humanity—these deserve consideration and encouragement.

THE nearer a man is to being a fool, the more absolutely certain he is that he is nothing of the kind. Wise men know that they are foolish sometimes, but your genuine fool believes that he and folly are divided by eternal barriers.

SPANIARDS' SPORT WITH BULLS.

Baiting and Fighting as Intensely Enjoyed by the People of Madrid.

New York Sun.

From an early hour this morning the ticket office in the Colle de Alcala was thronged with persons of all classes buying seats for the bull fight of this afternoon. The Plaza de Toros, or bull ring, is about a mile from the city. It is a large amphitheatre of granite and brick, capable of holding twelve thousand persons. Its proportions are excellent, and it is remarkably well built. In the centre is the hard, sanded arena, around which run two broad fences ten feet apart, the second being a little higher than the first. Back of these is the first tier for spectators, consisting of thirteen rows of seats on the solid stone, and six rows of wooden benches above them. The second tier, containing the most desirable places, is entirely cut up into boxes. A box can be obtained for about $4; a good seat in the shade for about forty cents: while a seat in the glare of the sunlight can be bought for less than that sum. A cloudy day is never known in Madrid in the summer time, and the bright rays on the granite make such seats uncomfortable.

The bull fights commence in May, and in Madrid takes place every Sunday and saint's day until the end of October. The bull ring is owned by a stock company, which is enabled to pay handsome dividends.

The greatest bull fighters in Spain to-day are Frascuelo, who lives in a village not far from Madrid, and Molina, or Lagartijo, "The Lizard," a resident of Cordova. Their names are well known throughout the peninsula, as they go about from city to city. For instance, Lagartijo will appear at Victoria, in the north, to-morrow, and at a great Corrida de Toros, at Cludad Real, far south of us on the 17th inst. Each of these two espadas is paid $1,000 for every bull fight in which he takes part, and the annual income of each is about $60,000. They are of equal merit, but their joint pre-eminence is generally admitted. Although not yet forty years of age, and ignorant men, unable to read or write, their receipts have been for some years past so large that they are wealthy.

We drove out a little before 5 o'clock. The amphitheatre was well filled. Many ladies were present, and little chiidren, and even babies in arms. A military band gave forth some stirring strains. At precisely 5, the hour named, two alguazils rode in on horseback and saluted the mayor who presided over the ceremonies from his box in the upper tier. The mayor then threw the keys of the bulls' stables to one of the officials, who, mounted on a handsome gray stallion, spurred across the circus and gave the key to an attendant. This was the signal for the fray. The chulos, or men whose function it is to worry or tire out the bull, now cast aside their cloaks and leaped over the barrier into the arena. There are seven or eight of these chulos, and they take part in every stage of the fight, always runing in front of the maddened animal, flaunting their red or yellow cloths in his eyes and seeking to divert his attention from the object of attack. They wear breeches and jackets of blue, purple, green, or brown, covered with silver spangles, and flesh-colored stockings.

A few hours before the performance the bulls are separated, and each is driven into his own cell, where he is keept in total darkness until he is wanted, when the door is suddenly opened and the bull makes a headlong rush for the light arena.

As soon as the bugles sounded and the chulos jumped over the barrier, two picadores, armed with wooden lances with steel poiuts, rode in, mounted on gaunt horses with one eye bandaged. The horses used in the bull ring are bought for about $25 apiece, and would not, even if they met a less painful death, be spared very long. The picadores are dressed in colored jackets and long buckskin trousers, with gray felt hats. The door was opened and a brown bull rushed in. The picadores prodded him with their spears, and urged their reluctant horses against him. He succeeded in killing two horses—ripping them open with his horns—before he became tired. The bugle gives a blast, and two banderilleros appeared with barbed sticks or banderilleros, which they cleverly thrust into the bull's neck as he lowered his head and rushed upon them. The chulos meanwhile were ever active. As they had before helped the picadores, they now sought to divert the bull's attention from the banderilleros whenever he became too furious. Blood streamed from his neck, and it was evident the bull was tiring. Another bugle call, and the important actor of the play, the espada, appeared with his cloth and sword. An espada's sword is four-sided, about three feet and a half in length, with a sharp point and no cutting edge. It is a stong Toledo blade with a steel handle. The espada lured the bull on with the red cloth in his left hand, while he held the sword in his right. After several attempts he at length succeeded in sending his sword into the vital part above the shoulder. The bull turned, walked away, and settled down to die. An attendant came up with a knife, and by a well-directed blow instantaneously cut short his sufferings. Three mules driven abreast, drag off the dead horse and the bull, and the first act was over. The Spanish bulls look like Texas steers, not like the English or American bull. They have large, lanky frames, and long, spreading horns.

Now we are entertained with something entirely different—an exhibition of the Portuguese method of bull fighting, in which the bulls were not killed, and the men were, in fact, the only parties injured. There were eight of the Portuguese visitors, all men of great physical powers. Six of the men were dressed alike, in white trousers, white waistcoats, green sashes around their waist, and green caps, with light brown chintz jackets; the other two were the blackest of negroes, dressed in white trousers and red cotton shirts, with red caps. A large black bull, with balls of hide around his horns was led in. The leader of the Portuguese ran in front of him and, as the bull charged, threw himself between the animal's horns with one arm around each. The bull hurled him off and ran over him. The man was up again in an instant, and again repeated the manœuvre, again jumping on the bull's head. This time he was successful; the bull could not throw him. The other Portuguese ran up and held the bull. This ended the heat, for as soon as the bull is captured the game is over. Three white steers were then driven in and the bull went out with them. With three other bulls the same thing was attempted, and with each of them the Portuguese succeeded. Their chief held on to one of the bulls by one horn only, and one of the negroes performed the same feat with the third bull. It is true the Portuguese were thrown off and tramped upon at times, and that one of their number was taken to the infirmary, but they were successful in the end in every instance. As no horses or bulls are killed by this method, a great argument against bull fighting would seem to be gotten rid of by its advocates.

A brown bull was next pursued and killed in the regular way by the Spaniards. The espada, who passed under the sobriquet of "The Flea," skillfully gave the fatal blow with an unnecessary effusion of blood, which is considered very reprehensible. It is not always that the espada can give the required blow. The other day I saw a fierce bull, who had just killed three horses, remanded by the popular clamor to his stable *"al corral,"* simply because the espada could not give him anything more than light punctures in the shoulder.

The music struck up, and the two Portuguese negroes, well armed with some banderilleros, daaced across the hard sand. A new bull rushed upon them. They sought to fix the sticks in his neck. When they failed—and they did not succeed for some time—they threw themselves flat on the ground, with their hands shielding their heads, and let the bull run over their prostrate bodies.

Next I witnessed an extraordinary scene. Six bulls, "embolados"—that is, with balls of leather or hide on their horns—were one at a time, to be given up to the populace to badger and worry. They were not to be killed, but were to be teased until they became tired and the people also wearied, when a fresh bull was to be supplied. A hundred men, most of them in blue or white blouses, with bright cloths or sticks, left their seats and hurried into the ring. The first bull did no serious damage. The second was a savage black one. He came in like a whirlwind, knocked one man over, and then, rushing upon a young man, tossed him high in the air. He came down with a heavy thud, and fell flat on his back; he moved one arm, gasped and became apparently lifeless. He was indeed so; he was already dead and it was only his corpse that was hurried over the fence. The same bull killed another man a week ago, and this makes the tenth death which has occurred in these popular bull baitings within the past two years.

Seven or eight other persons were severely injured in the course of this afternoon, but it was all without effect upon the people, who, after the last of the six bulls had disappeared, insisted on having some more to tease. The mayor was compelled by their outcry to grant them two more. The men and lads would rush in front of the bull and seek to provoke him in every possible way, flaunting bright cloths in his face, beating him with sticks, and even pulling his tail. As I looked down upon the excited crowd to-day calling out to the mayor: *"Un alteo!" "Un alteo!"* ["Another!" "Another!"] in the very face of the death and maiming of their fellows, I realized that bull fighting is especially upheld by and endeared to the masses here, and that it is pre-eminently a national institution of Spain.

A Cosy Cup of Tea.

The love of the fair sex for a refreshing cup of tea has passed into a proverb. There are few homes in the civilized world in which its fragrant aroma has not risen, its refreshing qualities been tasted and enjoyed. It is the solace of unmarried maidenhood, the delightful accompaniment to a little private gossip. It is the stand-by of the Australian squatter, the nightcap of the Oxford freshman. Dr. Johnson drank his fourteen cups of tea at a sitting, and the sage of Chelsea cultivated philosophy and crankiness on its stimulating leaves. It is not generally known by the lovers of the plant, upon which the great Le Duc has staked his professional reputation, that it was upon its first introduction to our great-great-grandmothers across the sea regarded as an emissary of the Evil One—a hidden pleasure to be enjoyed in secret with closed doors. The poor old spinsters, who sipped their tea when George the Second was king, were compelled to keep a watch and ward for fear they might be arrested for witchcraft or high tea-reason. To avoid the scandal of being caught in the act, they were obliged to hide the teapot, with its accompaniments. Sentinels were placed at the door to give warning of approaching footsteps. At the first signal of danger the tea-things were hurriedly covered up, and this was called "masking the tea." Up to the present day the fashion of covering up the teapot with a comforter or "cosey," is called in Scotland "masking." Happily, for its many devotees and admirers, the drinking of tea is no longer a stolen pleasure. Perfect freedom guards the tea-table, so much so that when old Mr. Weller visited the Shepherd's "swarry," in company with his amiable son, he beheld the ladies "a wisably swellin' afore his wery eyes."

Why not Cheap Railway Fares?

There has been a railway war recently, and at one time it was possible to send a ton of freight from Chicago to New York for $2.50. Now grain and other freight has to be handled, that is to say, it has to be put on the cars and taken from them. But human beings load and unload themselves. Eight persons will about weigh a ton, and if they were carried at the same rate as grain would only pay thirty or forty cents a piece. But the cutting on passengers fare was only reduced from $21 to $9. This low rate crowded the railway cars, and several of the roads actually made more money than they would with the usual high fares in force. Some years since the Parliament of England forced the railway companies to furnish trains that would carry the workingman for a halfpenny a mile. The companies protested, and said that they would be ruined, but to-day over seventy per cent. of the business on the English roads is from these same so-called parliamentary trains. The masses of our people do not as yet travel, except for short distances; but were it possible to ride from New York to Chicago for $5, there would be twenty passengers where there is now one. If it is not ruinous to move a ton of grain from Chicago to New York for $2.50, it certainly ought to pay handsomely to transport one-eighth of aton the same distance for $5. Why should not one of the trunk lines at least try the experiment?

SCIENTIFIC GOSSIP.

An advertising van lighted with electricity is one of the latest curiosities to be seen moving along the Paris boulevards at night.

China, spurred to activity by the late threatened invasion of her dominions by Russia, has begun the construction of an extensive railroad and telegraph system.

It is believed that at last the engineers have mastered the quicksand formation in the St. Gothard tunnel under Andermatt by means of granite vaulting, and that the great work will be finished next month.

Nature reports that a telegraphic experiment of a singular description was tried about the middle of August at the Trocadero. It consists merely in the reading of large silvered zinc letters, a square metre in size, fixed on a blackened board, by refracting telescopes. This method has succeeded very well from the Trocadero to the Pantheon—a distance of three miles. The inventor, an officer in the French service, thinks he will succeed in reading messages at a distance of 60 miles under favorable circumstances.

A report on the produce of the French Celluloid Company has been drawn up by M. Vincent. The author states that celluloid must be preserved from any great elevation of temperature, even for a short time, in order to avoid the conditions which may produce very serious accident; and, with a further view of insuring safety, he says that only limited quantities of it ought to be stored up. He found that cold mineral acids have but a very slight effect on it, but the hot nitric and sulphuric acids destroy it very quickly. A mixture of alcohol and ether will rapidly distroy it, even in the cold. The nitro-cellulose, which is the basis of the celluloid tested, it is added, is prepared from cigarette paper.

A new battery carbon, which is said to have as much conductivity as retort carbon and to be more electro-negative, has been invented by Signor Mauri. He sets about its construction in this way: Sulphur free from carbonates is well mixed with an equal part by weight of thoroughly pulverized graphite and then heated in an iron vessel until the sulphur is thoroughly melted, care being taken meanwhile that the temperature does not rise above 200. As soon as the mass appears quite fluid it is poured into a mould of the desired size and shape, and immediately afterward a thick copper wire, bent zigzag, is inserted into the mixture, a small portion of the wire being kept above it. When the contents of the mould become solid under slow atmospheric cooling, they can easily be withdrawn in a single compact form, which constitutes the "carbon," all ready for use. If greater resistance is required, all that has to be done is to increase the proportion of sulphur. Coke powder, which has too little conductivity, cannot take the place of the graphite.

Idleness does more to reduce the average length of human life than the full normal exercise of one's industrial energies. In other words, more men and women rust out than wear out. Ease and abundance of the good things of this life have apparently little influence in staying the hand of decay and death if the mental and physical faculties are restrained by will or circumstances from useful employment. Care, also, as the proverb says, will kill a cat with its nine-fold hold on existence, popularly speaking. Lack of proper sanitary conditions appears to have less to do in narrowing the space between the cradle and the grave than worry and the intense, mischievous reactions caused by attempts to ease the burdens of life by mental or physical stimulation. These general statements have received abundant confirmation from the statistics lately complied by Dr. G. F. Kolb. Occasionally he pushes his conclusions too far, however. He seems to think that infant mortality, for example, could be reduced if mothers would suckle their own children, and in support of this he says that out 100 children suckled by their mothers, only 18.2 died during the first year; of those nursed by wet-nurses, 39.33 died; of those artificially fed, 60 died; of those brought up in institutions, 80 died. But all mothers cannot yield the necessary food for their offspring, and the weakness which underlies their incapacity is far more likely than not to be transmitted to most of the little ones, however carefully fed otherwise, who slip away into premature graves. As a rule, the death-rate of infants in institutions is far too high, and with proper sympathetic, enthusiastic, and vigilant supervision it can be reduced very considerably, as the gratifying experience of the management of infant asylums in and near New York sufficiently proves.

A most interesting application of electricity to motive power is seen in the ploughing-machines of the late M. Menler, exhibited by M. Felix, which does the work of about eighteen horses. In these are employed a pair of the large form of Gramme machines, which were first made for them, but which have since become the usual form for Gramme motors. The ring armature has four poles, opposite which are the poles of the fixed magnets, each fed by one arm, giving somewhat the appearance of a square with all four sides prolonged each way, and inclosing a circle. All eight of the arms are connected by an octagonal framework of a very solid form, forming part of the field-magnets. This is undoubtedly the most compact form of Gramme machine which has been made. This machine is at one end of the electrical locomotive; at the other end is the gear for directing the motion of the whole engine forward or backward in the field to be ploughed, or for stopping it and putting in action the machinery for winding up the large coil of wire rope, which coils in the middle of the engine. The wheels are, of course, wide, like those of a traction engine, so as to be able to pass over ploughed land. One of these engines being stationed at each end of the field, with a triple-shared reversible plough between them, the electric contact is made, the Gramme machine turns round and winds up the wire, and so draws the ploughshare along. When the plough has reached the end of a furrow the engines advance a step by gearing the Gramme machine to the proper wheels, the plough is tilted so as to bring three other shares into action, and the engine at the other end of the field pulls it in the reverse way.

The growing custom of putting the choir at the pulpit end of the church has the very serious drawback that it prevents a man from turning round and looking up at the organ in a critical manner just before the contribution plate approaches his pew.

AMERICA FOR THE GRAND TOUR.

Englishmen Giving up the Beaten Track and Turning Westward.

(From the London World.)

The departure of a bevy of lords and lordlings, plodding members of Parliament, and smart political aspirants, via the Atlantic ferry, proves that the modern grand tour is undertaken without reference to the old condition of membership in the Traveller's Club—that the candidate must have been 3,000 miles east of Pall Mall. When the plan of finishing the education of young gentlemen by allowing them to pass a certain time in the train of a great noble at Court or in the wars went out of date, and to trail a pike in the Low Countries was no longer one of the liberal arts, the cities and society of France and Italy contended for the palm, or rather the plume, of fashion, once enjoyed by Venice alone. Young men of rank and position still swam in a gondola, but gathered wit to practice on home-keeping youth in Paris and Aix-les-Bains, at Rome, Florence, and Turin, and at the gaming-tables of the Rhenish Prince-bishops, as well as at the Ridotto in Venice. At these places the grand tourists encountered much company of a mixed description. They met the Admiral Chevalier de Balibari, his Excellency, the Count Cagliostro, and the pretty Lucrezia, and the illustrious Giacomo Casanova, with his watch in each fob, his cordon of the Spur sometimes mistaken for the Saint-Esprit, with an ace up his left sleeve, and his right hand ready with carte and tierce. They unquestionably spent a great deal of money in sham antique marbles and well-doctored copies of the old masters. If very rich they pulled down their country houses and replaced them with Palladian structures, such as miniature Temples of the Winds, Parthenons, and Pantheons. Nevertheless, the old grand tour had its uses. The future peer or member of Parliament, with or without his "bear-leader," was away from England for perhaps a couple of years. He remained long enough in foreign countries to acquire some idea of their language and manners; he lived in the best and wittiest society that existed in the known world; and if he happened to be a clever person got rid of some prevalent English superstitions about the playing-fields of Eton, the merit of riding straight across country, and the capacity of any Englishman to beat three Frenchmen on any fair field of battle.

We have changed all that. It is no longer held necessary to the education of a young man with prospects that he should pass a certain time at the various Courts of Europe. The prevalent craze now is that everybody should go to America. The good-natured Americans are very fond of English folk. They have shown a generous disposition ever since they beat us in yacht-building and lock-making in 1851, and the feeling has not been decreased by the Alabama award and the victory of Iroquois. And they love an English lord, even if he is only one by courtesy. Their hospitality is proverbial. They not only receive their guest, but take charge of him, and pass him on to their friends—in short, put him through as it is called in the vernacular.

To be put through by Americans of the best class is an agreeable operation to undergo, for one is feted, dined, and danced in every centre, and then passed on to renewed hospitalities. But it is agreeable and exciting, rather than instructive. The subject of the operation will have no time to assimilate the knowledge, to weigh it, or to check it. What, for instance, will he gain in the way of insight into the curious problem now being worked out, of the evolution of what is practically a negro nation from the wreck of a slaveholding Republic? He will find that politics are not fashionable in the best American society, and that a Knickerbocker scorns to cast a vote which may be neutralized by that aristocrat's bootblack. He will find plenty of agreeable and clever men, and still more agreeable and clever women. He may acquire a taste for raw tomatoes, clams, and shredded cabbage, and for nearly raw wild ducks; but, so far as good American society is concerned, he will find it, minus political conversation, a reflection of that of Europe. To catch national characteristics, to plumb the unspeakable depths of political intrigue and that office-seeking which seems to cling like a pestilence to purely democratic institutions, he must go beneath the surface.

The Decrease of Villages.

The last census showed the decrease of the population in villages in the United States. This same decrease is now deplored in England. It is said that people congregate in towns because life in towns is really more decent, more agreeable, and more profitable. We should like to know the test of the argument. There is some truth in it, and that lies in the two words, "public opinion." Public opinion makes many people respectable, that otherwise would not be so; they dare not give way to indulgence because the public eye is upon them, when they would freely do so were no such correcting medium about. Then the homes of country people are so poor and wretched often, that they prefer the sound walls of a tenement-house to the tumble-down shanty of a village, and would rather live in close quarters with others than drag out their days in miserable loneliness. The congregating of human beings is one of the great features of the coming generation.

Mr. John Brown of Balmoral.

From the London World.

The stalking in the Balmoral deer forest is reserved for members of our own and other royal families, Mr. John Brown, and, as a rare attention, for a specially favored Cabinet Minister during his somewhat weary spell of attendance.

The construction has lately been finished of a residence which the Queen has built for Mr. John Brown within the grounds of Balmoral, but which that fortunate subject has not yet occupied. It is a spacious and somewhat plain square mansion, occupying a pleasant situation in the centre of a lawn-like expanse of the royal demesne, with a carriage drive leading to it from one of the avenues.

Don Francis d'Assisi, husband of Queen Isabella, who for years lived at Passy, has just purchased the chateau of Epinay-sur-Orge for $50,000.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A Tennessee youngster has four arms. He had undoubtedly been forewarned.

Oscar Wilde doesn't look like a poet, and his "poetry" doesn't belie his looks.

Dalrymple, the great Northwestern farmer, is said to be more used to the pen than he is to the plow. His hands are soft as those of a girl. There is none of the "horny-fisted" about him.

Brooklyn again! This time a man charges a woman with making him drink, taking him to a minister and marrying him. In that awful city no poor, unprotected man is safe for a moment.

A Massachusetts mill owner sues a man for watering six head of cattle in his mill pond. The cattle drank enough to stop the mill for forty minutes, and the damages are laid at $23.

Reports have reached Constantinople from Jeddah that a large and ever-increasing armed force of Arabs have rescued Midhat Pasha from the hands of the Ottoman authorities and refuse to give him up.

Morocco has been suffering from a heat that is described as all but insupportable. It was so great that the fast of the Ramadan could not be kept, and in the last removal of the Sultan's camp 200 camels perished of excessive heat.

The present French Minister of War has abolished the drum, and the existence of the cuirassiers is now threatened. He has just ordered that the familiar white cotton gloves of the line regiments be replaced by gloves of buff leather, as being more serviceable.

The Alpine road from Martigay to Chamounix is most dangerous. Hardly a season passes that it is not the scene of several fatal accidents, and the London *Times* advises travellers who value their necks to place their trust in mules, which, if slow, are sure, or take the diligence road from Geneva via St. Gervais.

The amount of money which the Peruvian Government has received from the sale of guano is estimated at twenty-four hundred million of dollars. All it has to show for this large sum are four or five railroads, which have cost one hundred and fifty millions. On the night the contract for the Oraya Railroad was signed Meiggs, the contractor, is said to have presented the wife of the President of the republic with a handsome bouquet, concealed in which were bills to the amounts of five hundred thousand dollars.

The families of Loves and Stills, conspicuous in the Indian Territory, have long been divided by a deadly feud. Lately a Love and a Still became matrimonially engaged, and it was agreed on all hands that the wedding should be the occasion of making a lasting peace. The gathering was large, and at first greatly given to smiles, kindly words, and hand shaking; but it was soon observed that nearly every male guest carried a pistol, and before night the weapons came into general use. Two men were killed and several wounded.

A poor German woman eight years ago received from Queen Victoria, through the intercessions of the Queen's former governess, the Baroness Lehzin, a twenty-thaler note of the Hanoverian Bank. She had been many years in the service of the Baroness as laundress, and as she suffered no great want so long as the Baroness lived, the twenty-thaler note was carefully laid away. Recently the Baroness died, and a want of money compelled the laundress to touch her savings. What her sorrow was when she found that this bill had long been valuless, owing to withdrawal from circulation, may be imagined. She made an appeal to the authorities in her distress, and, on the strength of a letter received from England, the bank has paid her good money for the worthless note.

Year by year the British army, once the most beautifully clad and brilliantly equipped in the world, loses something in picturesqueness. Feathers and epaulettes are gone, and, except with the hussars, lace of gold or silver has all but disappeared. Such is the rage for economy and utility that every button, save such as may be absolutely necessary to keep his clothes upon his back, has vanished from the soldier's tunic. The marines are still permitted half a dozen such ornaments on the skirt of their tunics, but it is enough to make soldiers despondent and civilians smile to observe how button after button is cut off the uniforms of both cavalry and infanty. Two are all that are now allowed at the back of the infantry tunic. The very facings are pared down to the merest selvage. Those decorations which give prettyness and variety to the uniform, and were once regarded as the distinctive badges of regiments are now nothing more than tiny patches upon the cuff and collar.

Popular indignation has been awakened in the city of Innsbruck by an exhibition of gross military brutality. During a frightfully stormy night and amid intense darkness an officer formed the caprice of ordering a battalion of soldiery to start on a practice march, and selected as the place for the manœuvre a road that is dangerous even by day and to those familiar with it. It leads through woodland and over ravines that are of great depth and extremely difficult to pass. During the march one of the soldiers, a man of powerful build and unusual strength, lost his footing and fell to the bottom of one of the precipices, with both arms and legs broken and otherwise terribly injured. Such instances of cruelty are so frequent in the German and Austrian armies that only natural barbarity widely diffused among the officers can account for them. It is needless to say that they do not diminish the general repugnance entertained by the youth of Germany for military service.

A Few Thoughts About Women—By a Jilted Man.

Women are sadly ruled by the law of compensation. Those who are good are never pretty; those who are pretty are never good.

To a man, truth is what he knows; to a woman, truth is what she believes.

The only perfect woman a man ever knows is his mother.

All intimate friendships among women have the same basis, and always exist between those who resemble each other in figure—they can borrow each other's dresses.

Women invariably fear death—and I don't wonder.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, OCTOBER 6, 1881.

HANLAN has commenced business again on Toronto Bay, and is working off some of the surplus flesh that has accumulated since his races with Trickett and Laycock in England last year, in preparation for his coming match with Ross, which is to take place on the 15th of November next. Articles of agreement have been drawn up and signed by both parties to row a race on this date for $1000 a side. The course, although not fully decided upon, will probably be at Washington.

THERE are well founded rumors going about that the Marquis of Lorne will return to England, after the close of the coming session of the Canadian Parliament, and that he will then be called to the House of Lords. Lords Rosebery and Elgin are also spoken of as likely to succeed him in the Governor Generalship of Canada, but rumor in this respect is not so well founded, and neither of these two noblemen is likely to follow the Marquis. Other names will no doubt be speculated upon as these drop out of view.

THE County Attorney for the District of Washington says :—Guiteau will be indicted, tried and convicted of homicide and executed at Washington. The only thing that could prevent his indictment and conviction would be a lack of evidence, amounting to a fatal flaw in the case. This is not within the possibilities. The case against Guiteau is as perfect as any ever presented in a court of law. His own confession, careful in detail and marvellous in elaboration, would hang him, unsupported by other evidence. But it is not unsupported. There is abundant evidence of the best character.

THE case of Potter *vs.* Gunn & Co., which was commenced upon the advice of Mr. B. M. Britton, the eminent Q. C. of Kingston, on account of the latter failing to light their wharf, at which place Miss Potter was drowned, was continued all Saturday afternoon and up to noon on Monday. The jury, after an hour's deliberation, returned a verdict, giving the plaintiff $500 damages, and the costs also to be paid by defendants. Tuesday morning the plaintiff offered to settle the case for $750 and costs, but the defendants would not consent. The jury have, however, decided and have issued the following verdict :—"We find the death of Mary Ann Potter was caused by the failure of the defendants (Messrs. Gunn & Co., of Kingston) to light their wharf, and we find a verdict of $500 in favor of the plaintiff."

THE London *Advertiser* says :—We are much pleased in having an opportunity of seeing some samples of the rich iron ores now being mined and shipped from the county of Hastings, township of Madoc, to the United States smelting furnaces, and we are safe in saying that richer ores of iron we have never seen. It is almost a pity these rich deposits of iron cannot be utilized and manufactured in our own country, in place of having to pay duty for allowing the crude ore to enter that country, and paying a still larger duty on its return manufactured into bar-iron, steel, and other qualities of iron. It is to be hoped that our people will soon see the necessity of making an effort in this direction, and a little experience will soon show them the large profits derived from this branch of industry. Before, however, we can hope to bring the coal to the iron advantageously, we must have the duty thrown off coal.

MARMORA ITEMS.

The trustees, pupils, &c., of S. S. No. 1, Lake, have fortunately secured the services as teacher of Miss M. Jackson, so now it is to be hoped that young ideas may shoot rapidly.

There are 15 or 16 cases of matarial fever in the village at present, and it is really a wonder who does the horse-shoing required, as about every blacksmith in the place is down with this "fell tyrant's" attacks, so the muscles of their brawny arms are not now like iron bands, and young ladies, whose services are much required, are languishing from it.

Men are now taking long pedestrian journeys to the northern townships to work in the lumber shanties.

Rev. J. H. Ruttan, of Wooler, was in the village on the 28th September, and took the McDowell appointment on the 30th, and returned on the 1st October.

Potatoes are now being dug, and are generally below the average, one person here and there having a good crop. Those parties who have raised large flocks of turkies state that they have found these birds very useful in picking all the bugs they can find on the potato vines, saving all the trouble of applying persons.

Good horses bring a fair price here just now. R. Simmons sold lately to an American buyer a large team for $265, and D. Campion sold another fine animal for $120.

THE END OF THE WORLD.

PROGRAMME OF THAT INTERESTING EVENT AS RECORDED BY AN ITALIAN.

Leonardo Aretine, an Italian of the 14th century, predicted the end of the world for the 15th of November, 1881. Behold the exact programme of this catastrophe which will happen in a few months :—

November 1—The ocean will overflow its shores.
November 2—The earth will be soaked with water.
November 3—The fish in the rivers will die.
November 4—All the water fowl and fish will die.
November 5—The birds in the air will die.
November 6—The houses will fall down.
November 7—The rocks will fall down.
November 8—The earth will tremble.
November 9—The mountains will fall
November 10—The men will become speechless.
November 11—The tombs will open.
November 12—The stars will fall.
November 13—All the men and all the women will die.
November 14—The heavens will disappear and the land will be no more.
November 15—A general resurrection and the last judgment

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS are admirably adapted for curing diseases incidental to females. At different periods of life women are subject to complaints which require a peculiar medicine ; and it is now an indisputable fact that there is none so suitable for complaints of this nature as Holloway's Pills. For all the debilitating disorders incidental to the sex, and in every contingency perilous to the life and health of woman—youthful or aged, married or single—this great regulator and renovator of the secretive organs and the nervous system is an immediate cure. Their purifying qualities render them invaluable to females at all ages. They are searching and cleansing, yet invigorating, a few doses will speedily remove every species of irregularity in the system, and thereby establish health on a sound and firm basis.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

HORSE LOST!

FROM the field of Wm. Tanner, Rawdon, on the night of the 25th September, a valuable chestnut mare, (working) about 12 or 13 years old, of good size. Any person giving such information as will lead to the recovery of the same will be suitably rewarded.

JOHN BROWN,
Marmora
Marmora, 3rd Oct., 1881. 235-1m.

S. A. MOORE,

—DEALER IN—

MARBLE & GRANITE,

Upper Bridge, Front st., Belleville, Ont.

MARSHALL MAYBEE,

AGENT AT MADOC.

Any orders left with him will receive our prompt attention. 235-6m.

PORTRAIT OF GARFIELD,

Size of Sheet 19x24,

With his Autograph, acknowledged by himself to be the best likeness in existence.

$7.00 per hundred.
Single Copies, 25 cents.

Copy of Autograph Letter given with each picture. Address,

Shober & Carqueville Litho, Co.,
119 Monroe St., Chicago.

FARM FOR SALE!

NORTH half of Lot No. 14, 4th Concession of Elzevir, containing 100 acres, about eight miles from the village of Madoc. There is on the premises a good frame house and barn. About eight acres cleared. Watered by both well and creek. The land is under a good state of cultivation. Title indisputable For terms and other particulars apply to

JAMES L. HERBERTSON,
Queensboro' P. O.
Elzevir, Oct., 4th, 1881. 235-1m.

NEW TEAS

—AT—

25 Cents——Siftings.
30 Cents——Siftings.
35 Cents——Japan.
40 Cents——Japan.
50 Cents——Japan.
50 Cents——Young Hyson.

N. D. PETERS,

O'Flynn Block, Madoc.

AN EXTENSIVE

AUCTION SALE

—OF—

HIGH GRADE BREED OF COWS.

The sale takes place upon the premises of John Bateman, Lot 3 in the 4th con., 1½ miles from Madoc Village, on

THURSDAY, 1st NOVEMBER 1881.

COMPRISING :

30 head of cows, 6 beef cattle, 2 winter cows, 1 bull, 1 ox, 1 span draught horses, 1 two year old colt, 1 one year old colt, 11 fat hogs, 6 store pigs, and 1 fine organette, costing $225.

TERMS :—12 months credit by furnishing approved paper at 7 per cent interest. Five per cent off for cash.

THOS. SCOTT, Auctioneer.

Madoc, 5th Oct., 1881.

N. B.—To Dairymen of this County, it is worth your attention to this sale.

PUBLIC AUCTION!

GRAND SALE OF LOTS.

THE following lots will be offered for sale by Public Auction at Moon's Hotel, at the hour of 2 o'clock, P M., on

Thursday, October 13th, 1881.

Lots Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, & 14 on the south side of the allowance for road between the Townships of Madoc and Huntingdon ; lots Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13 & 14 on the north side of Jacob street, each containing ¼ of an acre more or less ; Block "A" on the south side of said allowance for road, containing ¼ an acre more or less ; lot No. 15 on the east side of John street, containing ¼ of acre more or less ; lot No. 16 on the east side of John street, containing 22-100 of an acre more or less ; lot No. 17 on the east side of John st., containing 19-100 of an acre more or less ; lot No. 18 on the east side of John street, containing 1-5 of an acre more or less ; all of said lots being described above according to a plan of part of Township lots Nos. 11 & 12 in the 14th con. of Huntingdon, made by Evans and Bolger, P. L. S., and registered in the Registry Office for the County of Hastings on the 21st day of October, A. D., 1880.

Also lots 53 containing 1½ acres, 55 containing 32-100 an acre more or less, on the latter there is a house and barn, all on the west side of Durham street in the Village of Madoc, according to a plan of said Village made by Evans and Bolger, P. L. S., and registered in the Registry Office for the County of Hastings. These lots will be sold separately or *en bloc* at the option of the Master.

The above lots are suitably situated, being adjacent to railway and every other necessary convenience. Titles indisputable, and are to be paid for by the purchasers.

TERMS :—One-fifth of the purchase money to be paid down, the balance will be made in five equal annual instalments at 8 per cent interest.

JOHN BAILEY.

Madoc, Oct. 5th, 1881.

Strayed or Stolen.

FROM the premises of the undersigned, lot No. 9, 6th concession, Madoc, on Thursday, 22nd September, a Grey Horse, blind of the right eye. Any person giving such information as will lead to its recovery will be suitably rewarded.

HUGH CAMERON.

Madoc, Sept. 28th, 1881.

TIES ! TIES !! TIES !!!

50,000 TIES WANTED !

I WILL make contracts for Cedar, Oak, Rock-elm, Tamarac or Hemlock Ties, to be delivered during the coming winter, on the River or along the Railway.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, September 14th, 1881.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

UNDER and by virtue of a Power of Attorney, dated the nineteenth day of October, A.D., 1881, granted by Mary E. Embury, of the Township of Madoc, administratrix of the estate of the late Wesley Embury, deceased, I hereby give notice to all Creditors of the said estate to present their claims to me, within one month from the date hereof.

HENRY ROBINSON.

Madoc, Sept. 21st, 1881.

N. B.—All persons indebted to the above estate are requested to make immediate settlement. 233-4w.

MAIL CONTRACT.

TENDERS, addressed to the Post Master General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on Friday, 4th November, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, one time per week each way, between

FARADAY AND UMFRAVILLE,

from the 1st January next.

Conveyance to be made on horseback or in a vehicle.

The Mails to leave Faraday every Saturday at 7 A.M. and arrive at Umfraville at 9:30 A. M.

To leave Umfraville at 10 A.M., or as soon as possible after arrival of Mails from Thanet, and to arrive at Faraday within two and a half hours afterwards.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen, and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Faraday and Umfraville, and at this office.

GILBERT GRIFFIN,
Post Office Inspector.

POST OFFICE INSPECTOR'S OFFICE,
Kingston, 23rd September, 1881.

MADOC BOOT & SHOE STORE !

We have just received the greater part of our

FALL & WINTER

—STOCK OF—

Ladies' Fine and Coarse Boots, Buttoned Balmorals, AND Side-laced, Misses' and Children's Boots

in all sizes and styles, also the largest stock we ever had of

MENS' YOUTHS' & BOYS' BOOTS.

JOHN GRANT,

Next door to Mrs. Wright's.

MRS. WRIGHT'S BLOCK.

Madoc, October 4th, 1881.

Grain! Grain!

H. CORBY, JR.,

IS prepared to pay the highest Cash Prices for all kinds of Grain either at Madoc or Belleville. Grain to be delivered in Madoc at the Farmers' Warehouse. 232

NORTH HASTINGS

Warehouse.

THIS Warehouse is again open for Storing and Shipping Grain. To Buyers every facility will be given and reasonable rates charged. To Farmers grain received in store and no charge made if held for the purpose of selling. All such grain covered by Insurance and no charge made to the Farmer. The undersigned will pay the highest prices for all kinds of grains and Clover and Timothy Seed.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, Sept. 12th, 1881.

Spring Wheat for Seed.

I AM instructed to purchase a few hundred Bushels of LOST NATION Spring Wheat for seed, for which extra prices will be paid. It must be entirely clean and free from other grain or seeds.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, September 12th, 1881.

TELEGRAPH POLES!

THE undersigned wishes to purchase from one thousand to three thousand Telegraph Poles for which extra prices will be paid if delivered within the next six weeks.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, Sept. 14th, 1881.

NOTICE!

ALL parties having purchased my pumps are hereby cautioned not to pay the same accept to my authorized Agent, as Mr. W. E. Murphy has left my employ and is no longer an Agent for me.

D. ASHEY.

Norwood, 14th Sept., 1881. 233-4w.

FARM FOR SALE!

A Farm containing 175 acres, in the Township of Sidney, County of Hastings. It is conveniently situated on a Gravel Road close by a School and Cheese Factory, two miles from Frankford and ten miles from Trenton. 100 acres cleared. About 35 Apple Trees. Frame House 18x24 and Kitchen 14x18. Frame Barn 18x24, Stone Stable under it. Well watered. Well adapted for fruit. Terms easy. A certain sum required, balance on any reasonable time required by purchaser.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, Sept. 10th, 1881.

OYSTERS!

I HAVE made arrangements for a supply of Oysters DIRECT FROM THE PACKERS, and will be enabled to retail them as near Belleville prices, as a small additional charge to cover passing them through the Customs and extra freight will permit. I shall deal in none but

Well Known and Reliable Brands,

and expect to be in receipt of the first lot by "October First," probably sooner.

We have largely increased our facilities for

SERVING LUNCHEONS,

and we trust to the steady increase in the past as encouragement for the future.

A full supply of

CANDIES, NUTS, FRUITS, &C.,

always on hand.

S. A. DAVIS.

Madoc, September 21st, 1881.

Mineral Land for Sale.

LOT No. 31, 10th Con., Madoc. Good iron ore beds on the same. Gold has also been found. Apply to JOHN BROAD.

H. JAMES, M. D.,

OF BELLEVILLE, will visit Madoc professionally every Friday and Saturday of each week, when he will be prepared to meet patients or make calls upon the afflicted of this village or surrounding country. Office in Moon's Hotel, where orders may be left.

Belleville, March 14, 1881.

LOTS FOR SALE!

In the Northern part of the Village of Madoc, (Russel Estate.)

AT MODERATE PRICES. Terms—one quarter cash, balance in three equal annual payments, 7 per cent interest on unpaid balance. Expenses of conveyancing to be paid by purchasers to vendor's solicitor, (Morgan Jellett, Esq., Belleville.)

Apply to S. D. ROSS, Madoc,
Or to R. D. RUSSEL, Montreal. 11

MONEY TO LOAN

—AT—

Six and Six and One-Half Per Cent.

STRAIGHT loans. Interest payable annually. No commission charged. No delay beyond that of investigating titles. Tariff fees reasonable. Mortgages purchased. Lands for sale in Sidney, Thurlow, Marmora, Elzevir and Belleville.

W. N. PONTON,
Barrister,
231. Post Office Block, Belleville.

EPIZOOTIC.

Jacob Huff's Discovery

Warranted to Cure in Three Doses

As I understand some parties are selling an inferior article and using my name therefor, the public is hereby cautioned against purchasing any Powder represented to be mine unless the package has my label thereon.

—FOR SALE AT—

Wilson's and Loomis' Drug Stores.

JACOB HUFF.

Madoc, December 16th, 1880.

ALL THE NEWS FOR A CENT.

THE

Toronto Daily World,

THE ONLY ONE-CENT MORNING PAPER IN CANADA.

THREE DOLLARS A YEAR!
TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A MONTH!!
ONE CENT A COPY!!!

Less than Half the Cost of any other Morning Paper.

YOU CAN MAKE MONEY by canvassing for The World. Agents and Canvassers wanted everywhere. Send post-card for terms and

SAMPLE COPY FREE.

WORLD PRINTING Co.,
No. 4 King street east, Toronto

E. B. FRALECK, B. A.,

BARRISTER, &c.,

No. 17, Campbell St., Belleville,

AGENT FOR

Bristol & West of England Investment Company,

The only purely English Company loaning money in this Province, and consequently interest less than can be afforded by any other Company. Instalment loans from 2 years up to 20, at 5½ per cent. $152 per year for 10 years pays off a loan of $1000, principal and interest. Straight loans at 8 and 8½ per cent. Borrowers have privilege of making repayments on account of principal. No commission. $50,000 Private funds to loan at 8½ per cent., payable yearly. Charges reasonable.

Belleville, March 25th, 1880.

Living but yet Dead!

Full of Expression, Life, Character and Position, yet it is only a Photograph made by BROOK & CO., Photographers.

The Facts are

Our customers admire our Instantaneous Process. Think of only being asked to sit three or four seconds. What a blessing this warm weather.

New Goods at Foster & Reid's!

WE HAVE OUR

Fall and Winter Stock

about complete in CHOICE DRESS GOODS, of which we show a large line, and TRIMMINGS to match.

—OUR BLACK CASHMERES ARE THE—

BEST VALUE EVER OFFERED IN MADOC.

See them before purchasing. We have a large stock of

JACKETS AND SHAWLS, AND ARE OFFERING THEM CHEAP.

—See the full lines of—

Velveteens, Winceys, Kid Gloves, Ladies' and Childrens' Hosiery, Corsets, &c., Ready-made Clothing, Tweeds, Shirtings, Flannels, Overalls, Bags, Cotton Yarn, etc.

OUR MILLINERY DEPARTMENT will be complete in a few days with all the fashionable goods of the season.

Madoc, September 27th, 1881. [HIGHEST PRICE PAID FOR BUTTER AND EGGS.] FOSTER & REID.

D. A. JOHNSTON, M. D., C. M.

PHYSICIAN, Surgeon, &c., Graduate of Queen's University, Kingston.—Office, Bridgewater, Ont.

DR. E. D. VANDERVOORT,

GRADUATE of the University of Toronto. Fellow of Trinity Medical School, Physician, Surgeon, &c. Office—Queensboro, Ont.

Local Lines.

—Foster & Reid's opening on Tuesday.

—See N. D. Peters' announcement of teas.

—Be sure and read the new advertisements this week and profit thereby.

—Dry-goods men, advertise your fall and winter stock in the N. H. REVIEW.

—Weddings are all the rage now in this place—no less than three this week.

—Ice to the thickness of over quarter of an inch was discovered on water yesterday morning.

—An important sale of lots will take place on the 18th. See advertisement and posters for particulars.

—See advertisement in another column in reference to portraits of Mr. Garfield, late President of the United States.

—Mr. Frank Reid returned Monday morning from a two weeks' tour in the backwoods. He seems none the worse for the trip.

—Mr. S. A. Moore, marble and granite dealer, of Belleville, announces himself to the public through our columns this week.

—An important change is made in Grant's advertisement this week, announcing an immense stock of boots and shoes. Peruse it.

—The theme of Rev. Mr. Hutton's discourse for next Sabbath will be "Jacob's stone pillow," and the "wonderful ladder."

—Thomas Scott announces in the REVIEW and by posters an immense sale of farm stock, &c., to take place on the 1st of November, at John Bateman's farm.

—The word character comes from a term which means to engrave upon or to cut in. In selecting pens it is advisable to see that the name of Esterbrook is stamped on them.

Dr. Carson's Stomach and Constipation Bitters are in every sense of the word *a family medicine*, and we are glad to learn that they are rapidly taking the place of those nauseous little Pills.

—On account of the caper played by the editor this week, and the pressure upon our advertising space, our editorial and local allowance is rather limited. We will, however, try and make up next week.

—The M. E. Church choir has been reorganized the past week under the leadership of W. H. O'Flynn, Esq., Mrs. W.H.O'Flynn organist. On Sunday last the singing, especially the anthems, rendered, were duly appreciated by, and delighted the large audience.

Cheap Reading.

The NORTH HASTINGS REVIEW and the Toronto *Daily World* will be furnished to subscribers at the rate of $3.50 per annum, payable in advance. See advertisement of the *World* in another column.

Correction.

In an advertisement which appeared in our columns two weeks ago in reference to a note lost by Thomas Broad, it should have read, given by John Best, instead of *West*. The note will come due the first of November.

For Kingston.

The *Ontario* says Father Casey, of Campbellford, Father Conley of Madoc, and Father Lahey, of Belleville, left on the noon train on Monday for Kingston. The second named is Father Davis' curate, and the latter Right Rev. Mgr. Farrelly's.

Life of Garfield.

A beautiful work is being issued by the World Publishing Co., Guelph, in connection with a large publishing house in the States, containing the life of the late President Garfield. The work is a valuable one, and should be largely circulated. See what the Guelph *Herald* says about it in another column.

Fatal Accident.

A Bridgewater correspondent to the *Intelligencer* writes on Sept. 30th: "There was a fatal accident on Tuesday afternoon last in one of Sutherland's shanties. Alexander Lalon was sawing a log close by where two men were falling a tree, and either from them not giving timely warning or his not hearing them, the tree fell and struck him, killing him instantly."

CHEESE MARKET.

UTICA, Oct. 3.—27,000 boxes sold at 12½ to 13⅛c.; leading price, 13⅛c.; 4,000 boxes consigned.

LITTLE FALLS, Oct. 3.—Market excedingly dull; 12,000 boxes factory cheese offered, only 4,500 sold at 12 to 12½c.; bulk at 12½c.; 750 boxes factory cheese sold at 12 to 12⅝c.

INGERSOLL, Oct. 4.—Twelve factories offered 4,155 boxes cheese, mostly August make; 11 factories were present who did not register; cable having fallen two shillings since last market day; holders are not willing to accept the proportionate decline in prices offered, hence no sales; 13½c. for balance of season make has been offered to some first-class factories. Cable closed to-day, 5 P. M., at 59.

In the month of October Typhoid, Billious, and Malarial Fevers are very prevalent. For a sure preventative take, according to directions, DR. CARSON'S STOMACH BITTERS. They purify the System and cool the Blood. They are used to great advantage in Fever and Ague districts. In large 8 oz. bottles, at 50 cents. For sale by all Druggists.

Fire.

On Sunday afternoon last the barns and out-buildings of Clement Armstrong, of Sidney, were burned, together with their contents, which included the whole of this year's crop and his farming implements. His loss is very heavy, and it is not known whether it was insured or not. It was with the greatest difficulty that the dwelling house was saved. The fire was caused by his grandchildren playing with matches.

Minerals at Cardiff.

A correspondent of the *Intelligencer* writing from Cardiff, says: We have stirring times here now. Chas. Hutchison, Esq., is back and forth through here hunting up iron mines, and for a route to run the railway through from Kinmount to Bancroft. We had a visit from Prof. Chapman, of Toronto. He pronounces the indications very good for iron, &c. Messrs. Pusey & Co. are doing all they can for these parts, and feel satisfied they will find any amount of good iron around here. They are also looking up hardwood timber for making charcoal for smelting the ore before shipping.

Honored by the Church.

A despatch from Kingston says Vice-General Farrelly, of Belleville, has been honored by the Pope. Bishop Cleary received a letter from His Holliness announcing that the Vice-General had been made a prelate in recognition of services rendered to the Church while acting as administrator of the diocese. Monseignor Farrelly has received the highest dignity which can be conferred upon a prelate without a See. Few dioceses have been so honored, although several have received secondary degrees. He appeared in the Cathedral for the first time as a prelate on Sunday morning.

Drowned.

Mr. W. A. Foster, of the Bay of Quinte brickworks, formerly Mayor of Belleville, was drowned in the bay about noon on Friday last. He, his eldest boy, and a boy named Lingham, were returning from the quarries at Point Ann, in a small open sail boat, when the boat upset a short distance from shore. All clung to the bottom of the boat, which after a short time righted and turned over again in the opposite direction, the canvas covering them. The boys managed to work themselves clear, and were rescued by a schooner yawl, but Mr. Foster sank. Some time after, his body was recovered.

Successful Social.

"One Interested" sends us the following, which would have appeared last week if the name had accompanied it:—"A social was held the 16th of September, in S. S. No. 2, Madoc, called O'Hara's School. I had been cordially invited by the people of this section to come and partake of their hospitality. There is great praise due to the ladies of this section for the interest they have taken in the affair. The chair was occupied by Mr, Mackintosh, through whose influence the very best of order was kept throughout the whole entertainment. The programme consisted of a number of dialogues acted by the young ladies and pupils of the section, vocal and instrumental music by Misses Millers, Mackintosh and McKinnon, and Mr. Hanson. The social had been superintended by Miss Britton, the teacher, whose name is a household word in the section, for the great pains she has taken with her pupils for the past year and a half. The proceeds amounted to $29.50. The money is to be used for buying books for the pupils at the Christmas Examination. At the conclusion a vote of thanks was given to Mr. Joseph Bailey and Mr. Lynch for their valuable assistance. Every one went home well pleased that they had been present."

Fall Shows,

The North Hastings Show will be held at Garner's Hotel, Huntingdon, on Friday, October 7th.

Dungannon and Faraday, at L'Amable, October 12th.

Tudor, Wollaston, Limerick and Cashel, at Millbridge, on Wednesday, October 12th.

The Singer Manufacturing Company Branch Factory in Glasgow.

The works of this gigantic concern in the Western Metropolis of Scotland are broken up at present into three parts, at considerable distances from each other. Large as they are they have become incapable of turning out the amount of work which the business of the company demands. It is now proposed to purchase grounds near the city, and there erect a large factory where the entire productions of the company can be made. About thirty acres of open ground are required for purpose, and the situation selected must afford easy communication with water and railway conveyances. The company are prepared to expend not less than £100,000 on building purposes alone, irrespective altogether of plant and machinery. The Glasgow works employ considerably over 2,000 hands, effecting a weekly out-put (with over-time) of over 5,000 machines. The company's gigantic works at Elizabeth, N. J., produce over 8,000 machines weekly, and are being set for 10,000; and it is interesting to learn that the projected new factory will be arranged on a scale large enough to effect an equal produce, —viz., 10,000 machines weekly.—From the *Scottish American Journal*, May 26th, 1881.

Allan Moon, Agent for this section.

Symptoms of Dyspepsia or Indigestion, a dull heavy feeling in the Stomach with a frequent disposition to vomit, Heartburn, Loss of Mental and Physical Force, DR. CARSON'S STOMACH AND CONSTIPATION BITTERS is *the certain Remedy* for this distressing complaint. In large bottles, at 50 cents. For sale by all Druggists.

LIFE OF GARFIELD.

(Guelph Daily Herald, Sept. 28, 1881.)

We have just examined advance sheets of the "Life of Garfield" from the World Publishing Co's Office, Guelph. It contains about 700 pages, beautifully printed on good paper and profusely illustrated with some 30 engravings, including steel plate of General Garfield and Arthur, this is the only authentic work published, endorsed by the family and relatives of General Garfield. Read the following endorsement from B. H. Hindsdale, of Hiram College, Ohio, the most intimate friend General Garfield had: "I beg leave to say that I regard this book as a most valuable one and well worthy of a general circulation. —B. H. Hindsdale. This work is being issued by the World Publishing Company in connection with the largest publishing house in the United States, and neither labor nor expense has been spared to make the work all that it should be. Several cheap imitations are on the market, be sure you see the Life of Garfield that you buy is written by James D. McCabe, the great American Historian, author of Pictorial History of the World, Pathways to the Holy Land, History U. S., &c., &c. Also be sure the work you buy is nine inches long and six inches wide. About 700 pages and profusely illustrated. The cheap catch-penny editions that are being advertised do not compare with them in any way, buy only the best.

AGENTS WANTED.

Apply to the World Publishing Co., Guelph.

MARRIED.

MCCALLUM—JINKINSON.—At the Methodist Parsonage, on Wednesday, 5th inst., by the Rev. James Macfarlane, Mr. Ezra W. McCallum to Miss Annie Jinkinson, both of Madoc Township.

CAMPBELL.—CAMPBELL.—At the Methodist Parsonage, on Monday, 3rd inst., by the Rev. James Macfarlane, Mr. William Campbell to Mrs. Hattie Adelaide Campbell, both of Hungerford.

ROBERTSON—ROBLIN.—At the residence of the bride's father, Pleasant Vale Farm, Adolphustown, on Thursday, Sept. 29th, by Rev. Mr. Bryden, Bath, Mr. Geo. S. Robertson, formerly of Madoc, to Miss Elizabeth Roblin, daughter of S. Roblin, Esq.

ORR—DALE.—At the residence of the bride's father, on Wednesday, 5th October, by Rev. James Macfarlane, John R. Orr, publisher and proprietor of the NORTH HASTINGS REVIEW, to Sarah, eldest daughter of John Dale, Esq., merchant, all of Madoc.

DIED.

MACKINTOSH.—On Saturday, October first, Willie, son of W. Mackintosh, aged 11 months and 12 days.

"THE RIGHT HOUSE."

—(o)—

Just received one Case of

CROMPTON'S CORSETS.

D. C. CLARKE.

CLOTHING.

—:o:—

We are now receiving one of the largest stocks of Ready Made Clothing ever shown in Madoc, all of which will be sold at prices far below its value.

SYDMER ROSS & CO.

Madoc, July 6th, 1881.

We keep constantly on hand a large stock of

Nails,
Glass,
Putty,
Paints and Oils,
White Lead, etc.,

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

—o—

We are offering nails at $2.85 per keg.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA.

POST OFFICE BLOCK,
Madoc, April, 28th, 1881.

"Little Christie."

Within her downy cradle there lay a little child,
And a group of hovering angels unseen upon her smiled:
A strife arose among them — a loving, holy strife,
Which should shed the richest blessing over the new-born life.

Some breathed upon her features and the babe in beauty grew,
With a cheek like morning's blushes, and an eye of azure hue,
Till every one who saw her was thankful for the sight
Of a face so sweet and radiant with ever fresh delight.

Then outspake one of the angels, fiobler, brighter than the rest,
As with strong arm but tender he caught her to his breast;
"Ye have made her all too lovely for a child of mortal race,
But no shade of human sorrow shall darken o'er her face.

"Lulled in my faithful bosom, I will bear her far away,
Where there is no sin nor anguish, nor sorrow, nor decay;
And mine a gift more glorious than all your gifts shall be.
Lo! I crown her happy spirit with immortality!"

Then on his heart our darling yielded up her gentle breath,
For the stronger, brighter angel who loved her best, was Death.

A GUILTLESS PRODIGAL.

By the Author of "HONOURS DIVIDED," "A CAPTIVE'S CAPTIVE," &c.

CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

"Dim and faint as the mists that break
At sunrise from a mountain lake."

Thus my senses gradually come back to me and with a long-drawn sigh, I open my eyes.

After all, I must still be threading the mazes of delirium, so strange is the scene to me.

I am lying on a snowy bed with rosy silken hangings, in a large elegantly furnished room, a room with darkened blinds, and the air faint with the odor of sweet essences. By the bedside, in a large arm-chair, dozes a comfortable looking old dame, dressed in a clean print gown and stiff starched cap, and there is something so decidedly substantial and unvisionary about this stout pleasant looking old body that I stretch forth one weak hand and gently touch her.

She at least is no phantom, for at my feeble touch she starts up, and a smile of joy breaks over her kind motherly face.

"Thank Heaven, dear lady, you are better," she exclaims reverently.

"Have I been ill, then?" Can this faint voice be mine?

She gravely shakes her hoary head, and two bright tears steal down her plump cheeks.

"So ill, lady, that we thought you would not have lived. But the turn has come now, and all you have got to do is to make haste and get well."

"Where am I? How did I come here?" I ask, looking around me with bewildered eyes.

"This is Sir Joseph Gifford's, and Jackson, the lodge-keeper, found you on the flats that dreadful foggy night, just a week ago come to-morrow. Now you must not talk any more, missie—ma'am, I mean. You must try and get a nice nap; that will do you more good than all the doctors in the world. I am going down stairs for a minute, just to tell master the good news; and, when I come back, I shall expect to find you fast asleep," says the old dame softly patting my thin white hand.

There is no fear of my disobeying her orders, for, even while she is speaking, a drowsy sensation steals over me, and I know no more until I awake and find that it is evening. The gas is alight, and my kind old attendant is faithfully keeping guard over my slumbers. My long sleep has done me good. I feel a different being from what I did a few short hours ago.

"I think I could get up now," I say, in a voice much more like my own. "It is not very late, is it? Perhaps I could get a cab to the station;" and I rise from my pillows, only to fall back again, powerless as a new-born infant.

"You must have patience, lady. Rome wasn't built in a day," returns the old lady, with her genial cheery smile. "We must not talk about getting up yet awhile."

"But—my husband," I stammer, blushing crimson under those honest unsuspicious eyes. Ah, my husband! What must he think of me now? "Has he—— Does he know—Mr. Yorke—my husband?" I falter illogically.

"We had no means of letting him know, dearie. There were no letters or anything to be found, except the initials on your handkerchief. Poor gentleman he must be in a state about you!"

"Hasn't he—been—or written?" I falter, my lips quivering like those of a disappointed child.

"How could he, my dear lady, when he doesn't know no more than the man in the moon where you are?"

"But Wil—my cousin?" I say despairingly.

The old woman stares at me as though she imagines my mind to be wandering, and shakes her head.

"No one has sent or been, dearie. But I'm quite sure Sir Joseph will write off to your friends this very night now you are able to tell him the address."

"I don't want him to write," I answer petulantly; and, turning my face away, I break into a passion of tears that shake my weak frame with cruel violence.

"Hush, my dear lady! Don't cry; your husband will soon be here. Poor young thing! How fond she must be of him!" mutters the kind old soul, soothing me as she would a baby.

But I refuse to be comforted. It is only when the fountain of my tears is dry that they cease to flow. Where is all my husband's vaunted charity—putting love out of the question—that he has left me to my fate without making an effort to discover what it may have been? I have been wilful, disobedient, unloving; but surely I deserve better treatment at his hands than this—I, his wife, whose errors have been but those of an undisciplined child.

It cannot be that Wilfrid Yorke has left him in ignorance of the events of that terrible night, and, coward-like, shunned his wrath. I scout the idea as beyond the bounds of possibility. Yet, if it were so, what am I in his eyes? I recoil with horror from the thought. Surely no man could be so base as to bring shame upon the woman he loved! No, no, I will not believe it—Wilfrid Yorke may not be a good man, but he is incapable of acting such a dastard's art.

* * * * * * *

Another week is added to "the days that are no more." Wan and large-eyed, a very shadow of the old romping Grisel who never knew what it was to sit still for five minutes, I lie propped up with pillows in a huge invalid's chair beside the fire. Slowly but surely I am creeping back to convalescence. Every day kind old Sir Joseph Gifford puts my wasted cheek and assures me that I am growing "plump as a patridge," and that the roses are beginning to bloom again. He is a dear old gentleman, and he treats me more as though I were a daughter of his own than a perfect stranger. My old friend, Mrs. Bloomfield, the housekeeper, tells me that I am very like his wife, who died two years after they were married, and whose death he has never ceased to mourn; and I often see him looking at me with tears in his honest gray eyes. Over and over again I have been tempted to confide in him my troubles; but a false shame has held me back.

With my old characteristic wilfulness I decline to give any information which may lead to communication with my husband or my family. If they cared so little for me as to leave me to an unknown fate—from Sir Joseph I extract the reluctant confession that he has heard of no enquiries being made—they can afford to wait until I am sufficiently recovered to go back and tell my own tale. I excuse my unnatural conduct to my kind old host upon the plea of wishing to take my husband by surprise; and it is only on the day I am leaving Warstone Hall that I enlighten him as to the facts of the case. As I expected, while he sympathises with me, he condemns my resentful folly in the strongest terms.

"Child, how could you be so foolish, so blind, as to place implicit faith in the honor of a man who evidently knows not the meaning of the word? Heaven knows what suspicions you have laid yourself open to, acting as you have done," he says, with grave severity. "Is it likely that a man such as you describe your husband to be would act the brutal part you have ascribed to him? Set man against man, and what does mere common-sense tell you?"

Ah, what does it tell me? It tells me that which bows my head with shame.

* * * * * * *

Five minutes more and I shall stand before my judge. The cab which bears me from the station rattles on through the familiar streets, each turning bringing me nearer to my dreaded ordeal.

A sudden faintness seizes me when the noisy jolting four-wheeler comes to a standstill.

"Number 25, I think you said, miss," says my charioteer, thrusting his head in at the door.

"Yes, that is right," I answer faintly. "You need not trouble to knock."

I have no desire that these strange eyes shall witness the inevitable tragedy of my reception. It never occurs to me to ask him his fare. I hastily slip some silver into his hand, and he touches his hat and seems well satisfied. Then I stand on the steps and watch him drive away. With a wildly-beating heart, I turn to raise the knocker; and, for the first time, I notice that all the blinds are down. What can it mean?

"Miss Grisel!"

It is Hannah who opens the door to me, Hannah who stares at me with a face that is deathly pale, and with none of the glad welcome with which the faithful old creature is ever wont to greet me.

"Nursie, why are you here?" I ask, in a voice that is little above a whisper.

Trembling so violently that I cannot stand, I sink down upon the oak settle, not daring to meet those condemning eyes. How still and quiet the house is, just as though it lay under the shadow of death!

"Hannah, is any one—dead?" I ask in an awe-struck whisper, my lips stiff with fear.

My old nurse sorrowfully shakes her head and bursts into tears.

"Nursie, what is the matter? Tell me—quick! Where is my husband?" I cry imploringly, seizing her hands.

"He is gone, Miss Grisel. He couldn't bear it. The disgrace would have killed him. O, my child, dear as you are to me, I would far sooner have seen you dead than bring this dishonor on him!"

"Did he—did he—did any one dare to think I—I——"

I never finish the sentence. In my weak excited state the shock is too much for me; and, with a gasping sigh, I fall fainting to the ground.

All too soon I come back to consciousness, and find my old nurse hanging over me in an agony of grief and fear.

"My child, may Heaven forgive us if we have wronged you!" she cries, remorsefully. "O, Miss Grisel, do tell me what is the meaning of it all! Where have you been? What has been the matter with you? What has brought you to this in these few short weeks—you who were the bonniest of them all!"—and the faithful creature throws her arms around me as though defying contradiction. "Miss Leo might be the handsomest, but you were the bonniest!"

"Nursie, where has—he gone?" I ask, in a dazed, bewildered whisper, scarce heeding her words.

"No one knows, dear. He only said he was going right away for a year; and at the end of that time he would decide whether he would give up the house or come back to his duties. Poor gentleman he was well-nigh heart-broken! I've seen a good deal of suffering in my time, but none to equal his. Very few women are loved as he loved you, Miss Grisel. O, it was a cruel, cruel blow for him! And to think that his own flesh-and-blood relation——"

"Stop," I cry, in a voice that is hoarse with anger and emotion. "Where are my accusers? Who is it that condemns me?"

Beneath the fury of my flashing eyes, the woman cowers trembling and dumfounded; and, now that my tongue is unloosed, I pour forth my hapless story from beginning to end, withholding nothing from the friend of my childhood. Before I have finished, she is on her knees at my feet imploring forgiveness with streaming eyes and clasped hands. But I turn from her, with a heart-wrung sob, to wander through the deserted rooms where "only an unseen presence fills the air that baffles my pursuit."

"Hannah," I say, half an hour later, "I am going home—I could not stay here now—and they will take me back, for I am but 'a guiltless prodigal'!"

CHAPTER VII.

Very truly has it been said that time, with all its celerity, moves slowly to him whose whole employment is to watch its flight. Winter has given place to spring, spring to summer, summer to autumn, and another year is drawing to a close. To, me whose whole employment has been to watch its flight, it has seemed as if the year would never end. But it will soon be gone now. The hectic flush has faded from the face of nature, and, in two short months, the dying year will have "dropped into its grave." Many, perchance, will mourn its exit; but I can shed no tear. I view its change and decay with naught but relief—it has been so long a-dying. Yet, although it has brought no joy to me, it has brought good fortune to mine—it has brought Leo's prince.

Yes, our childish dreams are about to be realized. Leo is yet destined to be "my lady." She is to be married next week to Sir Joseph Gifford's nephew and heir, Captain Evelyn Gifford, late of the Dragoon Guards. It is an alliance sufficiently brilliant to satisfy our loftiest aspirations. But is ungrateful humanity ever satisfied in this life of "everlasting seeking"? We have coveted wealth and rank for our spoiled darling, and both boons have been granted us, yet we are vaguely conscious that there is something still wanting: although we will not confess it, we are disappointed.

"It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth
That bought contentment, peace, or pleasure
The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
Oh, that's the chiefest warld's treasure!"

And the love in this case is not mutual. Whatever motives may have actuated Leo to accept Captain Gifford, it was certainly not love. Too well I know that she has none to give. She is not a girl to love twice; and any woman who once fell captive to Wilfrid Yorke could never wholly escape from his toils. Poor Leo! She little thinks that I know her secret. She does not know mine. Never while I live will I tell her of Wilfrid Yorke's treachery. Let her weave what romance she may as to the cause of his mysterious disappearance, mine shall never be the lips to tell her of that which would pierce her very heart's core. By tacit consent his name has never been mentioned between us since my sad home-coming; and I can only trust that time may teach her that "hardest science," to forget.

She is to be married from Warstone Hall, and the night previous to the wedding, papa, mamma, Leo, Gerald, little Trixie, and I, all take up our quarters there, in readiness for the morrow. The large old mansion is crowded with guests. Leo's wedding is to be a very grand affair. She is to have half a dozen bridesmaids, three of them sisters to the bridegroom, two his cousins, and our little golden-haired Trixie, the fairest flower in the bouquet.

We arrive in time for dinner, which to-night is a very informal affair. Everybody and everything is in commotion. Dear old Sir Joseph is in his element. His hearty peals of laughter make the old walls ring again. He is quite an old beau and a prodigious favorite with the ladies.

Flirting reigns supreme. For every Jock there is a Joan. How I should have revelled in it all once upon a time! But now I only feel sad and *de trop*; I seem one by myself; and I am far too young and giddy to be admitted into the select conclave of matrons and dowagers, who, after the approved wont of middle-aged womankind, are indulging in a confidential chat anent their respective complaints, a topic which possesses scant interest for me. So, after a while, I slip carefully up stairs to the room which my dear old friend has set aside for my especial use, and where I am almost immediately joined by Leo.

"Grisel, I have such a wretched headache, I think I shall go to bed," she says wearily, sinking down by the bedside. "I've just had a note from Evelyn. He has found a cavalier for you, an old friend of his who has just returned from Zululand. He doesn't mention his name."

"It doesn't much matter," I answer carelessly, for I am perfectly satisfied with the former arrangement, that mamma and I should share the honor of our distinguished host's escort, owing to the inevitable preponderance of the feminine element.

"No; when one's married, one man's as good as another," remarks my sister, with a mirthless little laugh. "Grisel, how did you feel after you were married? Didn't you feel that you had lost all interest in life? What is there left to live for?"

"Your husband," I answer, quietly. Ah, if I had only practised what I preach.

She shrugs her shoulders, but makes no reply.

"Leo," I begin timidly, after a moment's pause. "I want you to make me a promise."

With languid indifference she raises her beautiful weary eyes to mine.

"What is it?"

"I—I want you to promise to—forget."

"Forget what?" she stammers, the crimson blood dying her sweet face from brow to chin; and I see her fair white hands clench with a sudden convulsion.

"Wilfrid Yorke."

Never while I live shall I forget the despairing anguish of the cry that breaks from my sister's lips, as, heedless of my presence, she throws herself face downward upon the bed and gives vent to the pent-up agony of a love that is all in vain—the cruellest pain that ever mortal knew.

I utter no word of consolation, but steal silently from the room. This is one of the instances in which silence is more eloquent than words.

* * * * * * *

If the old adage "happy is the bride that the sun shines on" has any truth in it, Leo's future career is destined to be a particularly jubilant one. When I awake, the room is bathed in autumn's mellow sunshine, and I find Leo already up and partially dressed. To all appearance, she has perfectly recovered from her recent indisposition, and I can trace no sign of last night's emotion in her fair proud face.

"Grisel, you will be late. Every one has been up hours. I told Hawkins to bring your breakfast up with mine, for I want you to do my hair. Nobody can do it to suit me but you; and it is for the last time," she says, with a wistfulness that is strange, coming from imperious Leo, and it causes the tears to start to my eyes.

Lovingly I gather the shining masses of her beautiful hair into one long thick plait and arrange the soft silken ringlets which crown her beauteous brow in picturesque confusion. When I have finished she puts her bare arms about my neck, and, drawing down my face within reach of her lips, kisses me with tremulous earnestness.

"Grisel, you have always been good to me. Pray that I may be enabled to forget," she whispers, in accents of heart-wrung misery. "It is so hard, so terribly hard."

My only reply is to fold her in a mute embrace; there is no need for words. And then the all-important business commences, and all confidences cease.

Leo makes a beautiful bride. Her dress—one of Sir Joseph's many gifts—is a marvel of ivory satin and lace; her ornaments, pearls and diamonds, family jewels of the Giffords, and surely they never decked a form so fair! The bridesmaids, charmingly attired in salmon-coloured silk, with coquettish mob caps to match, are enthusiastic in their admiration. Leo is in great favor with her future connections, although her only fortune is her pretty face.

"I wonder how long Evelyn will be! I want to see the bouquet," remarks the eldest of that gentleman's sisters, arranging a fold of the costly bridal veil.

"There he is, That is his knock, I know!" exclaims merry little Mab Gifford, one of the greatest flirts in Christendom, and the prettiest of all the bridesmaids save tiny Trix. "Grisel, darling you might run down and see. I'd go, only I'm afraid of Cetewayo," she laughs *a propos* of my cavalier, who is to arrive with Evelyn.

Throwing my long blue train over my arm, I run lightly down the broad richly-carpeted stairs, and see two men in the hall divesting themselves of their ulsters—one my future brother-in-law, a tall, fair, heavily-built man, the heaviest of dragoons; the other—— His back is towards me, so I cannot see his face. Yet surely there is something familiar in that smooth head, that careless graceful figure—something that sets my heart beating almost to suffocation, something that arrests my steps and causes me to grasp the balustrade for support.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

IN LOVE WITH LITTLE MARIO.

Baroness Coutts' Mad Passion for the Famous Mario and the Jealous Grisi.

Celia Logan recalls the visit of the Baroness Burdette-Coutts to America, whither she followed the once-famous tenor, Mario. At that time the baroness was not a young woman, nor was she even handsome. She looked from 30 to 34 years of age. Her features were thick and irregular, her complexion muddy and of thick texture. She was of medium height and exquisitely moulded, having especially fine rounded, sloping shoulders, over which she invariably wore a truly regal camel's-hair shawl. She always dressed plainly in a dark silk or cashmere dress, and every night that Mario sang Miss Coutts sat in the stage-box entirely alone. She was dressed so simply, her manners and appearance being so unassuming and the reverse of striking, that opera-goers of that day took little notice of her beyond an occasional surmise as to who she was. She would sit half concealed by the curtain the whole performance through with a rapt expression on her face, as if she were fairly enchanted by the tones of the heavenly tenor.

The performance over, she would stand a few moments as if waiting for the recall, and as Mario would near the stage-box she would bend on him a look full of admiration, which he returned, while Grisi's black eyes flashed fire on them both. Then Miss Coutts would glide away to her carriage.

Miss Logan continues: To those behind the scenes in those days this romantic story was well known—the ties that kept Mario fast chained to Grisi, even when he had wearied of her, and would gladly have exchanged his lyric honors to become the husband of the rich Englishwoman who had come so far not to lose one note of that heaven-given voice. Apart from his divine gift of song, Mario was one of the handsomest men ever born, although he was a trifle undersized. Grisi, too, was a perfect type of a lovely Italian—eyes and hair like his, dark as midnight, and in person beautifully formed, although at this time she was stout and somewhat *passe*. Although the trio were seemingly on the most friendly footing, Miss Coutt's admiration for the great singer being supposed to be merely that which she might feel for any wonderful artist, such as she has lately shown for Irving, the actor, Grisi was terribly jealous, and it was said at the time nothing but the fear of losing Mario altogether, caused her to put a restraint upon herself.

I remember, however, one night there had been a domestic scene between the singers, and Grisi came to the theatre in a pent-up fury. The opera was "Norma." Grisi as well as Mario was in splendid voice, and they seemed as if trying to outdo each other. At length Grisi reproaches her betrayer. Stretching forth her arm to the fullest extent, she pointed directly to the box in which the lone lady sat, and thundered forth: "Thou yet shall feel the anguish which has broken this poor heart!" Mario turned his back on Grisi, and Miss Coutts drew further behind the curtains. The words being in Italian were not generally understood by the audience, but the verdict was that a more splendid piece of acting had never been given by any lyric artist.

Can this be So?

A large amount of French capital is being invested in Canada through the Credit Foncier. We regret to hear that in some parts of the country at least the amounts loaned on farms far exceeds the actual value of the property, though nominally only one-half the estimated value is loaned. The agents in some places are said to so greatly overvalue the property that the amount loaned often exceeds its actual market price. Canadians have every interest in encouraging the introduction of foreign capital, and the only way they can continue to command it is by making it profitable.

The Shah of Persia has been well enough pleased with his two former visits to Europe to contemplate a third. He can safely count, no doubt, on as many society sycophants as before to lionize him.

THE SACRED CITY OF THE TURCOMANS.

Notes from the Captive Correspondent at Merv.

From the London Daily News.

Returning from my visit to the ruined cities of the plain, I had a good opportunity of seeing how Turcomans amuse themselves when abroad. The ground over which we were riding, owing to deep trenches, slippery mud, and occasional deep flooding, required all the horseman's vigilance to keep himself and his beast from coming to grief; but it was only over such spaces, disagreeable as they were, that I had any peace or quietness. The moment anything like firm ground was reached some one of the party suddenly uttered a wild whoop and put his horse to the top of its speed. All the others were, it seems, bound in honor to follow suit, myself among the number, and then a scene of wild, headlong racing commenced, varied by different performances. Each person was bound to unsling his rifle, and going at full speed to take deliberate aim at some object and fire. Then, resting on his piece, he would draw his sword, and racing up to the person next him, exchange passes and flourishes.

This was all very well on unbroken ground, but the sudden occurrence of a deep trench or mud hole became a serious matter while one was engaged in displaying his martial accomplishments, his horse going twenty miles an hour; and, as it was sore against my will that I engaged in such antics it was with unfeigned satisfaction that I witnessed occasional catastrophes in the shape of some gallant Khan, horse, armament and all come down with a crash in attempting to clear an unusually wide mud patch, and get up the reverse of pleased with himself. But these people take a pride in showing their stoicism, like North American Indians, and the man who had come to grief was the first to initiate a fresh stampede.

It wanted but an hour of sunset as we drew near Makdumkuli Khan's present residence; for it is not his permanent abode. He lives with his younger brother, Youssuf Khan.

The Khans had ridden on before, and as I dismounted at the entrance to the dwelling came forward to receive me. They were dressed in the usual Turcoman robes of the upper class— a long tunic of coarse crimson silk reaching nearly to the ankle, and with a narrow combined stripe of black and yellow. This was girt at the waist, rather high up, with a voluminous white sash of cotton, in the front knot of which was stuck a highly decorated sheathed knife a foot long; enormously wide pantaloons of white cotton, red leather slippers, and an enormous grenadier hat of black sheepskin completed the attire. I wore the same costume myself, for my Western garb had become unpresentable through long travel.

We took our seat upon a raised earthen platform, such as is to be found alongside the door of every person of consideration, and where he sits during the evening hours with his friends. It is surprising what a difference this elevation of a couple of feet makes in the temperature of the breeze. The layer of air immediate contact with the earth, still heated by the sun's rays, is as hot as if it passed through a furnace; while a little higher up it is cool and refreshing. As for the conversation of the select party with which I found myself, it is like that of most Turcomans, distressingly inane.

I was becoming fairly distressed in mind when a matronly woman came forward and announced that dinner was ready. She wore a long skirt of dark blue purple silk, reaching almost to the ankles, and closely fastened at the neck by a massive silver arrow. Around her neck was a ponderous collar resembling that of a Newfoundland dog, and from it, suspended by numerous chains, was an engraved plate, chased with gold arabesques and set with cornelians. On her wrists were ponderous bracelets, set also with flat cornelians. The breast and stomach of the shirt were so set over with closely-hung large silver coins as to give her the appearance of wearing a cuirass of silver scales. On her head was a casque of open silver work, showing the red cloth beneath, and surmounted by a spike like that of a German soldier's helmet. Her entire appearance in her silver panopoly was Minerva-like in the extreme.

A Turcoman is ready at all moments to devour any amount of food of any description which may be placed before him. He seems never thoroughly satisfied even with the heaviest meals, and in five minutes more is ready to face the biggest dish of pilaff or broth that can be put before him. The appetites of Turcomans seem really phenomenal. Around Marma Khan Tepe is a waste space of arid earth, strewn over with brick fragments, indicating the site of a former town. This space was alive with snakes a couple of feet long, of a leaden gray color mottled with black, and extremely slender for one-third of their length immediately below the head. We spent half an hour hunting these up and killing them with our whips, in consonance with the invariable Turcoman custom.

How He Escaped the Brigands.

The brigands of Thessaly have vowed eternal vengeance upon the person and descendants of a naturalized British subject, Janni Boyardji by name, who recently played a very pretty trick upon two of their number. Having fallen into their hands he was offered his liberty upon the prompt payment of 200 liras. He made no objection to their demand, but told them he had not the money about him, adding that if they would be good enough to come to a small retired village, they should at once be paid; and in order to save them the fatigue and danger of discovery involved by going on foot, he offered to take them to the place he named in his boat, which was not far off. The brigands graciously acquiesced in the arrangement, and the four accordingly stepped into the boat and set off together. When at some little distance from the shore the wily Boyardji managed to upset the boat, and swam ashore with his man, who was as good a swimmer as himself, leaving the two brigands to reach the land as best they could. They were both drowned; and Janni Boyardji has applied to the British Vice-Consul for protection.

Lady Florence Dixie is camping out in the Transvaal with her husband, and doing her own cooking. She is an excellent shot.

AN INDUSTRIOUS UNDERTAKER.

Fifty Thousand Burials in Fifty Years—Distinguished Men Whom He Has Put to Bed With a Shovel.

"Yes," said William Moore, settling himself back with his snowy-haired head against the cushion of an easy-chair and crossing his legs, now somewhat attenuated with age; "yes," said he, "I believe I am the oldest living undertaker. I've been active in the business for fifty years. I began in an alley, but I was not above my business, and I gave my whole time to it, and, of course, the business grew, and I made lots of money. There are a hundred undertakers who have started since, but I was the first one to keep ready-made coffins on hand in Philadelphia and supply funerals as a regular business, and, so far as I know, it had not been done any where else at the time. That was in 1826. I learned the business in 1817-20, with a man who buried the dead for the prisons and coroners and that like, there's no telling the many a one in those days that went in the ditch who'd never died at all."

"Why, William," said a little, thin, nervous lady in the room, "you don't mean they were buried alive? Ugh! It makes my flesh creep."

"Yes, Martha, that's it exactly, No telling how many. A good old Quaker friend of mine—I buried him afterward; he had everything very plain, I remember, and no handles on the coffin—said to me once: 'William,' said he, 'is thee sure that all thee buried with the cholera were dead when thee put them in the ground?' Said I: 'I never thought whether they were dead or not; I just buried them as fast as I could.'"

"Well, I never forgot the remark. When I fixed up a place for myself on Fifth street—I forget the builder's name now, but I buried all his family, and a large family it was, too—I had two rooms where I used to do embalming and keep bodies until some one would come to pay for them, but I'd made up my mind that I'd never bury any of these or anybody else until I was sure they weren't alive. But it is easy to tell. With such as die from apoplexy and sudden like it actually seems"—and here the jolly old undertaker laughed a broad, hearty laugh—"it actually seems they'd decomposed before they died. Ha! ha! ha! It's remarkable how plain the signs of decomposition become to the practised eye. Why, sir, I can tell a dead body as quick as that"—and he snapped his long fingers in front of his shrewd gray eyes—"but we always put off moving the body as long as the relatives like, unless it gets very bad, and then we does our duty and moves them off. They always like, you know, to have their little cries, and we lets them have their way. John Swift, who was the mayor at that time—didn't like the idea of my keeping the bodies a month at a time, but I didn't mind it the least, and I soon showed him there was no danger. Why, sir, the dead are no more to us than the sheets of paper you write on. We never think any more of what a person dies of than you do of asking the people in the street what disease they have. I've been all through cholera, smallpox, and yellow fever, and never had so much as a sick stomach. Most contagious diseases are caught through fear, but a great deal depends on the way a man lives. No undertaker can touch liquor if he wants to keep free from disease. He has to be strictly temperate. He has to be very careful what he eats, too. It's my experience that if a man is careful of what he eats and drinks and keeps his stomach in order he need not be afraid of any contagious disease. I had a friend—buried him, too, by the way—who lived to be 90 just by eating as little as possible."

The gaunt, strange-looking old man at this point let his eyes relax somewhat from their usual dim, vacant gaze, and, in response to a motion, put the large speaking-trumpet which he balanced on one finger to his ear. All he had said up to this point was suggested by a single question shouted into the ear-trumpet, and it now became necessary to start him on another train of reminiscences.

"You buried Gen. Patterson, did you not?" he was asked.

"Yes, but I was scarcely able to get there," he replied. "I've been very sick, but I'm not quite ready for the undertaker yet. Up to a very little while ago we buried all the judges and commodores and generals and almost all the great people, it seems to me, but Lincoln—we didn't get him."

The undertaker was unable to repress a heavy sigh at the thought of missing the melancholy pleasure of laying away this truly great man. "There were the obsequies of Zachary Taylor," he resumed; "the hearse cost $3,000. There were eight gray horses, with black covers, trimmed with white, and the men who walked as leaders, wore long white bands on their hats and white gloves. It was a grand sight. There was a single tassel that cost $45. Then I had the obsequies of Bushrod Washington, and Chief Justice Marshall, and Geo. William Henry Harrison, and John Quincy Adams. You may be sure they were the best that could be had. When the body of Henry Clay passed through the city in 1852 there was a funeral procession, and I had that, too, but it was not so much of an affair. Dr. Kane, the Arctic explorer, I buried, and Judge Kane and his wife, I buried them, too, 'Old Ironsides'—Commodore Stewart, you know—we put him in Woodlands, and then, besides, there was Commodore Bainbridge, Horace Binney, Commodore Elliott, John Price Wetherill, Commodore Hull, Judge Thompson, and President Edgar Thompson, of the Pennsylvania railroad—I buried them all. We removed Commodore Porter to Woodlands, and there was Gen. Mercer's funeral, too. We were highly complimented for the way we buried him. Ah, my memory is getting poor and I can't think of them all. Funerals are very different to what they used to be. Matters are simplified in the burial, but funerals are more numerously attended and more expensive. It costs about $400 to bury a man of any consequence now. The use of ice is comparatively new, and they never used to line coffins with satin. I think Dr. Bedell set the style. He was buried in his robes, and the casket was lined with satin. I don't know where they get the idea from, but after that everyone who could afford it wanted satin. We got a great many orders in advance from people about the way they want to be buried. I have know persons to come in and look at the different styles of coffins and pick out the kind wanted years before they died. We have had the full directions for the funeral on the books in their own handwriting. There is a very wealthy gentleman and his sister who have given us orders for their coffins and funerals, "I would like the casket lined with white flannel,' the lady said in the last letter, 'like that one you furnished Mrs. ——, which was chaste and elegant; only I would like six handles and, besides the plate, a little cross on the lid. But be sure and let me lie in the room until you know I am decomposed, for I'm awfully afraid of being buried alive."

"Up to twenty or thirty years ago there were no carriages. The burial places were not far away, and people walked, the coffin being carried on the shoulders or on a bier. I have often carried little babies in coffins under my arm myself. The great cemeteries had not grown up then. Eli K. Price and myself are about the only ones remaining of the starters of Woodlands cemetery. Judge Mallory, who was interested in it at first—I buried him afterward—persuaded me to go into it. There are some ten thousand buried in it now, and I think I have had something to do with its success. The number I have buried is something incredible. For many years it averaged one hundred a month. Mr. Kellogg, my partner, who has kept track of it, says we have buried over fifty thousand in the fifty years.

"Now, my son, whatever you say, be careful and don't wound anybody's feelings. I have always tried to make it pleasant for the mourners. When Mr. Stokley's father, whom I afterwards buried, lost a little boy, and was speaking of Mrs. Stokley's distress, I recommended the adoption of a little one of the same age belonging to Mrs. Ward, whom I buried, too, and sure enough they did, and he grew up beside Major Stokley, and distinguished himself in Mexico, until I buried him some years ago. You know a great many commit suicide that nobody knows anything about but the doctor and the undertaker. Many a one I've buried that no one knows but me to this day they had the rope around their necks. I always used to carry crooked needle to sew up gashes in throats. I found it handy to have around. One day a lady—very rich and elegant she was, and had an A I coffin when she died,—showed me her husband, who had just cut his throat, and said: "Oh, what shall I do?" "Do," said I, as I commenced to sew up the cut and put a clean shirt on him, "don't tell a living mortal, for it's my experience that if you tell anybody a secret you migh as well put it in the newspapers; don't tell a living mortal, and it'll be all right." And sure enough it was. His own brothers don't know to this day but that he died a natural death.

"Ghosts, did you say? Do undertakers believe in them? Fiddlesticks! But strange things happen. The most curious thing is the horses. It's very common for horses to refuse to pull a dead body. I remember one time one of our best teams had just started off when they stopped, trembled, stuck up their ears, and wouldn't budge one inch further. Coaxing was no use, they wouldn't go. We had to take a team out of a hack and put them in the hearse. It was a little child that time, but another time the same thing happened when we were burying a man and his wife together."

With this the conversation closed. The old gentleman drew himself to his fullest height, listened to the words of parting shouted through the ear trumpet, and bowed his visitor out. With age he has lost none of the unbanity peculiar to him in his sturdiest years. Constant intercourse with grief often assumed has shaken his faith in many things. Half a century of hand-to-hand familiar intercourse with the dead has given him a quaint pensiveness mixed with a strange, grim humor. Careful habits leave him in complete possession of all his faculties except that of hearing. One can still imagine what he was in his best days, when it was said that Billy Moore looked more truly mournful than all the other mourners put together. Among the many stories told about him is this one concerning the cemetery, the name of which was sometimes jocularly applied to him in the appellation of Laurel Hill Moore. After scores of years of constant funeral attendance, it is related, Mr. Moore was called upon to officiate at a wedding of a relative. In his long black coat and longer face, with his hands crossed before, as usual, one holding the melancholy beaver hat, he stood ready to nod for the carriages as soon as the minister finished. One by one the vehicles came up. With slow step and a look of resignation Mr. Moore escorted the bride and groom down the steps, and as they sprang in and the driver cracked his whip, the old gentleman, the ruling habit overcoming him at the last moment, clapped the carriage door with a bang and shouted, "To Laurel Hill!"

A Fiery Grave.

From the London Times.

The Westphalia papers give an account of a terrible catastrophe which occurred in the north western part of that province on the 18th ult. There has been for some time in operation in the neighborhood of Solingen, not far from Barmen, a strange phenomenon. A part of the soil of a hilly heath became excessively hot, so much so that some people close by availed themselves of the heat for domestic purposes. The explanation suggested was that some inflammable subterranean gas, or perhaps petroleum, had been accidentally set on fire. Some water had been brought to the spot by an artificial channel; but its contact with the burning soil had only produced violent explosions, which seemed to shatter all the ground around. The other week some persons drove out in a carriage from Remscheid to inspect the spot. When arrived at a distance of about a quarter of an English mile, they heard a strange rumbling noise, which so terrified the horses that they had to alight, and send the carriage back some distance. They walked on, discussing the likelihood of any danger, when suddenly a space of the hillside, about 100 metres square, opened, disclosing a gulf of liquid fire, and throwing up flames. The house where the family mentioned above lived was at once surrounded by the flames, and was, before their eyes, swallowed up in the liquid fiery caldron at their feet, apparently feeding the flames. It is known that several persons were in the house; none were saved, but it has not been ascertained how many perished.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

VEAL CUTLETS (Italian style).—Take some veal cutlets and trim them to a uniform shape. Make a mixture of equal parts of bread-crumbs and grated cheese; add pepper and salt to taste. Dip the cutlets in liquefied butter; pass them in this mixture. When set dip them in egg, and pass them in the mixture again; then fry them a good color. Boil a small quantity of macaroni, dress it with butter, cheese, and tomato sauce, with the yolk of an egg stirred into it. Place the macaroni on a dish, and the cutlets in a circle around it.

BACON AND POTATOES.—(1) Mash some cold (previously boiled) potatoes roughly (not too fine) with a lump of butter and a little pepper, form them into a flat round cake about two inches thick; fry it in a frying pan to a rich brown, turning both sides, and place slices of fried bacon around it in the dish. Serve hot; a little beef gravy put into it when done will give a good flavor. The bacon may be inserted into the mass of potato as in a pie, instead of being set round the edges. (2) Slice up raw potatoes into round slices a quarter of an inch thick (or chop them into moderately sized dice), fry with butter, and serve hot with bacon, in same way as first receipt.

CENTENNIAL OMELET.—Boil a dozen apples as for a sauce; stir in a quarter of pound of butter, and the same of white sugar; when cold add four well-beaten eggs, some cream, a grated nutmeg; salt to taste; put it in a baking dish strewn thickly with bread-crumbs, so as to stick to the bottom and sides; strew bread and craker crumbs plentifully over the apple mixture when in the baking dish; bake, turn it out and grate sugar over it. If preferred, the sugar may be omitted, and then the omelet may be served on a bed of fried parsnips and parsley.

COFFEE. — For four people three heaped dessert spoonsful of coffee, one pint of boiling water, half pint new milk. Put the coffee in a small jug; pour the water on, which must be boiling, let it stand before the fire while the milk is boiling, strain it through muslin into the coffee-pot, and when required for use, but not before, add the boiling milk and serve. It is always a rich golden color, and gives universal satisfaction. If I want it particularly good, I use more coffee and milk, and less water. If there be any coffee left over from breakfast, or at any time, it will be equally good if heated in a white-lined saucepan, and must never on any account boil, once the milk has been added. I use East India coffee, prepared in canisters, to be procured of any good grocer.

BROWN BREAD.—A favorite way of making it is to take two cups of meal, one of flour—white or graham can be used—one cup of sweet milk, one of sour, two tablespoonsful of molasses, one teaspoonful of saleratus and a little salt. When making it, if you have not any sweet milk, use water in place of it; of course the milk makes it more nourishing. This should be well beaten and put into a two-quart basin, which must first be thoroughly greased. Steam the bread one hour, then set it in the oven to dry and to brown. Any time from fifteen minutes to half an hour will do; this will depend on the state of the oven.

APPLE MARMALADE.—Pare, core and cut the apples in small pieces; put them in water with some lemon juice to keep them white; after a short interval take them out and drain them; weigh, and put them in a stewpan with an equal quantity of sugar; add grated lemon peel, the juice of a lemon, some cinnamon sticks and a pinch of salt. Place the stewpan over a brisk fire and cover it closely. When the apples are reduced to a pulp, stir the mixture until it becomes of a proper consistency, and put the marmalade away in small pots.

PIGEON PIE.—Rub the pigeons inside and out with pepper and salt; inside put a piece butter, some parsley chopped with the livers, and lay a beefsteak at the bottom of the dish, and then the birds cut in half; between every two place a hard boiled egg, and a small piece of ham in each pigeon; pour a cup of cold water in the dish. Season the gizzard and two joints of the wings, and put them in the centre of the pie, and over them, in a hole made in the puff paste, three feet and a sprig of evergreen.

DOUGHNUTS.—Take three pints of flour, a piece of butter about the size of a hen's egg, one cup of sugar, one egg, a small bowlful of milk or water, four or five teaspoonsful of baking powder; flavor with nutmeg or cinnamon. The dough made in this way will be thin, and you will need to sprinkle flour enough over it and on the kneading board to roll it out nicely. Cut the cakes out with a biscuit-cutter; then take a knife and insert it at the edge of the cake until the point of the knife is at the centre; then take out the knife and put the raisin in; press and flatten the cake, and cut it out again with the biscuit-cutter. This operation prevents the raisin from bursting out when the cake rises.

Knew His Business.

"Can I see the lady of the house?" inquired the peddler. "Well, yes, you can if you ain't blind!" snapped the woman who had answered the bell. "Oh, beg pardon, madam; you are the lady of the house, then?" "Yes, I am! What d'yer take me for? Did you think I was the gentleman of the house or the next-door neighbor, or one of the farm hands, or the cat, or the ice-chist?" "I didn't know, madam, but you might be the youngest daughter." "Oh, did yer? Well, that was nat'ral, too," replied the lady of the house. "What d'yer want, sir?" Then the the peddler displayed his wares, and when he left that door-step, half an hour later, his face was full of pleasure, and his pockets were full of money. He understood human nature and had made a good sale.

Boss in his own house.—He waltzed out of the front door, followed by a wash-board and two bars of soap; and as he straightened himself and walked firmly down the street, he remarked: "A man must draw a line somewhere, or he can't be boss of the house; and I'll be hanged if I'll pump more than one tub of water for no washing, and there ain't a woman can make me do it unless she locks me in."

If you wish to know the climate of any high mountain, why go to it and climb it.

CURIOUS HAIL-STORMS.

Hundreds of Birds Killed and Much Property Destroyed Near Geneva.

Geneva Letter to the London Times.

Wednesday's hail-storm, the occurrences of which I mentioned in my dispatch of that day, has occasioned much greater damage in this canton and in Savoy than the first accounts led me to suppose. The phenomena that attended it were both singular and impressive. Between 3 and 4 o'clock in the morning a thunder-storm of extraordinary violence, coming from the region of the Jura, burst over the valley of the Leman, having its centre, apparently, immediately above Geneva. For the space of more than an hour the thunder and lightning were incessant. The lightning was of a bright red color, the flashes followed each other so rapidly that there was no visible solution of their continuity. All this time there was no down-fall. Then, about 4:30, two great columns of hail, unaccompanied by rain, were projected from the clouds. One seemed to come from the west, by the Fort de l'Ecluse, the other from the north-west, by the Col de la Faucille. In three minutes the rain was followed by a heavy down-pour of rain, which continued for several hours; but in those three minutes incalculable damage had been done.

None of the hail-stones were smaller than hazel-nuts, while many were as big as pigeon's eggs. So thickly did they fall that the fields in many places were as white as in midwinter; and in the afternoon after 12 hours' rain and sunshine, they lay on the ground in heaps. Even this morning they were not all gone. The vines and fruit trees which were struck by the storm are utterly ruined; the ground was strewn in all directions with bunches of grapes, pears, apples, and plums, and a grape, if ever so slightly touched by a hail-stone, is spoiled. After a few days' exposure to the sun it begins to decay, and is of no use for wine making. Many of the peasants are in despair, for they were counting on the vintage, which was of splendid promise, to make good to them the losses they have incurred by the long drought. There was no wind, and the hail fortunately fell straight otherwise the damage would have been much greater. Skylights were broken, roofs damaged, and conservatories and other glass houses almost destroyed; but side windows for the most part were untouched.

The birds, as may be supposed, were great sufferers. At Collanges, on the other side of the lake, 600 dead and mutilated swallows, chaffinches, and sparrows were picked up in the Place de l'Eglis, under three plane trees, in the branches of which they had sought refuge from the storm. Bellerive, also on the other side of the lake, was still more unfortunate: it was both devasted by the hail and struck by lightning. Many fine trees were burst asunder; and the pieces thrown to a distance of 50 paces. On Saturday last an equal by destructive storm visited the district of Morges, also on the lake, and on Sunday a pillar of hail, as it is here the custom to designate a hail-storm, committed great havoc in the valley of Broie, canton Vaud. The tobacco plants were nearly all destroyed, and Granges alone (a small commune of only 800 inhabitants) sustained damage to the amount of 40,000f. But calamitous as these storms have been, they are surpassed by that of July, 1875, when hardly a whole pane of glass was left in the canton of Geneva, trees were stripped of their foliage, and calves killed while grazing the fields; or the one that befell a few weeks ago in Aargau, when the hail literally plowed up the ground, smashing ungathered potatoes, as if they had been pounded in a mortar. A gentleman who had passed a long life in the canton assures me that the hail-storms of July, 1875, and that of last Wednesday are the most destructive that have occurred within his recollection, and his recollection goes back half a century.

Bismarck's First Love.

For some months, says a foreign letter, there resided in the family of a neighboring land proprietor (in the Torontal Comitat) a lady, past the age of 50, who in her youth was Bismarck's first love. She was born at Griefswald, where her parents let rooms to young students attending the university in that town. About the year 1840 a certain Count St.——, who later on made a brilliant military career, lived at their house, and frequently received the visits of a fellow-student from the Agricultural academy. This was Otta von Bismarck, who soon conceived a tender affection for the 19-year-old Josephine, the daughter of the house, and manifested his sentiments in serenades and similar spectacular tokens of his affection. Owing to some unpleasant little conflicts with the academical authorities, he was obliged to leave Griefswald, his departure however, in no way preventing him from addressing the most tender and touching epistles to the sweetheart left behind. In one of these missives he formally sued for Josephine's hand, which, however, was promptly refused him by the parents, who strongly objected to give their daughter to "so ill reputed a young man." Thereupon in 1842 the correspondence ceased altogether. Josephine's parents, who had met with sad financial reverses through the instrumentality of their own spendthrift son, emigrated to America (Minnesota) in 1845, and afterward went to Brooklyn to live, where in 1852, after much reluctance on her part, Josephine became the wife of a Hungarian emigrant and dealer in petroleum, J. H——cs by name, who took her to New York. H——cs died in 1872, and by invitation of his sister, married to Mr. Gy—— here, Josephine has recently come to Hungary to spend the rest of her days. Mrs. H——cs faithfully preserves the pieces of poetry addressed her by Otto von Bismarck.

A Leipsig journal devoted to the glass interest, states that the cracking of lamp chimneys may be prevented by placing them in a pot filled with cold water, adding a little salt, and after the mixture has been allowed to boil well over a fire, to have the articles cool slowly. Treated in this way, glass will be found to resist cracking, even if exposed to sudden changes of temperature, and the chimneys become very durable by passing through such an operation. The process is, in fact, simply one of annealing, and it results that, the slower the operation is carried on, especially the cooling portion of it, the more effective will it be.

GRINS.

A powerful number—potent 8.

WE wonder if grass widows ever have hay fever.

WHAT are the dimensions of a little elbow room.

MURDERERS often "hang in breathless suspense."

EVERY man of honor has a loathing for a low thing.

FLATS are frequently entered by sharps by means of false keys.

ASK a woman how old she is if you want her to show her rage.

THE present style of ladies' evening dress is the low and behold style.

WHY is a Zulu belle like a prophet of old? Because she has not much on'er in her own country.

THE young lady who could not make her bangs stay bung said she was having a tuft time of it.

MONEY generally gets the credit of being the root of all evil, but selfishness is the acorn from which the tree is grown.

A HOTEL "to be run on American principles" is to be built in London. Contracts for furnishing the clerks with diamond pins have already been let.

A matter of cores—apple.—Boston *Times*. A matter of course—horse-racing.—*Elevated Railway Journal*. A matter off course—a badly steered boat in a race.—Boston *Times*.

THE editor of a local paper was asked by a stranger if it was possible that little town kept up four newspapers. And the reply was, "No; it takes four newspapers to keep up the town."

A BLACK bear in Idaho undertook to hug a young lady, and she punched out one of his eyes with her parasol. Hooray for the girl! She's ready to protect a man's rights from infrigement, when he isn't there to do it himself.

ADOLPHUS wishes to know why a popular game is called "Blindman's buff." Our explanation may seem a little off color, but we will venture to assert that it is on account of there being so much yell oh! connected with the game.

"Come, Norah, and join in the maizy."
"Now, Patrick, sit down and be aisy,
Faith you're there all alone,
For the girls are all gone,
Sure a wall flower should dance wid' a daisy."

WHY we and Ragbag are foes? Well we met Ragbag and he said he was going to pay Gallagher $2 he had borrowed of him. "Don't do it!" he said. "Don't you know Gallagher has heart disease? A great and sudden surprise might kill him."

AH CHIN is married to a maiden from Massachussetts. The other evening he addressed his spouse in the following effective manner: "See heal, Malial, melican man comes alound, me washee washee, he talkee talkee in back palol, me bustee headee, give him hadee, undalstand."

MRS. MACNAMARA was reading in the paper the other day that ladies were now wearing live bugs for ornaments. "Dy'e mind that, Mike," says she, "live bugs the ladies is wearing now; our fortin's made. Sure an we've more bugs than we know what to do with. We'll open a bug shop;" "A phat?" "A bug shop Mike; you'll catch the bastes, and I'll sell 'em to the quality at tin cints a bug."

Matrimonial Preparations.

A great many of us, says a New York correspondent, are coming back to town to get married. The flirtations of July become serious intentions in August and matrimonial engagements in September, with weddings prospective for October, November, and December. Having settled the comparatively minor matter of choosing a husband, the fashionable girl now turns her heartfelt attention to getting herself satisfactorily dressed for marriage; also to bettering her person. She desires above all things to be at least pretty, if not beautiful, on that awful occasion, and to accomplish that purpose she goes through all the rejuvenation possible. I met a girl at Saratoga who told me that she was trying to fatten herself for her bridal. The affianced husband was an ardent admirer of plumpness, and she was rather lean. The amount of oatmeal and cream she consumed was marvellous, and she lolled around all day long, refusing to dance even, for fear of working off an ounce of flesh. A month of that kind of treatment increased her weight nine pounds, but it didn't improve her appearance, to my mind, because she had a fat, porky look in her face, and her skin became bad from indigestion. The wiser system commonly adopted by affianced wives is a plain, nourishing diet, plenty of exercise, and long, regular hours of sleep. These brace her up in health, and an improved appearance is the consequence. In addition to these measures, she does all the artificial beautifying that may be possible in her particular case. Her mouth is repaired by a dentist, if there is anything that can be done to her teeth, and it is astounding what the dentists of the present day can accomplish in the way of whitening and straightening. If any of the natural teeth be gone, or in such a condition as to make extraction adviasble, the false ones are cleverly adjusted; and the practice of making perfect those not quite so, either in shape or color, has become so common that the false can hardly be distinguished from the real. She goes to a manicure and pedicure, who fixes up her hands and feet, shaping and burnishing the nails, removing corns, and callous spots, and smoothing the skin with lotions. This part of the work sometimes includes the removal of hair from the arms and legs, for most brunettes are subject to too much hirsute growth. The sensible girl, however, will omit this, and let her husband see the defect, if it be one, while she is a brand-new wife, and not go to him smooth as alabaster, only to become hairy after the charm of novelty is gone from her. The best thing she can do for her complexion is to eschew paint, and let a physician endeavor to drive the humors out of her blood. This should be done long enough before the wedding, for the purification almost always temporarily roughens the skin. Turkish baths are now fashionable for girls near matrimony, the belief being that they impart a healthy softness and glow.

AN INDUSTRIOUS UNDERTAKER.

Fifty Thousand Burials in Fifty Years—Distinguished Men Whom He Has Put to Bed With a Shovel.

"Yes," said William Moore, settling himself back with his snowy-haired head against the cushion of an easy-chair and crossing his legs, now somewhat attenuated with age; "yes," said he, "I believe I am the oldest living undertaker. I've been active in the business for fifty years. I began in an alley, but I was not above my business, and I gave my whole time to it, and, of course, the business grew, and I made lots of money. There are a hundred undertakers who have started since, but I was the first one to keep ready-made coffins on hand in Philadelphia and supply funerals as a regular business, and, so far as I know, it had not been done any where else at the time. That was in 1826. I learned the business in 1817-20, with a man who buried the dead for the prisons and coroners and that like, there's no telling the many a one in those days that went in the ditch who'd never died at all."

"Why, William," said a little, thin, nervous lady in the room, "you don't mean they were buried alive? Ugh! It makes my flesh creep."

"Yes, Martha, that's it exactly. No telling how many. A good old Quaker friend of mine—I buried him afterward; he had everything very plain, I remember, and no handles on the coffin—said to me once: 'William,' said he, 'is thee sure that all thee buried with the cholera were dead when thee put them in the ground?' Said I: 'I never thought whether they were dead or not; I just buried them as fast as I could.'"

"Well, I never forgot the remark. When I fixed up a place for myself on Fifth street—I forget the builder's name now, but I buried all his family, and a large family it was, too—I had two rooms where I used to do embalming and keep bodies until some one would come to pay for them, but I'd made up my mind that I'd never bury any of these or anybody else until I was sure they weren't alive. But it is easy to tell. With such as die from apoplexy and sudden like it actually seems"—and here the jolly old undertaker laughed a broad, hearty laugh—"it actually seems they'd decomposed before they died. Ha! ha! ha! It's remarkable how plain the signs of decomposition become to the practised eye. Why, sir, I can tell a dead body as quick as that"—and he snapped his long fingers in front of his shrewd gray eyes—"but we always put off moving the body as long as the relatives like, unless it gets very bad, and then we does our duty and moves them off. They always like, you know, to have their little cries, and we lets them have their way. John Swift, who was the mayor at that time—didn't like the idea of my keeping the bodies a month at a time, but I didn't mind it the least, and I soon showed him there was no danger. Why, sir, the dead are no more to us than the sheets of paper you write on. We never think any more of what a person dies of than you do of asking the people in the street what disease they have. I've been all through cholera, small-pox, and yellow fever, and never had so much as a sick stomach. Most contagious diseases are caught through fear, but a great deal depends on the way a man lives. No undertaker can touch liquor if he wants to keep free from disease. He has to be strictly temperate. He has to be very careful what he eats, too. It's my experience that if a man is careful of what he eats and drinks and keeps his stomach in order he need not be afraid of any contagious disease. I had a friend—buried him, too, by the way—who lived to be 90 just by eating as little as possible."

The gaunt, strange-looking old man at this point let his eyes relax somewhat from their usual dim, vacant gaze, and, in response to a motion, put the large speaking-trumpet which he balanced on one finger to his ear. All he had said up to this point was suggested by a single question shouted into the ear-trumpet, and it now became necessary to start him on another train of reminiscences.

"You buried Gen. Patterson, did you not?" he was asked.

"Yes, but I was scarcely able to get there," he replied. "I've been very sick, but I'm not quite ready for the undertaker yet. Up to a very little while ago we buried all the judges and commodores and generals and almost all the great people, it seems to me, but Lincoln—we didn't get him."

The undertaker was unable to repress a heavy sigh at the thought of missing the melancholy pleasure of laying away this truly great man. "There were the obsequies of Zachary Taylor," he resumed; "the hearse coat $3,000. There were eight gray horses, with black covers, trimmed with white, and the men who walked as leaders, wore long white bands on their hats and white gloves. It was a grand sight. There was a single tassel that cost $45. Then I had the obsequies of Bushrod Washington, and Chief Justice Marshall, and Geo. William Henry Harrison, and John Quincy Adams. You may be sure they were the best that could be had. When the body of Henry Clay passed through the city in 1852 there was a funeral procession, and I had that, too, but it was not so much of an affair. Dr. Kane, the Arctic explorer, I buried, and Judge Kane and his wife, I buried them, too, 'Old Ironsides'—Commodore Stewart, you know—we put him in Woodlands, and then, besides, there was Commodore Bainbridge, Horace Binney, Commodore Elliott, John Price Wetherill, Commodore Hull, Judge Thompson, and President Edgar Thompson, of the Pennsylvania railroad—I buried them all. We removed Commodore Porter to Woodlands, and there was Gen. Mercer's funeral, too. We were highly complimented for the way we buried him. Ah, my memory is getting poor and I can't think of them all. Funerals are very different to what they used to be. Matters are simplified in the burial, but funerals are more numerously attended and more expensive. It costs about $400 to bury a man of any consequence now. The use of ice is comparatively new, and they never used to line coffins with satin. I think Dr. Bedell set the style. He was buried in his robes, and the casket was lined with satin. I don't know where they get the idea from, but after that everyone who could afford it wanted satin. We got a great many orders in advance from people about the way they want to be buried. I have know persons to come in and look at the different styles of coffins and pick out the kind wanted years before they died. We have had the full directions for the funeral on the books in their own handwriting. There is a very wealthy gentleman and his sister who have given us orders for their coffins and funerals, "I would like the casket lined with white flannel,' the lady said in the last letter, 'like that one you furnished Mrs. ——, which was chaste and elegant; only I would like six handles and, besides the plate, a little cross on the lid. But be sure and let me lie in the room until you know I am decomposed, for I'm awfully afraid of being buried alive."

"Up to twenty or thirty years ago there were no carriages. The burial places were not far away, and people walked, the coffin being carried on the shoulders or on a bier. I have often carried little babies in coffins under my arm myself. The great cemeteries had not grown up then. Eli K. Price and myself are about the only ones remaining of the starters of Woodlands cemetery. Judge Mallory, who was interested in it at first—I buried him afterward—persuaded me to go into it. There are some ten thousand buried in it now, and I think I have had something to do with its success. The number I have buried is something incredible. For many years it averaged one hundred a month. Mr. Kellogg, my partner, who has kept track of it, says we have buried over fifty thousand in the fifty years.

"Now, my son, whatever you say, be careful and don't wound anybody's feelings. I have always tried to make it pleasant for the mourners. When Mr. Stokley's father, whom I afterwards buried, lost a little boy, and was speaking of Mrs. Stokley's distress, I recommended the adoption of a little one of the same age belonging to Mrs. Ward, whom I buried, too, and sure enough they did, and he grew up beside Major Stokley, and distinguished himself in Mexico, until I buried him some years ago. You know a great many commit suicide that nobody knows anything about but the doctor and the undertaker. Many a one I've buried that no one knows but me to this day they had the rope around their necks. I always used to carry crooked needle to sew up gashes in throats. I found it handy to have around. One day a lady—very rich and elegant she was, and had an A 1 coffin when she died,—showed me her husband, who had just cut his throat, and said: "Oh, what shall I do?" "Do," said I, as I commenced to sew up the cut and put a clean shirt on him, "don't tell a living mortal, for it's my experience that if you tell anybody a secret you migh as well put it in the newspapers; don't tell a living mortal, and it'll be all right." And sure enough it was. His own brothers don't know to this day but that he died a natural death.

"Ghosts, did you say? Do undertakers believe in them? Fiddlesticks! But strange things happen. The most curious thing is the horses. It's very common for horses to refuse to pull a dead body. I remember one time one of our best teams had just started off when they stopped, trembled, stuck up their ears, and wouldn't budge one inch further. Coaxing was no use, they wouldn't go. We had to take a team out of a hack and put them in the hearse. It was a little child that time, but another time the same thing happened when we were burying a man and his wife together."

With this the conversation closed. The old gentleman drew himself to his fullest height, listened to the words of parting shouted through the ear trumpet, and bowed his visitor out. With age he has lost none of the unbanity peculiar to him in his sturdiest years. Constant intercourse with grief often assumed has shaken his faith in many things. Half a century of hand-to-hand familiar intercourse with the dead has given him a quaint pensiveness mixed with a strange, grim humor. Careful habits leave him in complete possession of all his faculties except that of hearing. One can still imagine what he was in his best days, when it was said that Billy Moore looked more truly mournful than all the other mourners put together. Among the many stories told about him is this one concerning the cemetery, the name of which was sometimes jocularly applied to him in the appellation of Laurel Hill Moore. After scores of years of constant funeral attendance, it is related, Mr. Moore was called upon to officiate at a wedding of a relative. In his long black coat and longer face, with his hands crossed before, as usual, one holding the melancholy beaver hat, he stood ready to nod for the carriages as soon as the minister finished. One by one the vehicles came up. With slow step and a look of resignation Mr. Moore escorted the bride and groom down the steps, and as they sprang in and the driver cracked his whip, the old gentleman, the ruling habit overcoming him at the last moment, clapped the carriage door with a bang and shouted, "To Laurel Hill!"

A Fiery Grave.

From the London Times.

The Westphalia papers give an account of a terrible catastrophe which occurred in the north western part of that province on the 18th ult. There has been for some time in operation in the neighborhood of Solingen, not far from Barmen, a strange phenomenon. A part of the soil of a hilly heath became excessively hot, so much so that some people close by availed themselves of the heat for domestic purposes. The explanation suggested was that some inflammable subterranean gas, or perhaps petroleum, had been accidentally set on fire. Some water had been brought to the spot by an artificial channel; but its contact with the burning soil had only produced violent explosions, which seemed to shatter all the ground around. The other week some persons drove out in a carriage from Remscheid to inspect the spot. When arrived at a distance of about a quarter of an English mile, they heard a strange rumbling noise, which so terrified the horses that they had to alight, and send the carriage back some distance. They walked on, discussing the likelihood of any danger, when suddenly a space of the hillside, about 100 metres square, opened, disclosing a gulf of liquid fire, and throwing up flames. The house where the family mentioned above lived was at once surrounded by the flames, and was, before their eyes, swallowed up in the liquid fiery caldron at their feet, apparently feeding the flames. It is known that several persons were in the house; none were saved, but it has not been ascertained how many perished.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

VEAL CUTLETS (Italian style).—Take some veal cutlets and trim them to a uniform shape. Make a mixture of equal parts of bread-crumbs and grated cheese; add pepper and salt to taste. Dip the cutlets in liquefied butter; pass them in this mixture. When set dip them in egg, and pass them in the mixture again; then fry them a good color. Boil a small quantity of macaroni, dress it with butter, cheese, and tomato sauce, with the yolk of an egg stirred into it. Place the macaroni on a dish, and the cutlets in a circle around it.

BACON AND POTATOES.—(1) Mash some cold (previously boiled) potatoes roughly (not too fine) with a lump of butter and a little pepper, form them into a flat round cake about two inches thick; fry it in a frying pan to a rich brown, turning both sides, and place slices of fried bacon around it in the dish. Serve hot; a little beef gravy put into it when done will give a good flavor. The bacon may be inserted into the mass of potato as in a pie, instead of being set round the edges. (2) Slice up raw potatoes into round slices a quarter of an inch thick (or chop them into moderately sized dice), fry with butter, and serve hot with bacon, in same way as first receipt.

CENTENNIAL OMELET.—Boil a dozen apples as for a sauce; stir in a quarter of pound of butter, and the same of white sugar; when cold add four well-beaten eggs, some cream, a grated nutmeg; salt to taste; put it in a baking dish strewn thickly with bread-crumbs, so as to stick to the bottom and sides; strew bread and craker crumbs plentifully over the apple mixture when in the baking dish; bake, turn it out and grate sugar over it. If preferred, the sugar may be omitted, and then the omelet may be served on a bed of fried parsnips and parsley.

COFFEE. — For four people three heaped dessert spoonsful of coffee, one pint of boiling water, half pint new milk. Put the coffee in a small jug; pour the water on, which must be boiling, let it stand before the fire while the milk is boiling, strain it through muslin into the coffee-pot, and when required for use, but not before, add the boiling milk and serve. It is always a rich golden color, and gives universal satisfaction. If I want it particularly good, I use more coffee and milk, and less water. If there be any coffee left over from breakfast, or at any time, it will be equally good if heated in a white-lined saucepan, and must never on any account boil, once the milk has been added. I use East India coffee, prepared in canisters, to be procured of any good grocer.

BROWN BREAD.—A favorite way of making it is to take two cups of meal, one of flour—white or graham can be used—one cup of sweet milk, one of sour, two tablespoonsful of molasses, one teaspoonful of saleratus and a little salt. When making it, if you have not any sweet milk, use water in place of it; of course the milk makes it more nourishing. This should be well beaten and put into a two-quart basin, which must first be thoroughly greased. Steam the bread one hour, then set it in the oven to dry and to brown. Any time from fifteen minutes to half an hour will do; this will depend on the state of the oven.

APPLE MARMALADE.—Pare, core and cut the apples in small pieces; put them in water with some lemon juice to keep them white; after a short interval take them out and drain them; weigh, and put them in a stewpan with an equal quantity of sugar; add grated lemon peel, the juice of a lemon, some cinnamon sticks and a pinch of salt. Place the stewpan over a brisk fire and cover it closely. When the apples are reduced to a pulp, stir the mixture until it becomes of a proper consistency, and put the marmalade away in small pots.

PIGEON PIE.—Rub the pigeons inside and out with pepper and salt; inside put a piece butter, some parsley chopped with the livers, and lay a beefsteak at the bottom of the dish, and then the birds cut in half; between every two place a hard boiled egg, and a small piece of ham in each pigeon; pour a cup of cold water in the dish. Season the gizzard and two joints of the wings, and put them in the centre of the pie, and over them, in a hole made in the puff paste, three feet and a sprig of evergreen.

DOUGHNUTS.—Take three pints of flour, a piece of butter about the size of a hen's egg, one cup of sugar, one egg, a small bowlful of milk or water, four or five teaspoonsful of baking powder; flavor with nutmeg or cinnamon. The dough made in this way will be thin, and you will need to sprinkle flour enough over it and on the kneading board to roll it out nicely. Cut the cakes out with a biscuit-cutter; then take a knife and insert it at the edge of the cake until the point of the knife is at the centre; then take out the knife and put the raisin in; press and flatten the cake, and cut it out again with the biscuit-cutter. This operation prevents the raisin from bursting out when the cake rises.

Know His Business.

"Can I see the lady of the house?" inquired the peddler. "Well, yes, you can if you ain't blind!" snapped the woman who had answered the bell. "Oh, beg pardon, madam; you are the lady of the house, then?" "Yes, I am! What d'yer take me for? Did you think I was the gentleman of the house or the next-door neighbor, or one of the farm hands, or the cat, or the ice-chist?" "I didn't know, madam, but you might be the youngest daughter." "Oh, did yer? Well, that was nat'ral, too," replied the lady of the house. "What d'yer want, sir?" Then the the peddler displayed his wares, and when he left that door-step, half an hour later, his face was full of pleasure, and his pockets were full of money. He understood human nature and had made a good sale.

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Geneva Letter to the London Times.

Wednesday's hail-storm, the occurrences of which I mentioned in my dispatch of that day, has occasioned much greater damage in this canton and in Savoy than the first accounts led me to suppose. The phenomena that attended it were both singular and impressive. Between 3 and 4 o'clock in the morning a thunder-storm of extraordinary violence, coming from the region of the Jura, burst over the valley of the Leman, having its centre, apparently, immediately above Geneva. For the space of more than an hour the thunder and lightning were incessant. The lightning was of a bright red color, the flashes followed each other so rapidly that there was no visible solution of their continuity. All this time there was no down-fall. Then, about 4:30, two great columns of hail, unaccompanied by rain, were projected from the clouds. One seemed to come from the west, by the Fort de l'Ecluse, the other from the north-west, by the Col de la Faucille. In threeminutes the rain was followed by a heavy down-pour of rain, which continued for several hours; but in those three minutes incalculable damage had been done.

None of the hail-stones were smaller than hazel-nuts, while many were as big as pigeon's eggs. So thickly did they fall that the fields in many places were as white as in midwinter; and in the afternoon after 12 hours' rain and sunshine, they lay on the ground in heaps. Even this morning they were not all gone. The vines and fruit trees which were struck by the storm are utterly ruined; the ground was strewn in all directions with bunches of grapes, pears, apples, and plums, and a grape, if ever so slightly touched by a hail-stone, is spoiled. After a few days' exposure to the sun it begins to decay, and is of no use for wine making. Many of the peasants are in despair, for they were counting on the vintage, which was of splendid promise, to make good to them the losses they have incurred by the long drought. There was no wind, and the hail fortunately fell straight otherwise the damage would have been much greater. Skylights were broken, roofs damaged, and conservatories and other glass houses almost destroyed; but side windows for the most part were untouched.

The birds, as may be supposed, were great sufferers. At Collanges, on the other side of the lake, 600 dead and mutilated swallows, chaffinches, and sparrows were picked up in the Place de l'Eglis, under three plane trees, in the branches of which they had sought refuge from the storm. Bellerive, also on the other side of the lake, was still more unfortunate: it was both devasted by the hail and struck by lightning. Many fine trees were burst asunder; and the pieces thrown to a distance of 50 paces. On Saturday last an equal by destructive storm visited the district of Morges, also on the lake, and on Sunday a pillar of hail, as it is here the custom to designate a hail-storm, committed great havoc in the valley of Broie, canton Vaud. The tobacco plants were nearly all destroyed, and Granges alone (a small commune of only 800 inhabitants) sustained damage to the amount of 40,000f. But calamitous as these storms have been, they are surpassed by that of July, 1875, when hardly a whole pane of glass was left in the canton of Geneva, trees were stripped of their foliage, and calves killed while grazing the fields; or the one that befell a few weeks ago in Aargau, when the hail literally plowed up the ground, smashing up gathered potatoes, as if they had been pounded in a mortar. A gentleman who had passed a long life in the canton assures me that the hail-storms of July, 1875, and that of last Wednesday are the most destructive that have occurred within his recollection, and his recollection goes back half a century.

Bismarck's First Love.

For some months, says a foreign letter, there resided in the family of a neighboring land proprietor (in the Torontal Comitat) a lady, past the age of 50, who in her youth was Bismarck's first love. She was born at Griefswald, where her parents let rooms to young students attending the university in that town. About the year 1840 a certain Count St.——, who later on made a brilliant military career, lived at their house, and frequently received the visits of a fellow-student from the Agricultural academy. This was Otta von Bismarck, who soon conceived a tender affection for the 19-year-old Josephine, the daughter of the house, and manifested his sentiments in serenades and similar spectacular tokens of his affection. Owing to some unpleasant little conflicts with the academical authorities, he was obliged to leave Griefswald, his departure however, in no way preventing him from addressing the most tender and touching epistles to the sweetheart left behind. In one of these missives he formally sued for Josephine's hand, which, however, was promptly refused him by the parents, who strongly objected to give their daughter to "so ill reputed a young man." Thereupon in 1842 the correspondence ceased altogether. Josephine's parents, who had met with sad financial reverses through the instrumentality of their own spendthrift son, emigrated to America (Minnesota) in 1845, and afterward went to Brooklyn to live, where in 1852, after much reluctance on her part, Josephine became the wife of a Hungarian emigrant and dealer in petroleum, J. H——cs by name, who took her to New York. H——cs died in 1872, and by invitation of his sister, married to Mr. Gy—— here, Josephine has recently come to Hungary to spend the rest of her days. Mrs. H——cs faithfully preserves the pieces of poetry addressed her by Otto von Bismarck.

A Leipsig journal devoted to the glass interest, states that the cracking of lamp chimneys may be prevented by placing them in a pot filled with cold water, adding a little salt, and after the mixture has been allowed to boil well over a fire, to have the articles cool slowly. Treated in this way, glass will be found to resist cracking, even if exposed to sudden changes of temperature, and the chimneys become very durable by passing through such an operation. The process is, in fact, simply one of annealing, and it results that, the slower the operation is carried on, especially the cooling portion of it, the more effective will it be.

GRINS.

A powerful number—potent 8.

WE wonder if grass widows ever have hay fever.

WHAT are the dimensions of a little elbow room.

MURDERERS often "hang in breathless suspense."

EVERY man of honor has a loathing for a low thing.

FLATS are frequently entered by sharps by means of false keys.

ASK a woman how old she is if you want her to show her rage.

THE present style of ladies' evening dress is the low and behold style.

WHY is a Zulu belle like a prophet of old? Because she has not much on'er in her own country.

THE young lady who could not make her bangs stay bung said she was having a tuft time of it.

MONEY generally gets the credit of being the root of all evil, but selfishness is the acorn from which the tree is grown.

A HOTEL "to be run on American principles" is to be built in London. Contracts for furnishing the clerks with diamond pins have already been let.

A matter of cores—apple.—Boston *Times*. A matter of course—horse-racing.—*Elevated Railway Journal* A matter off course—a badly steered boat in a race.—Boston *Times*.

THE editor of a local paper was asked by a stranger if it was possible that little town kept up four newspapers. And the reply was, "No; it takes four newspapers to keep up the town."

A BLACK bear in Idaho undertook to hug a young lady, and she punched out one of his eyes with her parasol. Hooray for the girl! She's ready to protect a man's rights from infrigement, when he isn't there to do it himself.

ADOLPHUS wishes to know why a popular game is called "Blindman's buff." Our explanation may seem a little off color, but we will venture to assert that it is on accoun of there being so much yell oh! connected with the game.

"Come, Norah, and join in the maizy,"
"Now, Patrick, sit down and be aisy,
Faith you're there all alone,
For the girls are all gone,
Sure a wall flower should dance wid' a daisy."

WHY we and Ragbag are foes? Well we met Ragbag and he said he was going to pay Gallagher $2 he had borrowed of him. "Don't do it!" he said. "Don't you know Gallagher has heart disease? A great and sudden surprise might kill him."

AH CHIN is married to a maiden from Massachussetts. The other evening he addressed his spouse in the following effective manner: "See heal, Malial, melican man comes alound, me washee washee, he talkee talkee in back palol, me bustee headee, give him hadee, undalstand."

MRS. MACNAMARA was reading in the paper the other day that ladies were now wearing live bugs for ornaments. "Dy'e mind that, Mike," says she, "live bugs the ladies is wearing now; our fortin's made. Sure an we've more bugs than we know what to do with. We'll open a bug shop;" "A phat?" "A bug shop Mike; you'll catch the bastes, and I'll sell 'em to the quality at tin cints a bug."

Matrimonial Preparations.

A great many of us, says a New York correspondent, are coming back to town to get married. The flirtations of July become serious intentions in August and matrimonial engagements in September, with weddings prospective for October, November, and December. Having settled the comparatively minor matter of choosing a husband, the fashionable girl now turns her heartfelt attention to getting herself satisfactorily dressed for marriage; also to bettering her person. She desires above all things to be at least pretty, if not beautiful, on that awful occasion, and to accomplish that purpose she goes through all the rejuvenation possible. I met a girl at Saratoga who told me that she was trying to fatten herself for her bridal. The affianced husband was an ardent admirer of plumpness, and she was rather lean. The amount of oatmeal and cream she consumed was marvellous, and she lolled around all day long, refusing to dance even, for fear of working off an ounce of flesh. A month of that kind of treatment increased her weight nine pounds, but it didn't improve her appearance, to my mind, because she had a fat, porky look in her face, and her skin became bad from indigestion. The wiser system commonly adopted by affianced wives is a plain, nourishing diet, plenty of exercise, and long, regular hours of sleep. These brace her up in health, and an improved appearance is the consequence. In addition to these measures, she does all the artificial beautifying that may be possible in her particular case. Her mouth is repaired by a dentist, if there is anything that can be done to her teeth, and it is astounding what the dentists of the present day can accomplish in the way of whitening and straightening. If any of the natural teeth be gone, or in such a condition as to make extraction advisable, the false ones are cleverly adjusted; and the practice of making perfect those not quite so, either in shape or color, has become so common that the false can hardly be distinguished from the real. She goes to a manicure and pedicure, who fixes up her hands and feet, shaping and burnishing the nails, removing corns, and callous spots, and smoothing the skin with lotions. This part of the work sometimes includes the removal of hair from the arms and legs, for most brunettes are subject to too much hirsute growth. The sensible girl, however, will omit this, and let her husband see the defect, if it be one, while she is a brand-new wife, and not go to him smooth as alabaster, only to become hairy after the charm of novelty is gone from her. The best thing she can do for her complexion is to eschew paint, and let a physician endeavor to drive the humors out of her blood. This should be done long enough before the wedding, for the purification almost always temporarily roughens the skin. Turkish baths are now fashionable for girls near matrimony, the belief being that they impart a healthy softness and glow.

CANADA'S ORATOR.

WHAT AN AMERICAN EDITOR THINKS OF MR. BLAKE'S SPEAKING.

Mr. Blake made a speech at St. Stephen, N. B., on the border of the United States. Among those who heard him was the editor of the *Times*, published in the neighbouring American town of Calais, Maine. Into the merits of the two political parties the Maine editor did not venture to enter. But the question of the character of Mr. Blake's speech was one that a foreigner could deal with as well as a Canadian. The opinion of the *Times*' editor is, therefore, interesting. He says :—

The speech of the Hon. Edward Blake in St. Stephen, Monday, was one of the most masterly we have ever heard. For two hours he chained the attention of his hearers by his pure diction, powerful analysis and irresistible logic. Attempting not oratorical display, appealing to no prejudice, alluding to his opponents with courtesy, and scorning the arts of sophistry, he impressed every hearer by his candor, and carried conviction by masterly presentation of facts. His dispassionate argument was a surprise to those who have been accustomed to listen to the inflamed oratory of campaign speakers on this side of the line. A few such men as Mr. Blake would purify the methods of public discussion in the United States. Canada has not only produced a great mind, but a true gentleman in Mr. Blake.

MATRIMONIAL MORALS.

A NEW YORK MAN SELLS HIS WIFE FOR A DOLLAR—BOTH PARTIES SUING FOR A DIVORCE.

A short time ago a telegraphic despatch appeared in the *World* regarding the sale by a man of his wife for one dollar. Following are fuller particulars of the strange affair : A. Lanten, jeweller, of New York, about a year ago hired Ferinado Jansen, a builder of Mount Vernon, to put up a house for him. Mr. Jansen was soon captured by the charms of Mrs. Lanten, a lady weighing 250 pounds. Frequent meetings on their part, and anonymous letters to the husband, resulted. An elopement took place, followed by the return of the erring but apparently repentant wife to her husband. They kissed and were made friends. Next morning, however, Jansen reappeared upon the scene and had a discussion with Lanten, who made some bitter remarks about his wife's conduct. She heard them and immediately went to her room. She soon returned with pen, ink and paper, and said to her husband : "Now, I want to see whether you are man enough to state on paper that you will sell me to Jansen for one dollar." Mr. Lanten playfully expressed his readiness to do so, and Jansen gave him the money. Mrs. Lanten said she was willing to be sold for one dollar, and Jansen expressed his willingness to buy her for that sum, and a regular bill of sale of the wife was made to Jansen. A statement was also appended and signed by Mrs. Lanten, to the effect that she consented to be sold for $1, and renounced all claim on her husband. On Friday last Mrs. Lanten removed from her house a load of furniture, pictures and jewels which her husband had previously given her. At the same time Janson removed a load of furniture from his house in West Mount Vernon, and the two loads were driven together to Lexington avenue and 102nd street, New York, where Jansen and his dollarcompanion have taken up their abode. Mrs. Lanten, as she left her Mount Vernon home, is said to have shed some tears. Mr. Lanten has begun a suit in the supreme court for an absolute divorce from his wife. On the other hand, Mrs. Caroline Jansen has begun a suit for divorce from her husband. While Jansen was absent from his home with Mrs. Lanten, his wife sold for $1,200 the building which she and her husband had occupied, of which she was the owner.

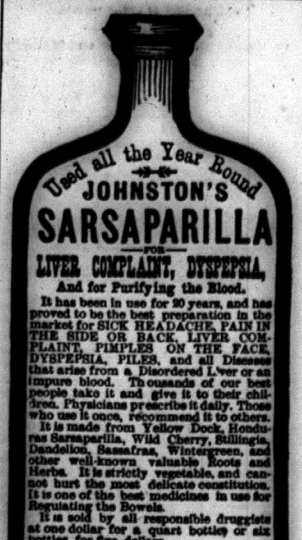
WAIT'S

HOMŒOPATHIC SPECIFICS.

CURES EFFECTED by them are radical and certain. They do not cure one disease and produce another. They will cure a larger percentage of cases, and in less time than any medicine known.

PRINCIPAL NOS.	CURES.	PRICE.
1.	Fevers, Congestion, Inflammation,	25
2.	Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache,	25
3.	Crying Colic, or Teething of Infants,	25
4.	Sore Mouth, or Canker,	25
5.	Dyspepsia, Bilious Stomach,	25
7.	Piles, Blind or Bleeding,	25
8.	Cholera Morbus, Vomiting,	25
9.	Headache, Sick Headache, Vertigo,	25
11.	Diarrhœa of Children or Adults,	25
12.	Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains,	25
13.	Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic,	25
14.	Asthma, Oppressed Breathing,	25
17.	Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis,	25
18.	Whites, too Profuse Periods,	25
19.	Croup, Hoarse, Difficult Breathing,	25
20.	Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions,	25
21.	Fever and Ague, Chill Fever, Agues,	25
22.	Ophthalmia, Weak or Inflamed Eyes,	25
27.	Kidney Disease, Gravel, Renal Calculi,	25
28.	Nervous Debility, Spermatorrhœa,	$1.00
30.	Suppressed or Painful Menses,	25
32.	Dysentery, Griping, Bilious Colic,	25
34.	Catarrh, Acute or Chronic, Influenza,	25
35.	Ear Discharges, Deafness or Hearing,	25
36.	Disease of the Heart, Palpitation,	25
37.	General Debility, Physical Weakness,	25

If your Druggist does not keep them, any number will be sent by mail on receipt of price. Send for Manual (Free). Address, WAIT HOMŒOPATHIC MEDICINE MANUFACTORY, JOHN T. WAIT, Proprietor, Kingston, Ontario.



THE MEDICAL HALL.

DURHAM STREET, MADOC.

C. G. WILSON

Chemist and Druggist

A full stock of Pure Drugs and Chemicals always on hand.

PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS

AND

Family Receipts

Carefully Compounded.

A full stock of

SCHOOL BOOKS,

AUTHORIZED BY THE

Council of Public Instruction.

At Publishers' prices.

Agent, Montreal Telegraph Co

Madoc, August 16th, 1881.

PIC-NIC & CAMP SUPPLIES

JUST RECEIVED AT THE

Italian Warehouse

CANNED PORK & BEANS.
" LUNCH TONGUE.
" C. C. BEEF.
" LOBSTERS.
" SALMON.
" F. HADDIE.
" SARDINES.
" TURKEY & TONGUE.
" BONED TURKEY.
" ROASTED CHICKEN.
" HAM CHICKEN & TONGUE.
" OX-TAIL SOUP.
" CHICKEN SOUP.
EXTRACT COFFEE,
CONDENSED MILK,
FRENCH MUSTARD,
C. & B. PICKELS.
NABOB PICKELS.

GRAY & McGREGOR,

Wine and Spirits Merchants,

NEW

BOOT AND SHOE SHOP

THE undersigned begs to announce to the people of Madoc and vicinity that he has opened a New Boot and Shoe Shop in the building formerly occupied by M. Ray, one door east of Mrs. Christie's Photograph Gallery, St. Lawrence street, where he will be prepared to receive and execute all orders entrusted to him, in a first-class manner. Having worked in some of the best shops in the city of Toronto and elsewhere I am confident of being able to give satisfaction as regards fits and the quality of the work done, to all who may favor me with their orders.

For patching on Ladies' and fine work I am using a new cement by the use of which no sewing is necessary and the patches cannot be detected. I am the only one in this village who is using this kind of cement.

TERMS Cash. - Give me a call.

H. COTTRELL.

Madoc, July 7th, 1880.

Boots and Shoes.

ALL KINDS OF

HOME-MADE WORK

FOR SALE,

OR MADE UP TO ORDER ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE,

—AT—

MORRICE'S

BOOT AND SHOE STORE, MADOC.

Terms in Future Strictly Cash.

All outstanding accounts if not paid by the 14th of June will be put into Court for collection.

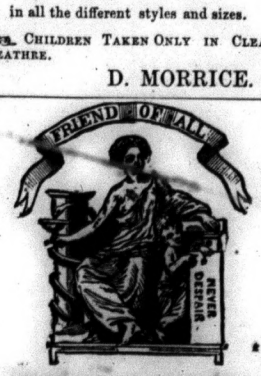
PHOTOGRAPHS.

LIFE-LIKE PORTRAITS

in all the different styles and sizes.

☞ CHILDREN TAKEN ONLY IN CLEAN WEATHER.

D. MORRICE.



HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

This Great Household Medicine Ranks among the leading necessaries of life.

These famous Pills purify the BLOOD, and act most powerfully, yet soothingly on

The Liver, Stomach, Kidneys,

and BOWELS, giving tone, energy and vigor to these great MAIN SPRINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious in all ailments incidental to Females of all ages; and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE, are unsurpassed.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT

Its Searching and Healing Properties are known throughout the world.

For the cure of BAD LEGS, Bad Breasts,

Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers,

it is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it cures Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even Asthma. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulæ,

GOUT, RHEUMATISM,

And every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.

The Pills and Ointment are Manufactured only at

533, OXFORD STREET, LONDON,

And are sold by all Vendors of Medicines throughout the Civilized World; with directions for use in almost every language.

The Trade Marks of these medicines are registered in Ottawa; hence, any one throughout the British possessions, who may keep the American Counterfeits for sale, will be prosecuted.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not* 533, *Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

JAS. WHYTOCK,

Grocer & Provision DEALER,

Keeps constantly on hand a first-class stock of

CHOICE GROCERIES

AND

Provisions of all kinds,

Which will be sold at the

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Farmers' Produce of all Kinds taken in exchange.

DURHAM STREET, MADOC.

—TINWARE.—

RIFLES & REVOLVERS.

GUNS, FROM $4 TO $30.

SIGN OF THE CIRCULAR SAW.

WRIGHT'S Grocery, Provision, WINE & LIQUOR STORE,

(Established by the late Andrew Wright, in 1858,)

NOW CARRIED ON BY MRS. WRIGHT,

On the premises, in Wright's Block, Durham Street, Madoc,

WHO KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND A FULL ASSORTMENT OF FIRST-CLASS

GROCERIES, Confectionery, and BISCUITS

(A SPECIALITY.)

FRUITS IN SEASON.

Wine Brandy, Gin, Spirits, Ale and Porters!

of the best brands imported direct from the manufacturers.

—ALSO—

CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE,

FLOUR AND FEED, &c., &c.,

Wholesale and Retail at the lowest Cash price.

JANE WRIGHT.

Madoc, January 1st, 1880.

GOODS AT COST,

FOR THE

NEXT 60 AYS

—AT—

JOHN ROBERTSON'S.

Madoc, August 18th, 1881.

STIRLING AND MADOC PUMP FACTORY!

THE undersigned has leased the shop previously occupied by R. SIMMONS as a Pump Factory, and is now prepared to furnish

Pumps of the Latest Styles on the shortest notice

All Pumps not bearing my name and recommended as my make are an imposition.

A CALL SOLICITED.

A. L. SAYLOR,

Madoc, June 16th, 1880. Madoc and Stirling.

MADOC PLANING MILL.

The undersigned having removed their Planing Mills from Bridgewater to the Village of Madoc, and fitted up a

Planing Mill, Door, Sash AND Blind Factory

are now prepared to do all work in our line with promptness and despatch.

CUSTOM PLANING DONE ON SHORT NOTICE.

KERRS & WALTON.

Madoc, June 29th, 1879.

D. R. Canmant & Co. Nails, Iron, Steel, AND GENERAL HARDWARE. Madoc, Ont.

North Hastings Review.

R. R. Crawford & Co. Glass, Putty, Paints, Varnishes of all kinds. MADOC, ONT.

JOHN R. ORR, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum, in advance

VOL. V., No. 236. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, October 13, 1881. POSTAGE PREPAID.

Mining Notes.

Business in our mines is still lively. An average of about nine carloads are shipped daily.

A large deposit of very rich magnetic ore has been discovered on the farm of Mr. Spurr in the township of Dungannon.

George McVicar lately discovered a three feet auriferous quartz vein on one of the mining locations on the Lake of the Woods, in which he is interested. This is a new find on an old survey, and its richness and the fact of its having escaped previous discovery proves that the mineral wealth of the lake has only begun to be prospected.

Samples of iron ore have been shown in Kingston which were taken from a new mine in the rear of the county. The iron is of excellent quality, more like that taken from the Levant than Mississippi mine. The interested parties refuse to give any information relative to the location of the mine.

A wagon load of miners, bound for the Marmora gold mines, passed through the village of Stirling on Tuesday of last week.

Gold mining seems to be flourishing in the Tangier and Salmon River districts in Nova Scotia.

A company of American capitalists have leased the Lawless mining property in Hull township, Ottawa county, for a period of five years. They pay 40 cents a ton on the iron ore taken out, with the privilege of buying the 100 acre lot for $100,000 at any time. Mining work has already begun, but new machinery will be brought in from New York. Mr. Blanchard of New York is president of the company, and Dr. Carpenter of Jersey city is the treasurer.

The Michipicoten Native Copper Company are pushing work and the prospects are most excellent. This mine will be equal to any on the south shore, and the company are erecting a crushing mill, and the building is being pushed forward. About one hundred and fifty men are employed at the mine, and it is expected that a large shipment of copper will be ready in the spring.

Fresh air is indispensible, but when you need a fresh pen be sure it is one of Esterbrook's make. Wholesale agents in Montreal, Robert Miller, Son & Co., 15 Victoria Square.

Support your Local Paper.

The following is taken from the Port Hope *Times* and is heartily endorsed by all local publishers:—"Week after week we come across men who don't take a local paper—because it is so small; because they know all the news in town; because they have no time to read it; because they take some city weekly; or for some other equally satisfactory reason. Some of these very men, too, are the ones who ask favors of us—the insertion of a marriage notice, or a long obituary, or some other item of interest chiefly to themselves or their own immediate locality! Now why should people support their local paper? Because it is their local paper that writes their local history, that advocates their local interests, that promotes their local industries, that educates the people in the politics of the country. What interest have the city papers in the interior towns that a man should take one of them in preference to his home paper? There are no two ways about it. Every citizen in the country should feel it his duty to support, at least, one of the local papers, and every business man who has a sense of gratitude in his heart will feel that he ought to advertise. While the newspapers are writing up the town and striving to make it a business centre, there are business men who profit by the enterprise of the newspapers and boast that it never costs them a cent! Shame on such men!"

COUNTY AND DISTRICT NEWS.

Compiled and Boiled Down from our Exchanges.

During the absence of himself and his wife from home on Wednesday, October 5th, the dwelling of Mr. James Finlay, Hungerford, was burned with most of its contents. Loss $2,000, on which there is only a small insurance.

The boy Richmond, whose father, mother, sisters and brothers lost their lives by the bush fire at Richmondville, Michigan, has arrived at Belleville, and is staying with his grandfather, Mr. Short.

A young man named Thomas Wilson, of Hungerford, was thrown from a loaded waggon on Tuesday night, 4th inst., and one of the wheels passing over his head he was killed almost instantly. Deceased was 21 years of age.

The trial of the young man, Nelson Hamlin, who was charged with the murder of Jos. Larocque on the 4th September last, came off on Tuesday, 20th, at Peterboro'. The jury brought in a verdict of manslaughter, and a sentence of imprisonment for life was passed upon the prisoner.

The Agricultural Show closed at Belleville on the 6th inst., having been on the whole about as successful as usual. In several departments the show was very meagre, but in fruits and flowers, horses, agricultural implements, carriages, poultry, and roots and vegetables there was a good display.

On Tuesday of last week the corner stone of the new Christ Church, Belleville, was laid with full Masonic ceremonies. The Acting Grand Master, Bro. L. H. Henderson, D. D. G. M., of Belleville, performed the ceremony. In the evening a banquet was held at the Bella House.

CHEESE MARKET.

INGERSOLL, Oct. 11.—Six factories offered 4,070 boxes, mostly August and September make; other factory men present, representing 10,000 to 12,000 boxes of same make, did not register. No sales reported, factory men generally holding off, not feeling inclined to accept the prices which the recent export demand now warrants being paid.

Madoc Markets.

Flour, per brl	$6 50	to $6 75
Wheat, per bushel	1 30	to 1 35
Rye, "	0 87	to 0 90
Oats, "	0 40	to 0 00
Barley, "	0 70	to 0 75
Peas, "	0 65	to 0 75
Potatoes, per bag	0 65	to 0 75
Eggs, per doz	0 15	to 0 00
Butter, per lb	0 18	to 0 20
Wool, per lb	0 20	to 0 00
Hides, per cwt	7 00	to 8 00

Belleville Markets.

Wheat,	$1 30	to $1 35
Barley,	0 80	to 0 85
Rye,	0 95	to 1 00
Oats,	0 38	to 0 40
Peas,	0 65	to 0 70
Butter,	0 25	to 0 30
Eggs,	0 13	to 0 15
Potatoes, per bag	1 00	to 0 00
Flour, per bbl	6 00	to 7 00
Sheepskins,	0 00	to 0 00
Wool, per lb	0 22	to 0 00
Hides,	7 00	to 8 50
Hay,	6 50	to 10 00
Calf Skins, per lb	0 10	to 0 00
Deakens,	0 00	to 0 00

JUST RECEIVED

A fine lot of

SOLID SILVER

—AND—

COLORED GOLD JEWELRY.

Elegant designs in Sets and Single

Brooches and Earrings,

Also a fine line in

SILVER LOCKETS

—AND—

BRACELETS.

—:o:—

BROOCHES & EARRINGS

In real Whitby Jet, also

Bracelets and Necklets,

And a great variety of

STUDS, GENTS' SUITS, COLLAR BUTTONS, and SCARF PINS,

PLATED & FINE PEARL.

E. L. WEISS.

FOR SALE.

A CORNER LOT on Church and Elgin streets, Madoc, with two good new frame dwellings and a good new frame barn, also plenty of room for three more dwellings on the lot. This property is situated about twenty rods from the business portion of the village.

Terms liberal. Apply to WILLIAM MOORE. On the premises.

Madoc, March 29th 1880.

ARRIVED

—AT—

D. W. WRIGHT'S,

QT. AND ½ GALL.

Stone & Glass Fruit Jars

A SPLENDID QUALITY OF

ALE,

In 10 gallon kegs and on draught, for summer use.

A choice lot of

Groceries, Crockery and Liquors,

Gooderham & Worts' Proof, Old Rye, and Malt Whiskies always in stock.

D. W. WRIGHT,

Grocer and Wine Merchant,

VICTORIA BLOCK, MADOC.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

BEST'S L. O. L. No. 517. Meets on the first Thursday in each month. JAS. BATEMAN, Sec'y, Madoc P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070, Meets every first Tuesday in each month. C. DONALDSON, Sec'y, Millbridge.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094, Meets on the first Saturday in each month. DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624, Meets every Friday on or before full moon. HENRY BENTLEY, Sec'y, York River P.O.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437, Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon. W. J. WIGGINS, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285. Meets on the first Monday in each month. J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253. Meets every Monday on or before full moon. R. S. ALLEN, Secretary, Cooper P. O.

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389, Meets every first Monday in each month. T. E. JACKSON, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4. J. F. MORRILL, D.M., Millbridge, C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

Royal Black Knights of Ireland, Meets in the Lodge-room of No. 1133, Hazzard's Corners, on the second Wednesday of each month. H. KETCHESON, W. M.

MADOC LODGE No. 179, I.O.O.F.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Hall, on Monday Evening, Oct. 24th, At 8 o'clock.

C. S. MITCHELL, Rec. Secretary.

FLOUR! FLOUR!

THE undersigned keeps on hand large quantities of SUPERIOR EXTRA flour in Bags or Barrels at the North Hastings Warehouse, sold in quantities to suit purchasers and at the lowest possible prices.

He is in receipt within the last few days of

THREE CAR LOADS

OF THE CELEBRATED

"Empress" Brand,

a grade of flour that has given general satisfaction. The best evidence being that he has sold about 1,000 Bbls. since the 1st of Jan. last.

SEED GRAIN.

He keeps on hand Wheat, Peas, Oats and Barley for seed. The Wheat and Oats are from the neighborhood of Lindsay, and of superior quality. A limited quantity of superior Spring Wheat for seed on hand.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, March 2nd, 1881.

Land For Sale.

TWENTY-ONE (21) Building Lots for sale in the Village of Madoc, laid out on Park Lots 3 and 4, and known as "Norman's Hill."

Enquire of Captain Norman, Millbridge, or the undersigned,

CHARLES GREAM.

Madoc, September, 1879. 131

NOTICE!

NOTICE is hereby given that the Municipal Council of the United Townships of Elzevir and Grimsthorpe will pass a By-Law at their next meeting, to be held on the 31st of October next, for the purpose of opening and establishing a Road commencing at south side of Lot 16, in 4th Concession of Elzevir, running across part Lot 16 in the 4th, 16 and part 17 in the 5th, to 6th Concession line, Elzevir. All persons interested therein will govern themselves accordingly.

E. JAMES. Township Clerk.

Bridgewater, 12th Sept., 1881

Nota Bene.—We buy our goods from the same firms that the dealers here have bought from ever since they dealt in furniture, and they buy now of the same firms. But mark! we pay CASH DOWN, they don't, and by discounts and close bargining we can sell from 25 to 50 per cent. less than credit buyers, or, as advertised, at and under Belleville retail prices. However, proof in pudding: compare our ARTICLES and PRICES. What is it to the public whether Auction or Cheap John so long as they can get what they want almost for half what they have been accustomed to pay. We sold 11 bedsteads on Saturday last, not by auction but private sale, besides other articles. A fact—People can buy at our prices, when they had to do without at extortionate prices. If slanderer wants say more truth let him keep at his little game we have lots more in forte.

THOS. SCOTT, Agent and Auctioneer.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN G. DEANS,

CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST

O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK!

MADOC.

Banking House!

—OF—

E. D. O'FLYNN,

"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.

Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.

Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD

Money received on deposit, subject to withdrawal without notice.

Madoc, August 6th, 1879.

MONEY TO LOAN

—ON—

REAL ESTATE SECURITY.

The Canada Permanent

Loan and Savings Co'y

TORONTO, ONT.

Mortgages and Debentures Purchased.

Apply to

S. D. ROSS, MADOC.

AGENT FOR THE

Lancashire Insurance Comp'y.

All Losses Promptly Settled.

Office at the Store of Sydmer Ross & Co.

Madoc, April 15th, 1879. 107

Desirable Property for Sale

THE HOUSE and an acre and a quarter of land on the East side of Wellington Street, in the village of Madoc, owned by Mrs. Gunn. The above lot is well situated, near the Post Office. Title guaranteed. Terms easy. Apply to

PETERSON & PETERSON, Barristers, Madoc.

Dated, 1st June, 1880.

TO BE LET.

LOTS 57 and 58, east side Hastings Road, Township of Tudor; also Lot 58, west side (part of the Cameron Mining Lot) comprising 160 acres or upwards. About 40 acres cleared, the rest well wooded, with water accommodation. The above would be well suited to the wants of a grown up family. A lease can be given on very moderate terms. Apply to CAPT. NORMAN, or to Millbridge, Chas. Gream, Esq., Madoc. 130

Money to Loan!

Low Rate of Interest!

To Farmers and Real Estate owners in Madoc and Vicinity:

Do you want to add to your farm?

To build a new house or barn?

To make improvements by the way of fencing, clearing, or draining?

To pay off a mortgage, and get plenty of time at a low rate of interest?

Then apply to the undersigned, who is agent for

THE CANADA

LANDED CREDIT COMPANY,

FOR THIS COUNTY.

AMPLE TIME WILL BE GIVEN,

with or without sinking fund, with the privilege of paying as soon as you please

6 Per Cent. INTEREST. 6

The operations of the Company, which are of long standing, can be referred to as a guarantee of their square dealing and equitable terms.

A. F. WOOD, MADOC.

Nov. 1st, 1880.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

GEO. D. DICKSON,

BARRISTER, &c., Belleville. Money to loan at low rates.

CHARLES GREAM,

SOLICITOR in Chancery, Notary, Attorney, Conveyancer, &c., Madoc. Office in the Victoria Block.

R. S. HENDERSON,

BARRISTER, &c., Madoc. Office—over the store of Sydmer Ross & Co. Entrance—Side door.

HENRY BLEECKER,

BARRISTER, Attorney-at-Law, and Solicitor in Chancery. Office,—Bridge Street, Belleville, over the Custom House.

CHARLES BUTLER,

ISSUER of Marriage Licenses, and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Residence—Stirling, Ont.

W. A. DAFOE, M. D. &c.,

LICENTIATE of the Royal College of Physicians, Licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh. Office and residence nearly opposite the Windsor House, Madoc.

DOUGALL & FALKINER,

BARRISTERS, Belleville. Money to loan on farm property at very low rates.

A. R. DOUGALL. | N. B. FALKINER.

DENMARK & NORTHRUP,

BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Money to lend on easy terms, both private and Company funds.

GEO. DENMARK. W. B. NORTHRUP, M. A.

GEO. W. WALKER,

SURGEON DENTIST, Front St. Belleville, still continues his visits to Madoc village, strictly on the first Monday and Tuesday of every month. Rooms in Mrs. Moon's Hotel. Belleville Office directly opposite the Anglo American Hotel. 52

PETERSON & PETERSON,

BARRISTERS, Attorneys-at-law, Solicitors, in Chancery, Notaries, &c., Private and Company moneys to loan at lowest rates. Madoc Office, - O'Flynn's Block. Belleville Office, Cor. Front & Bridge sts.

A. M. PETERSON, B.A. C. W. PETERSON, B.A.

St. FRANCIS HOTEL,

ELDORADO, ONT.

FRANCIS CONLIN - PROPRIETOR.

GOOD accommodation for the traveling public, at reasonable rates.

The Bar stocked with choice Liquors, Cigars, etc. 149

BLAIR & HOUGH,

BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Offices: No. 4 Ashley Block, over Canadian Bank of Commerce, Front St.

HUGH BLAIR. J. STANLEY HOUGH.

N. B.—Private money to loan at 7 per cent.

A. F. WOOD,

LAND, LOAN,

AND

Commission Agency.

OFFICE—Second Door South from Masonic Hall.

Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company. Madoc, January 27th, 1879. 96

WINDSOR HOUSE,

MADOC, ONT.

HAVING purchased the building formerly occupied by Mr. Thos. Cross, we have fitted it up as a first-class Hotel, and are now prepared to offer superior accommodations to the traveling public.

Large and commodious sample rooms for Commercial Travelers.

Every attention paid to guests.

CONLEY & McNEILL.

Madoc, May 4th, 1880.

PRIVATE FUNDS! TO LOAN.

$25,000

Have been placed in the hands of the subscribers to loan upon farm or city property at from

7 to 8 per Cent. Interest,

according to the size and quality of loan.

NO DELAY in obtaining the money beyond the time employed in the investigation of the titles.

NO COMMISSION OR CHARGES other than those of drawing up the necessary papers and disbursements of loans.

Straight Loans only.

BLAIR & HOUGH, Barristers, &c.,

Oct. 25, 1880. Ashley Block, Belleville.

The Angler's Confession.

From the Forest and Stream.

I've angled in many waters,
On many a summer's day,
By many a murmuring river,
In many a tangled way;
And the voice of the brook has never
Lost its pathos and charm for me,
As it ripples and runs forever
To its home in the mighty sea.

These were the days the angler,
In the flush of innocent youth,
Told all his simply story—
Told nothing out the truth.
" I fished the stream near the milldam
Hour after hour in vain;
I've not a trout in my basket,
To-morrow I'll try it again."

But now, alas! this bosom
Is shockingly changed; I fear
I've learned to lie like others,
In the angling months of the year.
" Fishing! I rather think so.
A hundred in half a day—
Two pounders and strong—such monsters,
Each took me an hour to play."

I've learned to lie like others,
I've gone to the stream and found
A small boy fishing before me;
Then prone on the pleasant ground
I've lain, and slumbered, and bid him
Call me when he had caught
Just enough to fill my basket,
And thus my fish were bought.

Then over my nice clean stockings
I've plastered the river mud,
And the sleeves of my angling jacket
I've smeared with the ashes' blood;
And strolled to the ferry landing
With a weary look in my eye,
Then revelled for days succeeding
In one long luxurious lie.

How I fell from the massive boulder,
How I swam the turbulent brook,
How in one pool four and twenty
Speckled beauties I took.
Men may rave of the joys of angling,
But let them not despise
The pure, the aesthetic pleasure
That dwells in such angling lies.

THAT LITTLE CUTTY.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER I.

"Married!" the mother said, with a cry of pain and distress.

This was the end of a moment of such wild and overwhelming joy as had scarcely ever been seen before in the sober house of Bruntisfield. Altogether it had been an extraordinary day. That morning Mr. and Mrs. Pillans, after some uneasiness about the want of letters from their daughter, who was absent on a visit, had received from the friends she was supposed to be visiting a letter of inquiry as to why Jeanie had never arrived. The countenances of the parents had grown ghastly as they read. Jeanie had never arrived! It was inconceivable to them, and as they could not believe that she could be at fault, or that her will had anything to do with this, their minds naturally jumped at the most terrible conclusion. She had been spirited away somewhere—she had been robbed—she might have been murdered—"or worse, or worse," her mother said to herself, with lips out of which every vestige of color was gone. Jeanie was their eldest child—the eldest of two, who were left to them after many bereavements—a slip of a girl, not much over 16, as light, and as merry, and as tuneful as any bird that ever sung on a bough. She had made life bright for the sober pair, whose previous existence had known many sorrows, and to spare her ever for a visit at Dalmilzan had been an act of self-sacrifice on their parts. They had counted the days till she could return. But when this fatal missive fell upon their hearts like a stone, carrying them to the depths, they did not know what to think or to say. Seven long days! and, oh, heavens, what might have happened in the meantime. Mrs. Pillans put on her big bonnet instantly, and her veil of Spanish lace, with large flowers which hung loosely over it; but her husband stopped her as she was rushing out. "Margaret, my woman, you must stay at home," he said, "you must be here, whatever happens, to receive her, poor bairn—if she is let come home, or if I can find her. Our Jeanie may be coming back in meesery," the good man said, with a quiver in his voice, "and where should she go but to her mother? Margaret, my woman, night or day, till we get her again, you must not be away."

A groan of that terrible suspense, which is the woman's share of mortal misery, came from the mother's breast. But she agreed, after a moment, that her husband was right. If anything had happened to Jeanie, and she came home and did not find her mother, no doubt she would fly away again, and be seen no more. So Mrs. Pillans went back again to her bed-room and put away the big old-fashioned leghorn, with its great yellow feather and costly lace veil. She put them away very carefully, but hurried back to the parlor, one of the windows of which commanded the road. She did not move out of sight of that window all day. She bade the nurse give little Willie his dinner, and leave her undisturbed, for she had a sore head. This, though it was not a graceful expression, was the Scotch for a headache in those days. Mrs. Pillans had no headache, but she had a heartache, and every vein in her was throbbing with excitement and unspeakable pain. The poor woman, wringing her hands with a burst of sudden anguish, asked herself, if the night came on without any news, how could she bear it? But while this was going through her mind, at the very bitterest moment, the door flung open behind her, and Jeanie herself—Jeanie, fresh and fair, out of breath, and with her heart thumping wildly, but as trim, as neat, as smiling as ever, like a fresh flower out of the field—flung herself into her mother's arms.

The exclamation recorded above was the first coherent word Mrs. Pillans said—the joy had taken all her senses, as she said afterward, away from her. She did not ask a question; she did nothing but hold her child in her arms and repeat her name, and satisfy herself that nothing had happened that involved trouble or shame. Had Jeanie come back like a shadow, stealing silent and heart-broken into the shelter of her home, which was what she had feared, she would have gathered her daughter into her arms with the utmost of infinite pity and tenderness. But the light was dancing in Jeanie's eye, her cheek was as fresh and sweet as ever, her frock (and it was her best frock) as pretty and neat. Whatever had happened, harm had not happened. But when the first burst of ecstasy was over, Jeanie had detached herself from her mother's arms. She had gone a step backward and placed herself by the side of another person who was standing nervously within the door. A slim young man, not very much taller or very much older than herself, with a downy young mustache upon his upper lip and a look of appeal and alarm in his eyes. And then it was that Mrs. Pillans dropped down on the nearest chair, and looking at them with a shade of horror creeping over her joy, "Married!" in a tone that no words could describe.

Jeanie stood against the wainscot of the parlor, which brought out her little figure to perfection, her rosy tints, her bright ribbons, the pattern of her dress, which was made of fine printed linen, gay with scattered rosebuds, with the gloss of the flax upon it, a gown and petticoat of the same, such as girls of her period wore. Triumph was in the little heroine's eyes. She was no more afraid of Mrs. Pillans sitting there with the tears of joy upon her cheeks, but fright and wonder in her countenance, than—our children are afraid of us—and what could I say more? "Well," she said, with her little air of audacious self-defence. "You never sent him away. You said we were too young; but I'm not so young now as when you said that, mother, and Edward is older, too. And then there was so much to think of. The regiment might be sent away—you might say we were never to see one another again, which you said you would—but you never did it, mother."

"Oh, Jeanie. You little cutty! When you know it was because I had not the heart—"

"But you never did it," said the little special pleader. "You let him come, and you let me see him; and you never said he wasna to meet me on the road. Mother, here is poor Edward, too frightened to say a word. What will you do to him? It was not his fault, it was mine. Could I let him be sent away, not knowing if I would ever see him again? Could I let him break his heart, mother?" said Jeanie, half laughing, half crying. "We have been ill bairns. I deceived you, but I never told a lie. I only said nothing. We've been very ill bairns. But look at us both, Edward and me, come to beg your pardon; and we'll never, do it again!"

The two culprits should have thrown themselves on their knees when this was said, but the Scotch have a still greater dread of scenes than the English, and they did no such thing. What really took place was that Jeanie, stealing closer and closer, and dragging Edward after her by the hand, finally got once more into her mother's arms, while the young husband, standing behind Mrs. Pillan's chair, made his humble appeal to her, in a very boyish way, by softly patting her shoulder, while the little wife coaxed and pleaded. "Give him a kiss, mother. He was always fond of you—that was what made me like him first—he has no mother of his own; and now he belongs to me, and I belong to him."

"Oh! my Jeanie—my wilful bairn! do you think that's a reason? How can we like the lad that takes you from us?" Mrs. Pillans cried; but she felt the soft appeal of Edward's hand on her shoulder all the same, and her heart melted. It was not very difficult to make her heart melt.

"Was that what granny said, mother," said the bold little bride, between two kisses, "when my father came?"

"Oh, you little cutty, you little cutty!" was all the poor mother's reply.

They were so much excited that they did not hear the steady step coming down the little avenue and up the stone steps to the ever-open door as it came every day at the same hour. Mr. Pillans had come home heart-broken. He had been unable to hear anything of his child; but he would not be later than his usual hour, that he might at least, comfort his wife, and be comforted by her. "Two can bear a thing better than one," he said to himself, planning, in his disturbed mind, where he should go after he had taken counsel with his Margaret. But what was this sound of weeping and talking, and kissing? The good man fell a trembling like a child. He could scarcely open the door; but they were too much occupied to hear, and thus he entered soft y, and stood looking on for a full minute before he was perceived. At sight of his daughter the load was lifted from his heart, and it did not want a second look to tell him exactly the s ate of the case. He nodded his head to himself after the first shock of joyful surprise. To be sure—to be sure! not desirable, far from desirable—but yet—God in heaven be praised—there was nothing wrong with the bairn. He heard the last saucy speech, while he stood dumb with intense emotion and relief. He did not want to burst out crying like the woman—he stood on his dignity—instead, he broke forth, all at once, into a long quivering laugh. "Was that what granny said?" deed it was, and a great deal more."

"Father!" cried Jeanie, suddenly growing pale, and clutching her mother more tightly round the neck. As for young Capt. Sinclair, it was now his turn to bestir himself. He gave up those pats which were going through Mrs. Pillans' black silk straight to the heart, and went forward to meet the newcomer. "I have nothing to do, sir, but throw myself upon your mercy," he said, "but do not blame her, for it's me, only me, that am to blame."

"Sir," said the father, "it's fine speaking. You've taken our treasure, and now you throw yourself on our mercy. What can we do to you? Am I likely to strike you, do you think, through my bairn?"

"Father," said Jeanie, again. She was frightened and breathless, but still bold. She went up to him with a kind of timid daring, and put her hand through his arm. Her cheeks were wet with tears, but her eyes shining. She clasped her hands upon his arm, clinging to him. "Was I to let him break his heart?"

"Lads do not break their hearts. I can say nothing for silly things like you."

"Then let it be like that," cried Jeanie, "I am a silly thing. I am like you father. If he had gone away I would have broken my silly heart; and then when you saw it, and watched me dwining, like poor Mary Scott not so far off, and put me in my deep grave with little Effie and the rest, what would you have said then?"

"You are cruel, Jeanie," said her father. "Heart? there is no heart in you young things. You mind your mother of one bairn she has lost to make her heart soft till she forgives the lad that has stolen another."

"Patrick, Patrick! She didna mean it!" cried the wife through her tears.

"I didna mean it, father. I never thought of it. And it's me I'm asking you to forgive," said the little cutty rubbing her soft cheeks against his sleeve.

"You." He laughed again, and held the clasped hands close to his side for a moment. "Well, you've come home. There's grace in that. Forgive you? We're likely folk to make a quarrel with our own bairn. Go away to your mother. I've got something to say to this fool of a lad. You'll follow me, sir, to my room."

"To your room!" cried Jeanie in alarm. To expose her husband unprotected to her father's wrath was a risk she had never contemplated, and it filled her with dismay. She clung with both hands to Mr. Pillans' arm, lifting up her face with the most wistful of looks against his heart. "Let me come, too," she said, her pretty mouth quivering, and all the lines of her face dropping into pathetic, childish apprehension of that most tragical of all calamities, a scolding from her father. How was Edward to encounter that alone? "Let me come too."

"You will stay with your mother, Jeanie. The lad is less worth than I think him if he is feared to tell his story, on his side, eye to eye with me."

"Jeanie, stay with your mother," cried the young man. "I am not afraid, sir; it is what I wish. Darling, trust me—and trust him."

Mr. Pillans was a good man, but he was mortal, and her father. He put the girl away from him almost roughly. "It's new to me," he said, "to hear my bairn bidden to trust me. We have to put up with all things; but it's a novelty. Perhaps he has kindly instructed her to trust you, too, Margaret. You will try your best to console her for the want of him for ten minutes. I must speak to the young man."

Jeanie paid little attention to the sting of wounded feeling in her father's words. Seventeen so full of its own concerns—and it is so difficult to realize those of others at that experienced ago—and what in heaven or earth could be so important as the danger of cross or harm to Edward? She followed them to the door, mutely communicating her sympathy to her partner with her eyes and hands, which clasped his as he passed her. Edward, for his part, showed more courage. He held his head high as he went out, turning back to give a smile and nod of encouragement to his little bride.

"Oh, if he's hard on my Edward!" cried Jeanie. "If he says cruel things to him! Oh, if they would have taken me with them! Why should you try to part us and scold us separate? We could bear it better together. Oh, if he's hard on my Edward when he gets him all alone!"

"You have little confidence in your father," said Mrs. Pillans. "Jeanie—Jeanie, when was your father hard upon either lad or lass?"

"Oh, mother, how should you know? It's Edward I'm thinking of," cried the girl. "He's not one to stand up for himself. If it was me, he would fight for me like a lion. But for himself—he canna manage my father, he will not know how to speak to him; he canna manage him like me."

"You little cutty!" said her mother; "you manage your father! without thinking in the meantime that you have enough ado to beg our pardon for yourself."

"I'm no thinking of myself," was all that Jeanie said.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Marrying a Widow.

Cleveland, Ohio, Leader.

At Erie, Penn., a genuine comedy in real life was played yesterday. Mrs. Frances Kennedy is a young widow 25 years old. Her husband died about a year ago from a fall. Six months ago William Cumming came courting her, and, his attentions not being distasteful to the widow, she finally consented to marry him in 12 months and a day from the date of her first husband's death. The happy day fell on Wednesday, and the ceremony was to take place at the bride's house. A magnificent wedding feast was prepared, and about 60 guests were invited to partake of it. The hour appointed for the marriage was set for 6 P. M. In the forenoon the bridegroom-elect arrayed himself in his best and went off to invite a few friends in the country, who had been forgotten. The afternoon mail brought a postal card from him stating that he had conscientious scruples about marrying a woman so recently widowed. He would make it a matter of prayer, and would abide the result of his feelings when through. She was not to take this as a positive declination to marry, but that if he did not arrive at 6 o'clock P. M., she might consider the marriage off. Mrs. Kennedy did not faint or go into hysterics, but she decked herself in her bridal robes and smilingly received the guests bidden to the feast. When the minister and all those with wedding garments had arrived, the lady called the meeting to order and read the recreant Cumming's card. Loud and prolonged were the denunciations of the absent groom's conduct.

"This need not prevent the feast," said Mrs Kennedy, and the guests fell to banqueting immediately. After supper the room was cleared for dancing, and Mr. Washington Williams, an elderly bachelor, led the german with the bride. He became so enamored of her that within an hour he proposed, and was accepted. The minister was recalled, and at 11 P. M. Mrs. Kennedy was made Mrs. Washington Williams. The marriage had scarcely been performed when the door-bell was rung violently, and in stalked the conscientious Cummings. He wrestled in prayer with the question, and had concluded to come back and marry. After being introduced to Mrs. Williams it was gently intimated to the broken up Cummings that the lateness of the hour suggested the propriety of his going.

The late issue of *Frank Leslie's Weekly* gives a description of what is called a Menagerie Race in Singapore. Any animal can be entered, and must be driven over the course by the person entering it, with a string round its neck. The trouble is to make them go straight. In this race there was a frog, a goose, a young pig, a cock, a cat, a dog, a turkey, a kid, a duck, a young monkey, and pelican. The pelican got away and flew up into a tree, so was distanced. The dog made for the pig, and the monkey and the cat lay down and would not move a step. The goose finally won the race, as he was the only one that could be induced to go straight.

The Appointment of a Sheykh.

In an Arab tribe, when the Sheykh dies, the elders of the tribe, heads of its great houses and sections, assemble in one of their number's tent, and, sitting in a circle, discuss the subject of his succession. Theoretically, the choice of a successor is open to any one of them, for the tribe, however large, is all one great family, descended from a common ancestor, and though no one from without could be admitted to the supreme rule, any one from within the tribe can hold office. But in practice the choice is limited to a few persons. The reverence of the Arabs for blood, and for selected strains of blood, prevents them, except in very exceptional cases, from changing the dynasty of their rulers. If the dead man has left behind him a son of full age and respectable qualities, he will, without dispute, be acknowledged Sheykh. If not, an uncle, a nephew, or a cousin will be chosen. Only in extreme circumstances of general danger, or of failure, of heirs male, can the member of a new family reasonably aspire to power. Moreover, there is no uniform law of election. The meeting does not pretend to give a right, only to confirm one; for the right lies not with the electors, but with him who can maintain his election. There is, therefore, no formal system of voting; but the elders, having ascertained who among the dead man's relations commands the strongest following, proceed to acknowledge him by the ceremony of giving their hands. He then becomes their Sheykh. It sometimes happens, however, that parties are so evenly divided between rival leaders that the tribe divides, one section going this way and the other that, until one of the leaders gives in his submission; otherwise the quarrel is decided by the sword. All these features of the Arabian tribal system of succession may be noticed in the first elections to the Caliphate. As soon as it was known that Mohammed was indeed dead, a conclave composed of the elders and chief men of Islam, self-constituted and recognizing no special popular mandate, assembled in the house of Omar ibn el Khattub. This conclave is known to jurists as the Ahl'el helli wa el agde—the people of the loosing and knotting—because they assumed the duty of solving the knotty question of succession. A nice point had to be decided, just such a one as has in all ages been the cause of civil war in Arabia. The prophet had left no son, but more than one near relation. Moreover, at that moment the new nation of Islam was in danger of internal disruption, and the religious and the civil elements in it were on the point of taking up arms against each other. The two chief candidates were Ali ibn Abuteleb and Abu Bekr, the one son-in-law and cousin and the other father-in-law of Mohammed—Ali represented the civil, Abu Bekr the religious party; and as it happened that this latter party was predominant at Medina, it was on Abu Bekr that the choice fell. He was recognized the head of the more powerful faction, and his chiefs took him their hands, while civil war was only prevented by the magnanimous submission of Ali.

White and Brown Bread.

The earliest agitator in the matter observed two years ago, when travelling in Sicily, that the laboring classes there live healthily and work well upon a vegetable diet, the staple article of which is bread made of well ground wheat-meal. Nor are the Sicilians by any means the only people so supported. "The Hindus of the North-western Province can walk 50 to 60 miles a day with no other food than 'chapatties,' made of the whole meal, with a little 'ghee,' or Galam butter." Turkish and Arab porters, capable of carrying burdens of from 400 to 600 pounds, live on bread only, with the occasional addition of fruit and vegetables. The Spartans and Romans of old time lived their vigorous lives on bread made of wheaten meal. In Northern, as well as Southern, climates, we find the same thing. In Russia, Sweden, Scotland, and elsewhere, the poor live chiefly on bread, always made from some whole meal—wheat, oats, or rye—and the peasantry, of whatever climate, so fed, always compare favorably with our South English poor, who, in conditions of indigence precluding them from obtaining sufficient meat food, starve, if not to death, at least into sickliness, on the white bread it is our modern English habit to prefer. White bread alone will not support animal life. Bread made of the whole grain will. The experiment has been tried in France by Magendie. Dogs were the subjects of the trial, and every care was taken to equalize all other conditions—to proportion the quantity of food given in each case to the weight of the animals experimented upon, and so forth. The result was sufficiently marked. At the end of 40 days the dogs fed solely on white bread died. The dogs fed on bread made of the whole bread remained vigorous, healthy, and well nourished. Whether an originally healthy human being, if fed solely on white bread for 40 days, would likewise die at the end of that time remains, of course, a question. The tenacity of life exhibited by Magendie's dogs will not evidently bear comparison with that of the scarcely yet forgotten 40 days' wonder, Dr. Tanner. Nor is it by any means asserted that any given man or any given child would certainly remain in vigorous health for an indefinite length of time if fed solely on wheat meal bread. Not a single piece of direct evidence has been produced, however, to show that he would not; and in the only case in which whole-meal bread has been tried with any persistency or on any considerable scale among us—to wit, in jails—facts go to show such bread to be an excellent and wholesome substitute for more costly forms of nutritious food.

The Earth as a Battery.

The electric disturbances which have manifested themselves recently in auroral displays, have so affected the telegraph wires as to interfere with the dispatch of messages. The Superintendent of the New York office thinks that they might be trained to do the work instead of interfering with it. His plan is to detach the wires from the battery and run them into the ground. During a severe storm a few years since, the wires were thus disconnected, and for two hours and a half, while the storm was raging fiercest, important reports were sent over the wires by the electricity thus generated.

The population of Alsace-Lorraine has increased over 4,000 in five years.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

Lawrence Ripe Tomato Pickle.—Seven pounds of ripe tomatoes, one quart of vinegar, four pounds of sugar; put together five days; then boil until tomatoes are done; skim out the tomatoes and then boil juice down to half the quantity, with one ounce of cinnamon and one ounce of allspice.

Old-Fashioned Baked Apples.—Take juicy apples, pare and core whole; use a large corer. Put side by side in a baking pan and fill up centres with brown sugar; pour into each a little lemon-juice, and stick to each a long piece of lemon evenly cut; put enough water in the bottom of the pan to prevent the apples from burning, and bake gently until done.

Old-Fashioned Apple Jelly.—Take twenty large, juicy apples, pare and chop; put into jar with the rind (yellow part) of four large lemons, pared thin and cut in bits; cover the jar closely and set in a pot of boiling water; keep water boiling hard all round it until the apples are dissolved; strain in a jelly-bag and mix with the liquid the juice of the four lemons; to one pint of mixed juice one pound sugar; put in kettle, and when sugar is melted set it on the fire, and boil and skim about 20 minutes, or until it is a thick, fine jelly.

Citron Preserve.—Take out seeds, pare and cut up, and put in water for one night; in the morning put in kettle and simmer, not boil, slowly; the slices should be thin; to one pound of citron one pound of white sugar, quarter of a pound of ginger root, six pounds of fruit; put the ginger, bruised, in a muslin bag; half a lemon to each pound; when the fruit is boiled tender pour off that water and add sugar, lemon slices, and ginger; let it boil slowly till it comes to a jelly; then pour over citron, which should be transparent. The large green melon is better than small ones.

Quince Marmalade.—Six pounds of ripe yellow quinces; pare, core, and cut in bits; to one pound cut quince one-half pound sugar; put parings and cores in kettle with water enough to cover; boil slowly to pieces, and strain through cloth; put in this water quinces; put in bit of cochineal, and boil all over quick fire till a quick, smooth paste, keeping covered, except when skimming—always after skimming; stir up from the bottom; you can, when cold, put this in glass jars, or deep plates covered with brandied paper; set in luke-warm water when you wish to use it, and the marmalade will turn out easily.

Quince Preserve.—After paring and extracting the cores quarter and lay in scalding water closely covered for one hour or till tender; this will prevent them from hardening; put paring, seeds, and cores into preserving kettle, cover in water in which you coddled the quinces, and boil one hour, keeping closely covered; to every pint of this liquor, one pound of sugar, which, having dissolved in it, put on fire; boil it up and skim; when scum has ceased rising put in quinces and boil till they are red, tender, and clear all through, but not till they break; keep kettle closely covered if you wish your quinces to be bright colored; if you wish them to be red put tiny bit of cochineal in a muslin bag; when done take out and spread on a large dish to cool, then put in jars; give syrup another boil up and it will be like fine jelly; pour it hot over fruit.

College Jokes.

A red-headed sophomore recently attended a masquerade wrapped from his neck to his heels in a brown cloth, and with his head bare. He represented a lighted cigar.

A senior, who is dissatisfied with his photographs has been sending them around to his friends with the following remarks written on the back. "Errata—1. Imagine more expression in the eyes. 2. Imagine a smaller nose. 3. Think of my natural vivacity in place of the dullness here. 4. Imagine my mustache."

A Cornell man was recently injured by an accidental discharge of his duties.

The Yale *News* presented the following transcript of an official excuse paper: "Please excuse my absence from College duties last Monday and Tuesday. I was confined to my room by seasickness."

A man called out to his creditor: "Get out, you Ornithorhyncus?" The man departed meekly. "Who's that?" inquired a friend of the speaker. "An Ornithorhynchus." "How's that?" "Well, Webster defines him as 'a beast with a bill.'"—*Yale Courant.*

"The following was evolved recently from the brilliant brain of one of our juniors, who has evidently been thinking seriously of his rhetoric: 'Most lies are hyperboles. Hyperbole is a figure; hence most lies are figures. But figures can't lie. *Ergo*, a lie is not a lie, *quod est demonstrandum.*'"—*Volante, Northwestern University.*

A Tough Witness.

Not even a lawyer, however skillful in cross-examination, can make the witness tell the truth, provided the witness wishes to evade it. It is impossible to put the question in such exact language that it will demand the desired answer. It was necessary, on a certain occasion in court, to compel a witness to testify as to the way in which a Mr. Smith treated his horse. "Well, sir," said the lawyer, with a sweet and winning smile—a smile intended to drown suspicion as to the ulterior purposes—"how does Mr. Smith general ride a horse?" The witness looked up innocently and replied: "Generally a-straddle, sir, I believe." The lawyer asked again: "But, sir, what gait does he ride?" The imperturbable witness answered, "He never rides any gate at all, sir, but I've seen his boys ride every gate on the farm." The lawyer saw he was on the track of a Tartar, and his next question was very insinuating. "How does Mr. Smith ride when he is in company with others? I demand a clear answer." "Well, sir," said the witness, "he keeps up with the rest if his horse is able to, or if not he falls behind." The lawyer by this time was almost beside himself, and asked, "And how does he ride when he is alone?" "I don't know," was the reply; "I never was with him when he was alone," and there the case dropped.

A brother arose in a weekly prayer-meeting and said: "Brethren, when I consider the shortness of life, I feel as if I might be taken away suddenly, like a thief in the night."

A ROYAL HERMIT.

The Luxurious Life of King Louis of Bavaria.

The halo which surrounds a saint, a hero, or a king, in the eyes of the multitude, is—unless the monarch be an Alexander, a Frederick, a Napoleon, the saint a Francois Xavier, the hero a Bayard—easily lost if its wearer is too constantly exposed to the gaze of the vulgar, who, discerning qualities of an inferior kind, will not be slow in bringing down the object of awe and veneration to the level of ordinary mankind. In consequence the rulers of the Oriental states, such as Thibet, China, or Japan, wisely taking into account this human peculiarity, have only exceptionally—the emperor of China, as a rule, twice a year—exposed their august countenances to their subjects' inspection. But this unnatural isolation from society is mostly felt as an irksome necessity by the high dignitary who submits to it, and he is apt to make up for it by resorting to nightly incognito excursions and other practices such as our travellers have depicted as fashionable among Japanese taiccons and daimios But Europe possesses a monarch who not only shuns the public gaze and withdraws from his subjects' observation when his capital is revelling in festivities and beer to celebrate the seven hundredth anniversary of the foundation of his dynasty; who not only lets a curtain down to shelter him from his private secretary's view when engaged in transacting business with the latter, but to whom distant and scantily inhabited mountain districts do not offer sufficient privacy without the adoption of special precautions against all possible intruders. Few, indeed, are those who can boast of having seen King Louis of Bavaria in one of his summer retreats and it is only by combining various accounts and rumors with the result of a short ocular glimpse at the Lindenhof that I am able to sketch out faintly for your readers some of the wonders of that fairy Alpine nook, without, however, vouching absolutely for the correctness of all details.

The Ober Ammergau is known to many of your readers, but few may have felt tempted to follow the river Ammer three miles further up and to enter the broad and green Graswangthal, which, rising gradually, stretches off in a southwesterly direction toward the mountain peaks of the Tyrol. And yet this portion of the Bavarian highlands conceals strange things, and an account of the Lindenhof sounds as an echo from the Arabian Nights. There stands a palace, an imitation of the one at Versailles. Gigantic caryatides support the projecting parts of the edifice. Gilt balconies and niches rich with marble statues enliven its front, and allegorical figures of all kinds, the seasons, the four parts of the world, yea, Louis Quatorze himself, are distributed in the arbors and shrubberies all around. The entrance is copied from the beautiful porch of the cathedral at Rheims. The interior of the chateau is furnished from Paris, in the gorgeous style of the Renaissance. Costly Gobelins deck the walls, numberless agates ornament the stoves, embroideries of rare and expensive kind meets the eye everywhere, and the bed in which the king sleeps is of so magnificent construction, the gold embroidery on the red velvet curtains so elaborate, that £75,000 are said to have been spent on this article of furniture alone.

But all this splendor sinks into insignificance before the marvels in the park. Memories of ancient Greece rise up before us as we behold on the hillside a temple of Venus, and in it a beautiful statue of the goddess, in the purest marble of Carrara. Behind it a tunnel of great extent leads us into the bowels of the mountain. Here all the waters descending from the Klammspitz and the Hennenkopf have been caught up and gathered into an artificial subterranean lake, already the subject of legendary lore. The cavern is coated on the inside with tufaceous limestone, and is known by the name of the Blue grotto, owing to the blue resplendence of the water in it in former times. But now the resemblance to Capri and its cave has vanished. The royalty inhabiting this fairy palace causes the cave to be lit up by day and by night with artificial flames, protected by globes or plates of light glass, and thus it is on waves of liquid gold that glides along the swan-shaped gondola and its solitary occupant, girt may be with Lehengrin's armor. An ingenious contrivance, driven by steam, agitates the waters of this still cave, and produces the semblance of the effects of a breeze. No human eye being allowed to gaze on this strange boating exercise, the life of the royal hermit was in no small danger some time ago, when the steam engine created a veritable storm, and the bark was capsized. It has been hinted that the artificial moon which casts its light on the royal slumberer in his palace at Munich has a chance of being transported hither to grace the subterranean scenes. The cave is heated the whole year round, in order that the royal owner may, even on a sudden and unexpected visit, find the temperature to his taste. The lake serves to feed numerous fountains irrigating and decorating the park, and surrounded by brilliant flower-beds. The chilly atmosphere not being propitious for training flowers, they are reared in nursery gardens far away in the plains and mysteriously planted before daybreak by the hands of gardeners who withdraw during daytime in order not to break the spell of the all-prevading silence. A flight of two hundred marble steps fringed with beautiful flowers, takes us down the hill to the famous old linden tree, which has given its name to the place. We observe a fountain sending up jets of water to unusual heights, and, finally, we come once more upon the fine bronze lions holding watch near the gate. Rocky peaks and mountain wilds surround the park, and prohibit profane eyes from partaking in pleasures unique in the fullest sense of the word. Two spots to the south of the palace still require mention. Below the Dreithorspitz mountain, on a solitary Alpine meadow inaccessible to tourists, untrodden by any common mortal, a hut has been built as described by Richard Wagner in his opera "Walkure," a true "Hunningshutte" of trunks, branches, and bark. Above it lies a hermitage of similar construction, and in front of it a tiny lake, sides and bottom laid out with tin to prevent the water from escaping through the porous soil. So lovely is the spot that the chamois come there to drink. Less simple in style is a Moorish pavilion, surnamed Morocco, standing in the midst of dark fir, but resplendent with gold and jewellery. The most precious ornament it contains is a large peacock, rich in emeralds and turquoises, suspended from the midst of the ceiling, and lit up by magnificent chandeliers, the light of which is thrown back from innumerable mirrors lining the octagon on all sides.

King Louis, though not so handsome as he has been, is still an uncommonly fine-looking man; he has shown eminent good sense in all cases of emergency, both with regard to the government of Bavaria and to German politics, and so long as he continues to do so his countrymen will not grumble at his eccentric fancies, though they may justly think that it is rather expensive in these days to realize scenes from fairyland without the aid of a magician's wand.

Progress in Burglary.

N. Y. Times.

In the bright lexicon of the modern burglar it is written that evil deeds love not darkness, but broad daylight. The fashionable hours for burglary are now from 8 to 11 in the morning. In the slow-going old times, before the profession had shaken off the cramping traditions handed down from a remote past, all reputable burglars plied their vocation in the darkest hours of the night, from midnight until 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning. These late hours were extremely injurious to the health, and in conjunction with other risks, accidents and exposures incident to the profession, materially shortened the life of burglars as a class. Under the changing conditions and habits of society, it is now found entirely possible to avoid the evils of night work. Legal practitioners now do their professional work wholly in the day time, which enables them to give up their evenings to innocent and healthful recreation, and the hours of night to refreshing sleep. Under this wiser regimen the longevity of the burglars as set down in life insurance tables may be expected to show a marked increase, and they will no longer be classed as an undesirable risk.

The change in hours necessarily involves some other radical changes. Under the new system houses temporarily vacated by their tenants are usually selected as the field of operation. The summer is therefore the harvest season of the New York burglar. Favored by the fact that the people of this city have a habit of minding their own business closely and know next to nothing about the affairs of their next-door neighbors, the burglar of the new school, who is not the low-browed, unshaven and ill-savored villain of the old times, but a well-dressed gentleman of easy manners and pleasing exterior, mounts the steps of a house of a fine morning with the air of a man just back from the country, opens the door with his skeleton key, enters, and spends an hour or two in making his selections from the clothing, jewellery, plate, and other valuables left in the house. By this time his express waggon is at the door, and two men, confederates of the operator inside the house, or perhaps genuine expressmen, are seen by the neighbors to bring two or three trunks from the house and drive off with them. The gentlemanly looking man soon after leaves the house and walks leisurely away, smoking a cigar or glancing over the morning paper as he goes. All this forms one of the commonest of sights in the streets of New York, and attracts no attention, even from the police.

The plundering of Mr. Bell's house, in Each One Hundred and Fifteenth street, was a typical burglary of this kind. The house was entered on a Saturday night, when the son of Mr. Bell, who slept there every night of the week except Saturday and Sunday, was known to be in the country. Silk dresses, laces, furs, jewellery and other articles, to the value of $5,000, were packed in trunks ready for removal. During the forenoon of Monday, just after the owner of the house had visited it without discovering anything out of the way in its appearance, an express waggon was driven to the door and the trunks were carried away. In this case a young and rich'y dressed woman stood upon the stoop and superintended the removal of the trunks. What neighbor, what policeman, even, would think of meddling in a transaction of this kind, or of betraying an impertinent inquisitiveness? Sometimes, as in a case in Lexington avenue, the householder comes back to town, after a month in the country, to find only the bare walls of his house left. Carpets, furniture, pictures, everything have been removed. He learns that his chattels have been taken away in the most matter-of-fact kind of a way in furniture vans. He hunts up the drivers of the vans, and ultimately, perhaps, discovers some of his property in the shops of the dealers in second-hand furniture. Another type of operator is the man who visits a shop or store between 6 or 7 o'clock in the morning, the usual hour of opening, enters with a false key and is off with his booty before the proprietor arrives. The chances are that his movements attract no attention, even from the policemen on the beat, though one of this class was caught in Brooklyn a few mornings ago.

What the Photographer Said.

"Sit right there."
"Move over a little."
"A little more to the left."
"Ah, that's too much."
"Hold your chin up."
"Look about there."
"Drop your left hand."
"Put your feet a little closer together."
"Let me brush the hairs off your shoulder."
"I must fix your head again."
"Now let me see."
"Drop your right shoulder a little."
"That's good. Now lower your chin."
"Now look as pleasant as you can."
"That right foot is out too much."
"Look out for your chin. There—just so."
"Now you are all right. Let me see."
"Now think of something funny."

"Guess you'd better look at this photograph. Keep your eyes wide open and wink as often as you like."

"There! that'll do. No—your chin is too high. Down—down—that's it."

"Now smile."
"That's it."
"Chest out."
"Shoulders up."
"Drop your hand."
"Once more now—smile."
"There!"

"Well, this is a pretty fair picture, but I guess you'd better sit again. It looks blurry around the eyes."

Atmosphere of the Table.

It is impossible to estimate properly the immense influence which is exerted upon a household by the atmosphere of the family table. If it is true that one does not come out of a room the same person he went in, the mind ever after retaining the impress of what affected it there, what great results must be achieved from the meeting three times a day in the dining-room, from the conversation indulged in, and the sentiments expressed there. A neat, well-ordered table is in itself a lesson to the children.

I have noticed that a sensitive child almost invariably has better manners when dressed in his best, and have seen with surprise the effect produced upon a certain small boy of my acquaintance by handsomely dressed ladies who are polite to him. To the inviting table, where there should always be something attractive, however simple the meal may be, most children will come prepared to behave properly. It is really worth while, and, when philosophically considered, it is a matter of great importance to lay aside as far as possible all thoughts of hard work done before and to be done after the meal, and to allow no vexatious questions to be discussed at the time. The habit of brooding over our work, and exhausting ourselves by going all over it in our minds, is one to be studiously avoided. There is nothing that takes from one's energy more than this, and it is a frequent cause of insanity.

Everybody knows that food digests better when in agreeable company. It was something more than a pleasantry which made a friend remark that he could not have his wife and child pass the summer away from him as it gave him the dyspepsia. The poor child who comes to grief at the table, and is sent away from it with his dinner half eaten, and who suffers the whole afternoon with an undigested lump of food in his stomach, is to be pitied, and it is a wise plan to explain to the children that in this way they will be punished for bad conduct at the table.

It follows, then, that pleasant surprises in the way of preparing favorite dishes, that good taste and much painstaking in arranging all the appointments of the table and dining-room, rise above a mere ministering to the animal existence, and affect the fine issues of life. Good behavior and cheerfulness ought to accompany each meal as naturally and unwavering as bread and butter. The happy laughter which distributes nervous force, and calls the blood from the brain, allowing the stomach to get a share, should be heard more frequently from our tables. No one should feel at liberty to say one word that is not kind and thoughtful, any more than he would withhold a sufficient quantity of food. These facts need more careful consideration than they usually receive.

France and Germany After Ten Years.

From the London Standard.

To-day the people of Berlin are celebrating the eleventh anniversary of the battle of Sedan. He would have been a bold man who, 10 years ago, or a twelvemonth after the battle of Sedan, had ventured to predict that on the 1st of September, 1881, the relations of Germany and France would be described in authoritative language as close and cordial. Yet such we are asked to believe are the relations of the two countries at the present moment, and as far as the demeanor of diplomatists may be taken as a test of the mutual good feeling of contiguous States, we are bound to allow that the Courts of Berlin and Paris are on the most friendly terms. Now and again some little incident or other arises to ruffle the smooth surface of this reciprocal cordiality, but it quickly subsides, and is explained away either as arising from the inadvertent utterance of some individual politician, or from the hasty misinterpretation of the vulgar. Now it is M. Gambetta, who, to use the phrase of Corinne, mistakes his reminiscences for his hopes; now it is some journalist who overflows with martial patriotism, and is wanting in circumspection. But the impression left by these spasmodic phenomena is not permanent, and month by month the opinion is strengthened that the armed disputants of 1870 entertain for each other feelings of forbearance and respect. At the same time, though a marked change has come over the diplomatic relations of these two powerful neighbors, neither France nor Germany relaxes, apparently, its steady and imposing preparations for the contingency of a fresh duel to the death. It might almost be said that, in its treatment of the other, each remembers the cynical advice to behave toward a friend as though he may one day be your enemy, and to an enemy as though he may one day become a friend. The courtesy of both is unimpeachable; but neither trusts the other, and each against the other takes precautions that cannot well be concealed.

Cetewayo.

Cetewayo's letter to Bishop Colenso, which is published this morning, is not without a certain pathetic eloquence. "Has my case," he asks, "been let drop? Or is it being gone on with?" I ask you tell me how my case stands, because I should wish to go to England at once if I knew that my case is just standing still. How could I stay here waiting for things to be put right for me in the years to come while my family is being scattered and ruined? I could only endure to wait if I knew that I was soon to return to Zululand." In his exile he has heard sad news from home.

"I am much grieved for that wife of mine who, I hear, is dead. My heart is darkened because of my wife, who was very dear to me. Write for me to my family that I mourn greatly for this. But it grieves me that I do not know where or how she died. You only tell me her name. Ask for me where she was living, since (for aught I hear) she may have died on the hill side."

In his impatience to return he feels "so sad that he may, without thinking, die trying to travel rather than live so unhappily and in misery." His present intention is to visit England and plead his cause in person, accompanied by his leading indunas. "I do dread the sea, but my heart troubles me still more." But will the jailers of the dethroned king allow their victim to cross the sea?

THERE was a large attendance at the schools to-day. Every boy who hadn't lost an eye brought two pupils.

SUGGESTIONS OF AND FOR THE SEASON.

The Late Crops.

American Agriculturist.

There is probably not much corn now standing in the districts where early frosts prevail, and the October days are largely spent in husking this important crop. If there is a market for husks the ears may be picked from the stalks and husked in the barn, otherwise it is more rapid and economical to husk in the field. The corn fodder, after husking, should be bound in bundles and stood up in large shocks to protect it from the weather as much as possible. Fodder that is carefully set up and tightly bound will keep well until needed to feed out, often being better cured and brighter than that which has been packed in a large mow before it was fully dried. The selection of the seed corn though usually made this month, should have been done early in Sep ember, by going among the standing corn and marking the ears that possess most largely of the desired qualities. There are several things to be observed in selecting seed corn, prominent among which are, earliness of maturity, size of stalk, amount of leaf, size and number of ears, and the filling out of the grains upon the cob. A farmer who practises a rigid selection with certain desired points in view, will in a few years have a variety of corn that is his own—quite different from that of his neighbors—growing the same variety, but who may be selecting with some other end in view—or perhaps making no selection at all. At husking time the selected ears may be easily kno n from the others by leaving some of the husks upon them, by which they can afterwards be braided together and hung in a dry loft, or the peak of the corn crib, out of the way of rats and mice. The manner of storing the husked corn will depend somswhat upon the locality in which it is grown; for small farms where corn is most valuable, a corn-house should be provided, or else the loss from vermin will be considerable. A house or crib of moderate size can be built at small cost: it should be set well up from the ground, upon posts firmly put in the earth, and on the tops of which are placed inverted tin pans, to keep the mice from entering from below. Free ventilation is essential to the thorough curing of the corn, therefore the sides of the crib should be slatted. So far as curing corn is concerned, there is nothing better than the old rail pen, narrower at the base than at the top, with stalks or boards for a cover, but it is not secure from vermin.

The sooner potatoes are dug after they are grown the better. They may be kept in heaps for a little while to throw off moisture, and thus to secure them from heating when put in deep bins or large pits. Potatoes should not be exposed to sunlight, as they "green" and develop a principle which not only gives them a disagreeable flavor, but which is really unwholesome. A cool and dark cellar, that never freezes, is the most suitable for keeping potatoes. The moderately warm days of this month are favorable to the growth of the late roots. So soon as the heavy frosts are expected, the mangels and sugar beets must be secured. The tops should be rubbed, not cut, off, as they keep longer. Secure the carrots next after the beets, and follow with the turnips, leaving the Swedes until the last. In pitting roots they should be put in when dry. The pit may extend to any desired length, a ventilator should be put in at intervals of six feet.

Winter Wheat and Rye may still be sown, though so good a start cannot be expected as when the seed is put in earlier. A top-dressing of a quick-acting fertilizer may be applied to aid the young plants to make a growth before the cold of winter sets in. A similar dressing may be applied to grass lands with profit, though it should be given only in small doses, otherwise some will be lost by washing out of the soil by winter and early spring rains.

Ploughing for spring crops may be done now, and the soil left rough to be subjected to the fullest possible action of the weather. Should weeds come up in any quantity after the ploughing, the ground may be harrowed, or if very bad, ploughed again. Stiff clay land is greatly benefited by ridge ploughing. This is done by turning two furrows against two others. Such lands must be ploughed again in the spring, splitting these furrows, which will bring the soil into a much improved condition.

Notes on Live Stock.

Little extra feeding will be necessary now to bring the horses and cattle to the beginning of winter in good order. The season is too far advanced for turning horses out at night. If horses are caught in a heavy cold rain, they should be rubbed dry and blanketed as soon as they reach home. The product of the dairy should be increased in every possible way; this requires the best feed and plenty of pure water, and frequent tending of the animals to keep them neat and clean. Young stock should not suffer from the cold and wet. A rough shed in the pasture is a useful protection until it is time to take the young animals to the barn or stable. A cheap temporary structure is two crotched posts, eight feet long set firmly in the ground, and connected at the top by a cross pole—this bears the ends of the poles which makes the top and rear of the shelter. The ends are boarded up. Long-wool sheep are easily chilled by cold rain, and should be kept from getting wet through at this season. Sheep should never be shut up at night in close sheds—they require abundant ventilation. For March lambs the ewes should be coupled this month—a pure South-down ram is the best for this purpose. A plump fat lamb is the one that sells quickly and at a good profit. Brood sows should be in good condition for coupling, which comes next month for March pigs. It does not pay to keep pigs over a year for fattening. Big pork is the kind that pays. If eggs are expected during the winter they must be provided for by disposing of old hens and selecting the best young pullets and cockerels left. They should have clean quarters and plenty of pure water, lime, in the form of shells or bones, gravel, etc. Do not crowd the fowls, and if well fed and kept warm, an abundance of eggs may be expected from them.

Ashes as a Fertilizer.

Unleached wood ashes contain all the constituents of plant food that the ordinary or worn out soil needs, except nitrogen. By their chemical action, they render much of the inert nitrogen in soils available, and in that way may be said to furnish nitrogen. This is true of lime, and on this power of making nitrogen available, the greatest value of lime, when applied as a fertiliser, depends. Ashes also have a good mechanical effect upon the soil, especially heavy clay soils, which are made lighter and more porous, so that air and water circulates more freely. Ashes do not suffer waste by being washed out, to the extent that is true of the more soluble and concentrated fertilizers sold in the market—their effects are therefore more lasting.

CURRENCY.

A MAN was whipped in Chicago for calling another an "official bulletin," which was construed to mean "liar."

FRANCE has 40,000,000 hens, and an American woman might "shoo!" all day at one of them without alarming it. They don't understand English.

A CHICAGO editor who spent three weeks in Boston says he saw only one good-looking woman during his stay, and that was his wife. When a Chicago editor will pay a compliment to his wife his sarcasm can be forgotten.

THE profound observer of the New Orleans *Times* announces the discovery: "A man sometimes forgets, before he has paid, whether he has paid or not, but after he has paid he never forgets that he has paid. Man is naturally a liar."

THE Government of Egypt seems to be made up of robbers, thieves, malcontents, incompetents, cowards and lunatics, and when a man starts for the corner grocery to talk politics he can't tell whether he'll lose his head or be made a ruler.

WHEN it rains all the week you may know that there is a fair going on somewhere. There is nothing, unless it is a picnic, that will bring rain like a fair, and we sometimes wonder, in time of drought, why the farmers do not get up a county or State fair.

A BOAT race lately rowed by two crews of girls is described in the Cincinnati *Enquirer* as funny. "Now and then a fair rower 'caught a crab'—that is, in other than boating English, she didn't get the blade of her oar out of the water promptly at the conclusion of the stroke—then the handle end flew back to whack her in her dear little stomach, and she tumbled backward off her seat while her light heels twinkled blithesomely above the gunwale of the boat."

ONE of the New York penitentiaries has among its convicts a lightning calculator named James Nolan, but better known as "Jimmy the Bootblack." Although possessing little or no education, he is at home among figures. A glance over a column of figures is sufficient to enable him to give the footing. If standing before a blackboard while another person is putting down figures, he will be ready with the sum total when the last stroke is made, no matter how rapidly one may make them.

As she tripped along the street she glanced in the plate glass windows to see her figure, and a look of pride in her bright eyes danced, as she thought no female craft could outrig her. On, on she tripped with winsome grace, her tiny heels on the stone flags tapping, and a smile of pleasure came o'er her face, as conquests great she was mentally mapping. But alas! for her pride! an orange peel careened the fair craft with many a flutter, and the crowd on the corner loud did squeal to see her lie and kick in the gutter.

A WOMAN in New Jersey has hair eight feet long, and it all grew right where she wears it, too. Commenting upon her wonderful hirsute stock in trade the Boston *Post* says that "when one of those hairs get coiled up in the butter and a fellow gets hold of one end of it, after it gets into his mouth and goes to pulling it out, the wild look in his eye before he finishes the job is a caution." What a deceased give-way one of them would be if found coiled up and lazily sunning itself on the velvet collar of a meek-eyed, short-haired citizen as he sat down at the breakfast table!

JOCULARITIES.

DON'T argue with a fool, or listeners will say that there are two of you.

TRINIDAD is supposed to be the father of the West India Islands.

"How many carriages shall you want to haul the grief?" is the way the undertakers put it in Deadwood.

A merchant died suddenly just after finishing a letter. His clerk added the postscript: "Since writing the above I have died. Tuesday evening, 7th instant."

A Boston policeman recently walked with his wife, in broad daylight, right down where every cook on his beat could see him, and a movement is on foot to present him with a medal for bravery.

There was a young man of St. Cyr,
Who impatiently muttered, "Oh, dyr!
I certainly tyr
To have drunk too much byr,
For my head feels unaccountably qyar!"

JUMPING over a fence in the middle of the night and meeting a bull dog that is a total stranger to you is one of those exciting little incidents of life which go far to break the monotony and rob existence of a tiresome sameness.

TOOTLEKINS, who is a member of a Shakesperian club, called out the other evening to the maid of all work: "Go bid thy mistress when my drink is ready she strike upon the bell." Tea was the beverage to which Mr. T. referred.

GAME SHOOTERS recently applied to Amidah Bledso for some pecuniary assistance. "I jess can't do it," replied Bledso. "I has to support an pore ole madder." "But yer pore ole mudder says you don't do nuffin for her." "Well, den, if I don't do nuffin for my pore ole mudder, what's de use ob an outsider like you tryin' ter make me shell out?"

ily with one of the greatest comforts and conveniences of the ho ... at a trifling expense. It is wise economy to build one that is substantial, and will last for a long time. It has been carefully estimated that, under ordinary circumstances of harvesting the ice, and with a house to hold from 20 to 35 tons, the ice can be furnished for 50 cents a ton. At such a low rate, surely many farmers can not afford any longer to deny themselves of ice during the hot months of summer. Let an ice-house be built this fall in time for the ice crop.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, OCTOBER 13, 1881.

THE grand jury at Ottawa have returned true bills against four of the men charged with the murder of the old man Westherall on the occasion of a charivari.

THE Feehleys, charged in participation in the Biddulph tragedy, have been admitted to bail in $2,000 each, and two sureties of $1,000 each. The trial is to take place next spring.

VENNOR has given us a promise of a nice little bit of Indian summer weather for this week, as a warm wave is approaching, but look out for Sunday, as this warm wave will be followed by one of cold and snow.

LUCAN has provided another sensation. Bill and Bob Donnelly, Con. Carty, his son Patrick, and John Kent were arrested on Sunday night while setting fire to a mill, and safely lodged in gaol. Other arrests have also been made.

ON Saturday last the grand jury at Washington brought in a true bill against Guitteau for the murder of the late President. The indictment, which embraces eleven counts against the assassin, is drawn with great minuteness. It is asserted that the prosecution will mainly rely on the fifth and sixth counts.

BLACKBURN who was sentenced in August last to four months' imprisonment and forty lashes for an attempted outrage on a little girl, received the last twenty Thursday morning last. He was more nervous on this occasion than when receiving the first lot. His pulse showed 140. The flogging had a better effect this time than on the former occasion.

THE people of Toronto claim that if Hanlan wishes to retain his popularity he will beat Ross on Toronto Bay. As the people of his own city have not seen him row a race for a long time, they claim that it is not the right thing for him to give an American community the pleasure of witnessing the triumph with which he proposes to end his racing career. We would suggest that the race be contested on our "Hog Lake," this would not only aid the Champion in maintaining his well earned popularity but would afford the people of Toronto a magnificient opportunity of witnessing this great aquatic event on smoothe water, which seems almost impossible on their own Bay.

A NEW temperance movement is on foot in Belleville having for its grand object the abandonment of treating. It is proposed to organize an Anti-treating Association and to endeavor to get all classes of the community—especially the young men—interested in it. It is alarming to note the prevalence of this vicious evil—men, whose heads are whitening for the grave, men, just in the prime of manhood, with glorious prospects of long and prosperous lives before them, and even the youths of our land, some of whom are scarcely old enough to leave their mother's knee, all indulging in this soul-ruining practice—and, unless taken hold of in some way similar to this present movement, we may anticipate increased wickedness and crime. We hope and trust the originators of this scheme may be encouraged by all temperance workers, together with all peace-loving people, and that they may join hands in this warfare, and by their united efforts achieve a glorious victory.

ANYTHING that tends to the advancement of the dairy in our country has naturally a deep interest for our readers, and whatever helps the cheese makers of this section to increase the value of their products, adds so much to the material prosperity of the community. Although perhaps very late in the season to throw out any hints upon this important subject, yet it may not be out of place, and may perhaps have some good effect, to offer a few such suggestions which we think, if given attention to, may profit some one.

Firstly, we would impress upon the the patrons of cheese factories the necessity of supplying pure and unadulterated milk, free from all taints that will destroy the flavor of cheese. In milking never wet the teats by dipping the fingers in the milk. Dry hands in milking should be strictly adhered to, remembering that filth having once got into the milk the effects of it can never be removed.

Now a word or two as to the process of making up pure milk after it has been received at the factory. Cheese makers are aware that in order to make good cheese the milk must have a certain age. To produce this, we would suggest gradually heating the milk to 90 degrees, with frequent stirring, then allowing it gradually to cool down to 86, add sufficient rennet to cause coagulation in 45 minutes; that is, that the curd be sufficiently firm to cut in three quarters of an hour. In scalding the curd, heat to 98 degrees, no higher, as it melts the butter when the heat gets over that degree. Draw the whey on the appearance of acid; stir and pile up the curd and keep it warm until sufficient acid has been developed. In salting use No. 1 salt, and 2¾ lbs. to 1000 lbs. of milk, and get to press warm. Be sure and keep up an even temperature in the curing room—from 65 to 70 degrees will be about right, and you will have a lot of cheese you need not be ashamed of.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR SALE.

THE undersigned offers for sale all his property in the Village of Madoc, consisting of two fine dwellings, two tenant houses and two improved village lots without buildings. For further particulars apply to

WELLINGTON BRISTOL.

Madoc, October 13th, 1881. 236-tf.

CARD OF THANKS.

ALLOW me to express my thanks to the Liverpool & London & Globe Insurance Company, and to Mr. P. R. Palmer, their agent, for the prompt settlement of my claim of $1500 on my Barn and Contents destroyed by fire on the 17th Sept. last.

JOHN N. MOORE,

Madoc, October 6th, 1881. 236-3t

MORE OF THOSE

CHEAP DISHES

—AND—

CHEAPER THAN BEFORE

——AT——

N. D. PETERS,

O'Flynn Block, Madoc.

CREDIT SALE!

The undersigned will offer for sale by public auction, on Lot 7, 3rd con., Madoc,

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 28th, 1881,

at 1 o'clock P.M., the following valuable property:

9 Milch Cows, 1 Fat Cow, 1 Yearling Heifer, 1 Spring Calf, 1 Span Horses, 1 Spring Colt, 1 Wagon, 1 Double Sleigh, 1 Plough, 1 Drag, 1 Set Double Harness, and other farming implements, also a quantity of Hay and Straw.

TERMS:—$10 and under Cash, over that amount 9 months credit by furnishing approved notes at 7 per cent.

MRS. NEAL McCLURE.

Madoc, October 11th, 1881. 236-2w.

HORSE LOST!

FROM the field of Wm. Tanner, Rawdon, on the night of the 25th September, a valuable chestnut mare, (working) about 12 or 13 years old, of good size. Any person giving such information as will lead to the recovery of the same will be suitably rewarded.

JOHN BROWN,
Marmora.

Marmora, 3rd Oct., 1881. 235-1m.

AN EXTENSIVE

AUCTION SALE

—OF—

HIGH GRADE BREED OF COWS.

The sale takes place upon the premises of John Bateman, Lot 3 in the 4th con., 1½ miles from Madoc Village, on

THURSDAY, 1st NOVEMBER 1881.

COMPRISING:

30 head of cows, 6 beef cattle, 2 winter cows, 1 bull, 1 ox, 1 span draught horses, 1 two year old colt, 1 one year old colt, 11 fat hogs, 6 store pigs, and 1 fine organette, costing $225.

TERMS:—12 months credit by furnishing approved paper at 7 per cent interest. Five per cent off for cash.

THOS. SCOTT, Auctioneer.

Madoc, 5th Oct., 1881.

N. B.—To Dairymen of this County, it is worth your attention to this sale.

FARM FOR SALE!

NORTH half of Lot No. 14, 4th Concession of Elzevir, containing 100 acres, about eight miles from the village of Madoc. There is on the premises a good frame house and barn. About eighty acres cleared. Watered by both well and creek. The land is under a good state of cultivation. Title indisputable For terms and other particulars apply to

JAMES L. HERBERTSON,
Queensboro' P. O.

Elzevir, Oct., 4th, 1881. 235-1m.

S. A. MOORE,

—DEALER IN—

MARBLE & GRANITE,

Upper Bridge, Front st., Belleville, Ont.

MARSHALL MAYBEE,

AGENT AT MADOC.

Any orders left with him will receive our prompt attention. 235-6m.

Strayed or Stolen.

FROM the premises of the undersigned, lot No. 9, 6th concession, Madoc, on Thursday, 22nd September, a Grey Horse, blind of the right eye. Any person giving such information as will lead to its recovery will be suitably rewarded.

HUGH CAMERON.

Madoc, Sept. 28th, 1881.

TIES! TIES!! TIES!!!

50,000 TIES WANTED!

I WILL make contracts for Cedar, Oak, Rock-elm, Tamarac or Hemlock Ties, to be delivered during the coming winter, on the River or along the Railway.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, September 14th, 1881.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

UNDER and by virtue of a Power of Attorney, dated the nineteenth day of October, A.D., 1881, granted by Mary E. Embury, of the Township of Madoc, administratrix of the estate of the late Wesley Embury, deceased, I hereby give notice to all Creditors of the said estate to present their claims to me, within one month from the date hereof.

HENRY ROBINSON.

Madoc, Sept. 21st, 1881.

N. B.—All persons indebted to the above estate are requested to make immediate settlement. 233-4w.

MAIL CONTRACT.

TENDERS, addressed to the Post Master General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on Friday, 4th November, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, one time per week each way, between

FARADAY AND UMFRAVILLE,

from the 1st January next.

Conveyance to be made on horseback or in a vehicle.

The Mails to leave Faraday every Saturday at 7 A.M. and arrive at Umfraville at 9:30 A.M.

To leave Umfraville at 10 A.M., or as soon as possible after arrival of Mails from Thanet, and to arrive at Faraday within two and a half hours afterwards.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen, and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Faraday and Umfraville, and at this office.

GILBERT GRIFFIN,
Post Office Inspector.

POST OFFICE INSPECTOR'S OFFICE,
Kingston, 23rd September, 1881.

WAIT'S HOMŒOPATHIC SPECIFICS.

CURES EFFECTED by them are radical and prompt. They do not cure one disease and produce another. They will cure a larger percentage of cases, and in less time than any medicines known.

PRINCIPAL NOS.	CURES.	PRICE.
1.	Fevers, Congestion, Inflammation,	25
2.	Worms, Teething, Worm Fever,	25
3.	Crying Colic, or Teething of Infants,	25
4.	Diarrhœa, of Children or Adults,	25
5.	Dysentery, Griping, Bilious Colic,	25
6.	Cholera Morbus, Vomiting,	25
7.	Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis,	25
8.	Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache,	25
9.	Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertigo,	25
10.	Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Indigestion,	25
11.	Suppressed or Painful Periods,	25
12.	Whites, too Profuse Periods,	25
13.	Croup, Cough, Difficult Breathing,	25
14.	Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions,	25
15.	Rheumatism, Chill Fever, Ague,	25
16.	Piles, Blind or Bleeding, Itching,	25
17.	Ophthalmia, Weak or Inflamed Eyes,	25
18.	Kidney Disease, Gravel, Dropsy,	25
19.	Nervous Debility, Seminal Weakness,	$1.00
20.	Impotency, or Prostration,	25
21.	Pneumonia, Bilious Fever,	25
22.	Rheumatism, Acute or Chronic,	25
23.	Liver Complaint, Hardness of Hearing,	25
24.	Sores or Ulcers, Fever Sores,	25
25.	Manhood, Loss of Memory,	25
26.	Nervous Debility, Seminal Weakness,	25

If your local dealer does not keep them, any number will be sent by mail on receipt of price. Send for Manual (free). Address WAIT'S HOMŒOPATHIC MEDICINE MANUFACTORY, JOHN T. WAIT, Proprietor, Arnprior, Ontario.

FARM FOR SALE!

LOT No. 9, 5th concession, township of Madoc, containing about 100 acres, only three miles from the flourishing village of Madoc. There is on the premises a good log house, frame barn, and other out-buildings, and also a number of living springs of good water. Title indisputable. For terms and further particulars, apply to

JOHN ELLIS,
Madoc.

Madoc, August 8th, 1881. 228-tf.

MADOC BOOT & SHOE STORE!

—:o:—

We have just received the greater part of our

FALL & WINTER

—STOCK OF—

Ladies' Fine and Coarse Boots, Buttoned Balmorals, and Side-laced, Misses' and Children's Boots

in all sizes and styles, also the largest stock we ever had of

MENS' YOUTHS' & BOYS' BOOTS.

JOHN GRANT,

Next door to Mrs. Wright's.

MRS. WRIGHT'S BLOCK.

Madoc, October 4th, 1881.

Grain! Grain!

H. CORBY, JR.,

IS prepared to pay the highest Cash Prices for all kinds of Grain either at Madoc or Belleville. Grain to be delivered in Madoc at the Farmers' Warehouse. 232

NORTH HASTINGS Warehouse.

THIS Warehouse is again open for Storing and Shipping Grain. To Buyers every facility will be given and reasonable rates charged. To Farmers grain received in store and no charge made if held for the purpose of selling. All such grain covered by Insurance and no charge made to the Farmer. The undersigned will pay the highest prices for all kinds of grains and Clover and Timothy Seed.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, Sept. 12th, 1881.

Spring Wheat for Seed.

I AM instructed to purchase a few hundred Bushels of LOST NATION Spring Wheat for seed, for which extra prices will be paid. It must be entirely clean and free from other grain or seeds.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, September 12th, 1881.

TELEGRAPH POLES!

THE undersigned wishes to purchase from one thousand to three thousand Telegraph Poles for which extra prices will be paid if delivered within the next six weeks.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, Sept. 14th, 1881.

NOTICE!

ALL parties having purchased my pumps are hereby cautioned not to pay the same except to my authorized Agent, as Mr. W. E. Murphy has left my employ and is no longer an Agent for me.

D. ASHEY.

Norwood, 14th Sept., 1881. 233-4w.

FARM FOR SALE!

A Farm containing 175 acres, in the Township of Sidney, County of Hastings. It is conveniently situated on a Gravel Road close by a School and Cheese Factory, two miles from Frankford and ten miles from Trenton. 100 acres cleared. About 35 Apple Trees. Frame House 18x24 and Kitchen 14x18. Frame Barn 18x24, Stone Stable under it. Well watered. Well adapted for fruit. Terms easy. A certain sum required, balance on any reasonable time required by purchaser.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, Sept. 10th, 1881.

OYSTERS!

I HAVE made arrangements for a supply of Oysters DIRECT FROM THE PACKERS, and will be enabled to retail them as near Belleville prices, as a small additional charge to cover passing them through the Customs and extra freight will permit. I shall deal in none but

Well Known and Reliable Brands,

and expect to be in receipt of the first lot by **on October First,** or probably sooner.

We have largely increased our facilities for

SERVING LUNCHEONS,

and we trust to the steady increase in the past as encouragement for the future.

A full supply of

CANDIES, NUTS, FRUITS, &C.,

always on hand.

S. A. DAVIS.

Madoc, September 21st, 1881.

Mineral Land for Sale.

LOT No. 31, 10th Con., Madoc. Good iron ore beds on the same. Gold has also been found. Apply to JOHN BROAD.

H. JAMES, M. D.,

OF BELLEVILLE, will visit Madoc professionally every Friday and Saturday of each week, when he will be prepared to meet patients or make calls upon the afflicted of this village or surrounding country. Office in Moon's Hotel, where orders may be left.

Belleville, March 14, 1881.

LOTS FOR SALE!

In the Northern part of the Village of Madoc, (Russel Estate.)

AT MODERATE PRICES. Terms—one quarter cash, balance in three equal annual payments, 7 per cent interest on unpaid balance. Expenses of conveyancing to be paid by purchasers to vendor's solicitor, (Morgan Jellett, Esq., Belleville.)

Apply to E. D. ROSS, Madoc,
Or to R. D. RUSSEL, Montreal. 11

MONEY TO LOAN

—AT—

Six and Six and One-Half Per Cent.

STRAIGHT loans. Interest payable annually. No commission charged. No delay beyond that of investigating titles. Tariff fees reasonable. Mortgages purchased. Lands for sale in Sidney, Thurlow, Marmora, Elzevir and Belleville.

W. N. PONTON,
Barrister,
231. Post Office Block, Belleville.

EPIZOOTIC.

Jacob Huff's Discovery

Warranted to Cure in Three Doses

As I understand some parties are selling an inferior article and using my name therefor, the public is hereby cautioned against purchasing any Powder represented to be mine unless the package has my label thereon.

—FOR SALE AT—

Wilson's and Loomis' Drug Stores.

JACOB HUFF.

Madoc, December 16th, 1880.

ALL THE NEWS FOR A CENT.

THE

Toronto Daily World,

THE ONLY ONE-CENT MORNING PAPER IN CANADA.

THREE DOLLARS A YEAR!

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A MONTH!!

ONE CENT A COPY!!!

Less than Half the Cost of any other Morning Paper.

YOU CAN MAKE MONEY by canvassing for The World. Agents and Canvassers wanted everywhere. Send post-card for terms and

SAMPLE COPY FREE.

WORLD PRINTING Co.,
No. 4 King street east, Toronto

E. B. FRALECK, B. A.,

BARRISTER, &c.,

No. 17, Campbell St., Belleville.

AGENT FOR

Bristol & West of England Investment Company,

The only purely English Company loaning money in this Province, and consequently interest less than can be afforded by any other Company. Instalment loans from 2 years up to 20, at 5½ per cent. $162 per year for 20 years pays off a loan of $1000, principal and interest. Straight loans at 6 and 6½ per cent. Borrowers have privilege of making repayments on account of principal. No commission. $50,000 Private funds to loan at 5½ per cent., payable yearly. Charges reasonable.

Belleville, March 25th, 1880.

Full of Expression, Life, Character and Position, yet it is only a Photograph made by BROCK & CO., Photographers.

Our customers admire our Instantaneous Process. Think of only being asked to sit three or four seconds. What a blessing this warm weather.

New Goods at Foster & Reid's!

WE HAVE OUR

Fall and Winter Stock

about complete in CHOICE DRESS GOODS, of which we show a large line, and TRIMMINGS to match.

—OUR BLACK CASHMERES ARE THE—

BEST VALUE EVER OFFERED IN MADOC.

See them before purchasing. We have a large stock of

JACKETS AND SHAWLS, AND ARE OFFERING THEM CHEAP.

—See the full lines of—

Velveteens, Winceys, Kid Gloves, Ladies' and Childrens' Hosiery, Corsets, &c., Ready-made Clothing, Tweeds, Shirtings, Flannels, Overalls, Bags, Cotton Yarn, etc.

OUR MILLINERY DEPARTMENT will be complete in a few days with all the fashionable goods of the season.

Madoc, September 27th, 1881. [HIGHEST PRICE PAID FOR BUTTER AND EGGS.] FOSTER & REID.

D. A. JOHNSTON, M. D., C. M.

PHYSICIAN, Surgeon, &c., Graduate of Queen's University, Kingston.—Office, Bridgewater, Ont.

DR. E. D. VANDERVOORT,

GRADUATE of the University of Toronto Fellow of Trinity Medical School, Physician, Surgeon, &c. Office—Queensboro, Ont.

Local Lines.

—Markets lively.

—Plenty of rain now.

—Big rush for fall clothing.

—Good weather for the ague.

—Boys get your sleighs in order.

—No hanging on gates now nights.

—White frost on Tuesday morning.

—Madoc is soon to boast of another tinshop.

—Marmora village has fifteen cases of malaria.

—Loads of lumbermen going to the woods every day.

—Who says Vennor knows nothing about the weather?

—The key that winds up many a man's business is whis-key.

—Get your money ready, the tax Collectors are on the war path,

—As after a storm there is a calm, so after the late cold snap fairer weather set in.

—"The beautiful" snow made its first appearance here this year on Monday last.

—No excuse of forgetting the time to go to church when you have three bells to warn you.

—Mr. Chris. Hobson, of the 4th concession of Madoc, picked some ripe raspberries last week.

—This is the season when the husband and wife with loving words begin the arrangement of stove-pipes.

—Where is that $100 quilt that was to sparkle with 1000 names? We have heard nothing about it for some time.

—It is said that Anson Thrasher, killed by the Foxboro' explosion, is the fourth one of the family who has met with a violent death.

—Next Sunday evening in the M. E. Church Rev. Mr. Hutton announces he will deliver an interesting discourse on "Modern Spiritualism."

—The new telegraph line on the Grand Junction was connected with Peterboro' on Thursday last, and works well with but a single battery.

—The teachers in connection with the C. M. Sabbath School will hold teachers' meetings the first Sabbath of every month directly after the school.

—We call the attention of the public to Mr. Wellington Bristel's advertisement in another column in which he offers some splendid houses and lots for sale.

—We will give a full report of the Convention of the North Hastings Teachers' Association, held on Thursday and Friday of last week, in our next issue.

—Stirling boasts of having expended $25,000 in building and "patching up" during the last year. This is very good for Stirling, but is way behind the light heard in comparison with our building expenses alone, which exceeds $26,000.

Correction.

Mr. Scott's sale of farm stock takes place on Tuesday, November 1st, instead of Thursday, and promises to be a large one. Dairymen should make a note of this.

Literary.

Vick's Illustrated Monthly Magazine again lies before us. It contains as usual an endless variety of interesting and useful information, and is well worth the perusal of every one.

For the Shantios.

Ninety-five French-Canadians from Three Rivers, Que., arrived here on the Friday evening train, bound for Gilmour & Co.'s lumber shanties where they have been engaged to work. They are a terribly rough, and seemingly ignorant lot, fit only for the back woods.

Prospering.

We are informed by one of our business men that notwithstanding the adversities through which he, as well as others, passed within the last five years, in the shape of fire, and loss of money and time incurred in making a fresh start, he has saved enough out of his business in this time to build him a fine residence costing $1500, which will be completed shortly. This shows Madoc is prospering.

Errata.

An error occurred in the advertisement of James L. Herbertson. There are eighty (80) acres cleared on his farm instead of eight (8).

Personal.

Mr. James O'Hara, of this township, left this week for a two weeks' rustication "up west." He has been a victim to the ague, and hopes by this means to regain his health.

Cheap Reading.

The NORTH HASTINGS REVIEW and the Toronto *Daily World* will be furnished to subscribers at the rate of $3.50 per annum, payable in advance. See advertisement of the *World* in another column.

Intermediate Examination.

Three pupils of Madoc Model School passed the last examination for Second Class Certificates, viz:—Willie Cross, 2nd Class, Grade A; John Peters, 2nd Class, Grade C; Carrie Wood, 2nd Class, Grade C. We congratulate them on their success.

Madoc Free Fair.

A free fair for the exchange of horses, sheep cattle, &c., will be held in this village on Tuesday, 1st November. Farmers or others having stock or implements to dispose of will find this a good opportunity, as a large number of buyers are expected to be present.

Social.

A grape social will be held in the basement of the M. E. Church to-morrow (Friday) evening, beginning at 7:30 P. M. The social is under the auspices of the Ladies Aid Soc'y, and every effort will be put forth to make it worthy of public patronage. All are cordially invited—admission 15 cents.

Large Load.

On Monday of last week Mr. Daniel Houston of the 2nd con., Sidney, brought to town with one waggon and team, the largest load of grain we have seen any record of. It consisted of 180 bushels and 40 lbs. of barley, and was purchased by Messrs. Baker, Whittier & Jeffs.—Trenton *Advocate*

The Cold Snap.

It is stated that the cold snap of last week has done considerable damage throughout the entire country. Everything in the shape of tender plants have been completely cut off. Some places it is feared that even potatoes and other root crops have been injured. Flurries of snow also fell in different parts of Canada and the United States.

Lecture.

On Thursday evening last Rev. Dr. Jaques, Principal of Albert University, Belleville, delivered a lecture in the M. E. Church on "Professional Enthusiasm." The subject was handled in an eloquent and practical manner, showing that the Dr. was as enthusiastic in his views and teachings as he wished others to manifest in their character and dealings with the world.

The Weather.

Vennor is out with the following predictions:—October.—Entering cold and wet; heavy rains during the first week, with probably snow falls in many sections between the 7th and 10th. Cold and wintry weather on the 18th, 19th and 20th. Wet every other day for the rest of the month. November.—Not much fine weather again until the 4th and 5th of November, when a fine and open term is probable.

Lynched in Michigan.

News has been received that John McDonald, of Belleville, and Frank McDonald, of Deseronto, had been lynched by a mob at Menominee, Michigan, on the 30th September. They had been arrested on a charge of murdering a man in a row, and a mob took them from the gaol and hanged them. John McDonald was about twenty-four years of age. His widowed mother and several sisters live in Belleville. He bore a good character.

Union Thanksgiving Services.

Thanksgiving Day for the Dominion will be on Thursday, the 20th inst. The following arrangement for Union Thanksgiving Services has been made by the Presbyterian and Methodist Ministers of Madoc:—

At 11 o'clock, a.m., religious services will be held in the Presbyterian church, preaching by Rev. James Macfarlane.

At 7:30 p. m. a platform meeting will be held in the Canada Methodist church. The Reeve, E. D. O'Flynn, Esq., will preside. Addresses will be delivered by Rev. B. L. Hutton, theme assigned—"The Material Prosperity of the Dominion"; A. F. Wood, Esq., theme assigned—"Local Prosperity"; Rev. D. Wishart, theme assigned—"Practical duties."

Collection—A thanksgiving offering will be solicited at each service. To these Union Services the Christian public are cordially invited.

Dr. Carson's Stomach and Constipation Bitters are in every sense of the word *a family medicine*, and we are glad to learn that they are rapidly taking the place of those nauseous little Pills.

Fatal Accident.

What proved to be a fatal accident occurred at Mr. A. Henderson's, just outside the corporation, who was engaged in threshing on Saturday last, at which Mr. Thomas Dunn, a deaf and dumb mute, met with his death. It appears he ascended a ladder to the top of the straw stack to give some instructions as to its building, and while descending must have fallen to the ground unnoticed. About half an hour after he started to go down the ladder he was discovered lying beside the stack partly covered with straw, and although regaining consciousness he expired in a short time.

Disgraceful Practice.

One of the most wicked and disgraceful practices that greet our ears almost on every hand is the habitual use of profane language. This disgusting and unlawful practice is indulged in by both old and young, seemingly without any regard upon whose ears it may fall. Now, it is somebody's duty to move in the matter and make an example of those in the habit of publicly using profane and other obscene language to the annoyance of all decent pedestrians. In Peterboro' the other day a youth was fined $7.50 for swearing on the streets, and if those whose duty it is would give some of our boys the same dose, this pernicious evil would be greatly lessened.

Foster & Reid's Spring Opening.

Our enterprising merchants, Messrs. Forter & Reid, under the management of Mr. M. Empey, on Tuesday had their Fall opening, and invited the inspection of the public in the display of fine goods. The success which crowned the former displays of this kind was meted out in full measure upon this occasion. As upon previous occasions the store was decorated with much taste and beauty. The millinery department is too much for us, all we can say is there were bonnets and hats of many shapes and hues, and was probably the most attractive appartment in connection with the opening. However, in every department the display was complete—everything being attractive and of excellent quality.

Midland and Grand Junction Railways.

The traffic returns of the above railways for the week ending September 30th, 1881, were as follows:—

MIDLAND RAILWAY.—Passengers and mails $3413.12; freight, $13610.62; total, $17026.74, as compared with $14955.48 for the corresponding week of 1880, being an increase of $2068.26; and the aggregate traffic to date is $286556,83, being an increase of $38,780 over 1880.

GRAND JUNCTION RAILWAY.—Passengers and mails, $888.67; freight, $3046.96; total, $3885.63, as compared with $1784.58, for the corresponding week of 1880, being an increase of $2101.05; and the aggregate traffic from 1st June to date is $41072.56, being an increase of $25516.19 over 1880.

Questions to Answer.

What did Newtonbrook?
Where did Peterboro'?
How much is Wentworth?
What did Haldimand?
Who are the Middlesex?
What kept Keewatin?
Why did Huron?
What has London?
Was he the brother of Wingham?
Did Listowel?
How did he get a Colborne?
Where did Kincardine?
Is Owen Sound?
What little bird was Bobcaygeon?
At whom did Sturgeon Point?
What did Lindsay?
How much did Norway?
What Collingwood you like to follow?
How long Madoc Sheppard be in the U. P.?

BIRTH.

STEWART.—In this village, on Sunday, 9th inst., the wife of John Stewart, Esq., of a son.

DIED.

DUNN.—In this village, on Saturday, Oct. 8th, Mr. Thomas Dunn, aged 71 years, 1 month.

CONLEY.—In Madoc, on Tuesday, 11th inst., Arthur, youngest son of Mr. Geo. Conley, of the Windsor House, aged 6 years.

In the month of October Typhoid, Bilious, and Malarial Fevers are very prevalent. For a sure preventative take, according to directions, DR. CARSON'S STOMACH BITTERS. They purify the System and cool the Blood. They are used to great advantage in Fever and Ague districts. In large 8 oz. bottles, at 50 cents. For sale by all Druggists.

"THE RIGHT HOUSE."

—(o)—

Just received one Case of

CROMPTON'S CORSETS.

D. C. CLARKE.

CLOTHING.

—:o:—

We are now receiving one of the largest stocks of Ready Made Clothing ever shown in Madoc, all of which will be sold at prices far below its value.

SYDMER ROSS & CO.

Madoc, July 6th, 1881.

We keep constantly on hand a large stock of

Nails,
Glass,
Putty,
Paints and Oils,
White Lead, etc.,

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

—o—

We are offering nails at $2.85 per keg.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA.

POST OFFICE BLOCK,
Madoc, April, 28th, 1881.

WOMAN GOSSIP.

Marrying as "Easy as Spellin'"—How a Chinaman gets a Wife—The Annoying Mosquito.

WAIFS.

A Vassar college girl, upon being asked if she liked codfish balls, said she never attended any.

Wine that has been bottled foeyr ars is like an unmarried lady of advanced age, because it is old made, and none the worse for it.

A Cincinnati paper says that the politest young man going is a resident of that city. He took off his hat to talk to a young lady through the telephone.

"Somebody's coming when the dew-drops fall," she was softly humming, when the old man remarked: "An' you bet your sweet life Maria, that he'll think a thunder-storm's let loose when he gets here."

A Yankee woman recently married a Chinese laundryman, and in three days thereafter the unhappy Celestial appeared at a barber's shop and ordered his pigtail to be cut off, saying in explanation: "Too muchee yank."

Rev. Mr. Piper was once called upon to marry a man to his fourth wife. As he approached the couple he said: "Please to rise." The man wriggled about in his chair a moment, and finally spoke: "We've usually got it."

Fashions are changing, it is said, and the brunette is going out and the blonde is coming in. When the blonde was voted out of style she looked black enough to pass for a brunette, and now the brunette will perhaps turn white with anger.

She married a railroad man,
A locomotive spark;
He told her his little plan
At the gate, out in the dark.
But long ere a year had gone,
The fire it died, alack!
Their coupling apart was drawn,
And he switched her off his track!

"I must say that I very much dislike this ostentatious furnishing," remarked the elderly Miss Pringle, as she looked about her in the new home of the Spankingtons. "Now look at that great, elaborately-framed mirror. I declare, I can see nothing beautiful in it." "You shouldn't expect impossibilities, Miss Pringle," remarked Fogg, the villain.

"Have you spoken to pa about that yet?" anxiously inquired the oldest daughter of her indulgent mother. "No, my child, not yet; your father is too busy with his creditors to think of pony phetons and russet harness to match just now." "Bother the creditors!" was the snappish reply. "That is just what he is doing, my dear. After he has compromised at 15 cents on the dollar you shall have your turn-out."

Miss R. had a nose which was perceptibly *retrousse*, and when she went on a visit to Johnny's one day the boy observed it. After taking in the situation fully, he said: "Papa, you said for me to wait till something would turn up, and I should have a velocipede. There's Miss R.'s nose; now give me the velocipede." What he got might have been called a velocipede, because it went so fast; but it looked more like a strap flying through the air in the far corner of the woodshed.

"So my consent is of no consequence," remarked Mr. Sharpe, at last, lifting her spectacles until they rested safely amid the wrinkles on her forehead, and gazing at her daughter with an air expressive of the Shakespearean thought about ingratitude and a serpent's tooth. "Not in the least," returned the young lady calmly. "Pretty state of affairs, indeed," continued Mrs. M., "when a mother has no voice in the disposal of her own daughter's hand." "Sorry you feel so about it, mamma; but what would be the use? Harry says he wouldn't marry me until you were dead, anyhow."

A Bashful Bride.

A couple from Virginia landed in Milton the other morning to be married by 'Squire Lewis. They walked hand-in-hand up Main street and took a seat upon the front step of the 'squire's office, and the man asked for a license. As the 'squire was preparing to make it out, the buxom girl began to inch off and hesitated, and finally said to the young man in a half whisper:

"John, said she," "I don't believe I will—I never did feel so flustrated—lawd! I wonder what pappy's doing now—I feel right tremblesome—less go back; come ph, John."

"Well, you don't want the license, then?" said the 'squire.

"Hold on thar, mister; yes, we do," said the man, and he moved closer up and set his chin to the earnest work. "Now, Sally," said he, "don't go on thater way; what 'ud the folks say? It 'ud be awful hard on me. An', thar's the candy stew at Bob Brown's to-night, an' aller that; and Sukey Jones would jest die a-grinnin' over you about it. She was mad as pizen yesterday when she heard we was comin'——"

"I don't mind her no more'n the dust of my feet, but I feel so skittish-like, John; wish'ermydie if I hain't sorry we come. I don't want'er to get married, John."

"Say, mister, fix on your papers," said John. "Marryin's nothin'; no more'n standin' up in spellin' class at Oldfield school."

"Well, stand up," said the 'Squire. "I'm ready."

But as the personage was under way the girl jerked back, exclaiming: "I'll be Johndinged ef I do!"

The 'Squire suggested that the license had been given, and they had gone most too far to back out now.

"That's so!" said John. "Stand fast, Sally! Don't git all in'er quiver now," gently taking her arm. "Com'er 'long in place; it's most over with;" and she sidled back.

As the 'Squire said: "I now pronounce you man and wife!"

"Lad 'amercy!" cried the bride; "an' is it done?"

"You bet 'tis—easy as spellin'; and now we'll go," said the man; and they mounted the horse double and rode out of town.

Chinaman's Wife.

A Chinaman, when anxious to have a wife of his own nation, says the North China *Herald*, sends a letter to an agent in Hong Kong. A reporter has one of these epistles, but it is practically impossible to translate it into English. The following, however, is a condensed translation: "I wants a wife. She must be a maiden under 20 years of age, and must not have left her father's house. She must also have never read a book, and her eye-lashes must be half an inch in length. Her teeth must be as sparkling as the pearls of Ceylon. Her breath must be like unto the scents of the magnificent odorous groves of Java, and her attire must be from the silken weavers of Ka-Li-Ching, which are on the banks of the greatest river in the world—the ever-flowing Yang-tse-Kiang." The price of a Chinese woman, delivered in Sydney, is £38, but two Chinese women only cost £52; therefore, the heathen Chinese import the women in couples. The importer never sees his women before they arrive, and then he generally selects the best-looking one. The other is shown around to a number of well-to-do Chinese, and, after they have inspected her, she is submitted to what may be called public auction. The writer happened to be present at one of these sales. A young girl, aged about 19, was offered, and after some spirited bidding she was purchased by a wealthy Chinese store-keeper, whose place of business is in one of the leading towns of New South Wales, for £120. The melancholy aspect of the Celestial girl as she went away in company with the man who purchased her was deplorable in the last degree.

A Mosquito Bite.

An ethereal creature, whose shell pink India cashmere I was admiring on account of the grace of its shirred drapery, says a watering-place correspondent, stopped short in a waltz, pursed up her little mouth and lowered her delicate brows in an expression of gentle disgust, and stood still for the estimated space of nine seconds. Then she smoothed her pretty face, smiled bewitchingly into the eyes of her partner, and resumed the dance. I surmised that something about her underskirts had come undone, and when she stopped in the same manner again, I looked down to see what would fall. Only one foot was visible below her short skirt. That was a nice one, in a sandal and a stocking of a pink to match the dress; but where was the other? It presently came down to the floor, after giving evidence of being engaged in some mysterious employment up there out of sight, and off she went to renew the waltz.

"In goodness' name," I asked of my female companion, "what was she doing?"

"Scratching a mosquito bite," was the instructive reply.

She had stopped to relieve, with the toe of one sandal, an itching somewhere near the opposite knee. I saw in the course of further observations that scratching mosquito bites, no matter where they were situated was not deemed impolite in this company, which was of a good average in culture and general behavior. The most circumspect of the girls would dig themselves with finger-nails and toes, or rub themselves, cow-fashion against the corner of a doorway. How could they help it?

A Husband Who Laughed.

Several men were making purchases in a Seventh street store last week, says the Washington *Capitol*, when a man who had been looking out of a window for some time turned and said:

"Well, that's a bad case."

"What is it?" inquired two or three at once.

"Well, I don't know who is the husband of this woman out here in the wagon, but if I were he I'd go across the street and smash that fellow's head."

"Why?"

"Why, because he has been working like a beaver for the last half hour to get up a flirtation with her."

At this one of the men began to chuckle. Then the chuckle ran into a laugh, and finally he had to sit down.

What's the matter with you?"

"Why, I'm—I'm that woman's husband."

"Are you? And you are laughing over the flirtation?"

"I—I can't help it," he said, as he went off into another fit. "Just think of him a flirting and a strutting up and down and doing his prettiest when my old woman has been stone-blind for seven years. Ha! ha! ha!"

The Kiss.

Maidens in English high life, says the Philadelphia *Times*, thought it a sweetly fond conceit for Lord Beaconsfield to wind up his story of "Lothair" with a subtle suggestion of a kiss. "I went," says the aristocratic hero, Lothair, "into Corisande's garden, and I plucked my love a rose." It is not necessary to explain to anyone who is familiar with the ways of a youth and a maid that the plucking of a rose is the creation of a kiss. When the lover plucks a rose he snatches a kiss. Any other sort of a kiss is a poor sort of an affair. Preparation or premeditation takes the only real joy that comes from a kiss. Who, for example, would care to go through the mock joys of stage kissing? Yet, so far as these mere external forms go, Juliet's lips met Romeo's with as much ardour before the inquisitive thousands as Chloe's in the wildwood, with none to mark the red flush that sends its signal to cheek and brow. The kiss is regarded by philosophers as the most ancient sign in the code of human manners. There can be no doubt that Adam kissed Eve, for example, long before the apples on the tree of knowledge were ripened. It is even claimed by sagacious students of cause and effect that it was with a kiss that Eve tempted the unhappy Adam to taste the apple. So this as it may, the world has been kissing a long time, and to this day the most primitive form in which the lips can be brought together is looked upon with the highest favor by those who are amateurs in the "meeting" of the lips.

A DENVER girl advertised for proposals of marriage. Her father published a card to say that her advertisement was merely a foolish freak, and that nobody should regard it seriously. Then the girl came out with a declaration that, being of legal age to choose a husband for herself, she had taken her own means of getting suited, and did not mean to abandon the plan.

SNAKE-CHARMING.

An Expert Explains the Principles of his Art.

New York Sun.

"You don't have to educate a snake. The snake has to educate you. That is all there is in snake-charming. A snake sizes a man up and knows he can't swallow him, and so he doesn't bite. Now, don't make a mistake about the bite of a constrictor snake, like a boa or a black snake. When he bites he throws his coil around you. He doesn't know anything else. To him it is one and the same operation. If you irritate a snake he'll twist his head around and chaw you; but that isn't biting. Every person that handles snakes is liable to be chawed unless he is careful, but I never knew a snake to attempt to coil around a man and try to crush him. If he did he'd go right on and try to swallow him, because biting and throwing the coil and swallowing are, to the constrictor snake, all one process. Now, if you will let me feed this sea-lion a fish," said veteran Showman J. A. Graves, "we'll go back into Mr. Bunnell's office, and I'll lay out the whole subject of snake-charming to you as plain as a chart."

Before taking his seat in the office Mr. Graves provided himself with a piece of string, which he laid on the table nearly in a straight line, with one end toward him.

"Now," he said, "if a snake lies out straight I know that he isn't going to bite, because he can't. But if he lies in this way—[rearranging the string]—then look out.

"In this position he can throw himself forward. He can't do it when he is lying out straight. A snake-handler must know this, and then he knows when he is in danger, and knows when to soothe the snake and knows when to let him alone. It is different with venomous snakes. The only time when a rattler will strike is when he is in a coil."

"If you were in an African forest and should see a fifteen-foot boa constrictor, could you go up to it and handle it?"

"Well I should think it a great misfortune if it ran away from me. I'd have a blanket, and when it came near enough, or when I got near enough to it, I'd draw the blanket over its head and then I'd have it. It wouldn't be long after I had it in a cage, and it had become used to seeing me, before I could do with it what I pleased."

"Suppose it should coil about you?"

"Then I would take hold of the tail and take the coil off."

"Are not large snakes very strong?"

"So am I strong. But the snake wouldn't coil unless it bit. And it would not be likely to bite. When you are handling snakes you must not take hold of them in a way that seems to confine them. Let their bodies rest on your shoulders and on your arms and the backs of your hands. If you let your fingers close round the neck of a snake he will be pretty sure to twist his head around and chaw you on the arm. Now I'll tell you how to charm a snake. There is danger of being bitten in handling snakes, I admit, but I can make any snake in the world let go his hold and move off by rubbing his back down on each side of his backbone with my thumb and fore-finger. Snakes are very nervous along the backbone, and they can't stand rubbing in this way. It acts like magic. It seems to soothe their anger, but it always causes them to move off.

"There is no doubt that some people can handle snakes better than others. This Hindoo girl upstairs seems to have a natural aptitude for it, although she was even chawed by one of the boa constrictors this morning. She has a slight wound on one of her fingers. Some people can handle rats without getting bitten. Others can't.

"A snake is dangerous when he is blind, that is, when he is about to shed his skin; and he must be let alone then. The outer part of the skin thickens over his eyes and on his nose. He finally rubs his nose against his cage and breaks this thick skin, and then it is not long before he crawls out of his epidermis. This outer skin that is just shed ordinarily doubles over upon itself in small patches in a way to give it the appearance of scales. When it is shed it is always wet and pliable. There forms under this outer skin a moisture that causes it to look as if it were blistered. The skin becomes twice its ordinary size, because each little overlapping opens up and gives way.

"Corporal Thompson used to keep The Cottage just where the Fifth Avenue hotel now stands. This was along in 1837, and John Nathan bought Old Rube of him. Old Rube was a full fifteen feet African boa that was named after Reuben Lovejoy, of Lovejoy's hotel. Lovejoy contracted in view of the honor to supply food to the snake but he got very sick of his bargain. Old Rube had the best appetite I knew a snake to enjoy. She—it was a female snake—used to swallow a brace of chickens or a turkey every Saturday night. At that time this was no kind of a snake port. All the snakes used to come into Salem, Mass. John Sears, the first man in this country who ever entered a lion's cage (Old Pomp's) had a monopoly in Salem. He used to go aboard the African and East Indian ships, and if there were any animals aboard nobody could buy them away from him. He bought Old Rube from Corporal Thompson, and when Nathan got her I used to handle her. She was a gentle, good snake, and I've never seen a snake that I liked better. Many a time when we were travelling late in the fall I've waked up a farmer at 3 o'clock in the morning to get some warm water to put under her cage to keep her warm. I could do anything with her. On Saturday afternoons we used to double the price of admission, and yet we couldn't keep the crowd out.

"A snake by instinct will always coil around an animal's neck. If a snake should be found hanging down from the limb of a tree, there would be no danger, that is to say, it would show that at the time it had no intention of making an attack. The common impression is that they hang down in readiness to spring upon their prey. You can deny, too, that a snake ever covers his victim with saliva. When once he has set his backward pointing teeth in him, they are not taken out except to be shipped further ahead. He has two rows of teeth in his upper jaw, the same as ordinary creatures, but only one row in the lower jaw. The latter shuts up between the two rows in the upper jaw. The upper jaw is divided in the middle, and each half slides forward alternately. The most prevalent cause of death among caged snakes is sores in the mouth. They throw themselves against the cage walls when they are first put in, and thus injure their gums. These wounds become canker sores.

"Snakes never deliberately cover their prey with saliva before swallowing it. It often happens, however, that a snake will kill an animal that is too large for him. In such a case he will tug at it until it becomes moistened with the drool from its mouth. I have never seen snakes of the same kind fight, but I have often seen them jealous of each other. It frequently happens that when a snake is being handled in a cage, another will crawl to the feet of the handler and lift up his head, and he won't be satisfied until he also is taken up. In 1837, when I first began to handle snakes, we used to shut them up in close boxes, where they could get no air. This was wrong. A snake is like a tulip, or house leek; it needs a great deal of oxygen.

"I want you to put it down as a fact," said Mr. Graves, "that there is no such thing as a hoop snake. When a man can lift himself up by the footstraps I shall begin to believe that a snake can put his tail in his mouth and propel himself along in the shape of a hoop."

Mr. Graves is nearly 70 years of age, but he does not appear to be more than 50. He wears his shirts opened in front, in the belief that the beard is the proper protection for the neck. In 1832 and 1836 he lost all his money in the show business, and he has ever since been looking for it where he lost it. Mr. Graves now has charge in the museum of a rare animal of the ape kind, called a pithecus.

Crystal Ivory Type.

The new process of coloring photographs with powder paints instead of oils, has met with favor where it has been introduced. It has the double advantage of being more pleasant, as there is no odor, and it will neither spot nor fade, while those colored with oil paints will do both in time. The manner in which it is done is so simple that any one who reads the following directions carefully cannot fail to succeed: The materials needed are convex glass, which you can get for thirty-five cents per dozen card size, or sixty cents per dozen cabinet size; five cents worth of spermaceti; one sheet of No. 0 sand-paper, which, for convenience, cut into pieces two inches square. Get the powder paints that come in vials, as it is more convenient in that form. You will want flesh color, white, black, carmine, dark and light brown, blue and any other colors you choose. Also have a number of pieces of light, thin paper, about the size of the picture. It is best to have the photo unmounted; but if not, soak it in tepid water until the picture separates easily from the card. Have ready a small quantity of starch, made a little thicker than for laundry use, boil it at least two minutes. Apply it while warm (not hot) to the right side of the picture, and your glass, being clean, lay the starch side next the glass, then, placing one of the pieces of thin paper over it, take a paper-knife (or, not having that, a piece of rounded pasteboard will answer), and holding the glass side toward you, scrape carefully and quickly the under side until all the starch is removed, as the smallest particle will blister if allowed to remain. Replace the piece of paper as often as necessary. After the picture is smooth on the glass, remove your thin paper, and place the picture where it will dry thoroughly, which it will do in a short time, then sand-paper it down until almost as thin as a transparency. Have a gas jet lighted and turned down low (heat of any kind will do), hold the picture perfectly level, glass side down over the heat, being careful not to have it too hot else it will break the glass or blister the picture, rub the spermaceti over it until the picture becomes perfectly clear, which will be almost instantly; then, with an old cloth, rub softly to remove any lumps of spermaceti that may remain. Have a very small sable brush for eyes, lips, etc., and a larger one for clothing and back-ground. It is best to paint the parts that are to be white first, as the whites of the eyes, collar and cuffs, then the eyes, lips, cheeks, hair, complexion, and lastly the clothes and back-ground. Do not wet your brush, but dip it lightly in the powder and touch it to the spot, wiping it before putting into a different color. You can make a very pretty flesh color by mixing a bit of pink with white powder. The carmine is for lips, but is too deep for the cheeks, unless mixed with white; dark-blue and white make delicate lavender. After you have nicely and evenly colored the picture, hold it, glass downward, over the heat for a minute, not longer, as you just want it sufficiently heated to *set* or *fix* the colors. Then place a bit of white paper next the picture and over it tissue paper with the edges neatly fastened with mucilage. Put it in a pretty frame, and if you have done your work well, it will compare favorably with one that would cost you dollars at the artist's. Your material will probably cost you $2.60, but will last a long time. You can get a box with paints and brushes complete for $1.75.

Things Worth Knowing.

That boiling water will remove tea stains and many fruit stains; pour the water through the stain, and thus prevent it from spreading over the fabric. That ripe tomatoes will remove ink and other stains from white cloth; also from the hands. That a teaspoonful of turpentine boiled with white clothes will aid the whitening process. That boiled starch is much improved by the addition of a little spermaceti or salt, or both, or a little gum-arabic dissolved. That beeswax and salt will make flat-irons as clean and smooth as glass; tie a lump of wax in a rag, and keep it for that purpose; when the irons are hot, rub them with the wax rag, then scour with a paper or rag sprinkled with salt. That kerosene will soften boots or shoes which have been hardened by water, and render them as pliable as when new. That kerosene will make tin tea-kettles as bright as new; saturate a woollen rag and rub with it; it will also remove stains from clean varnished furniture.

Josh Billings.

Josh is an odd-looking genius; he is tall and stoop-shouldered, with a large head, massive face, deep-set eyes, grizzly beard, and brown hair, parted in the middle, combed smoothly behind his ears, and falling loosely on his neck like the locks of a school girl; he does not wear any bangs, but they would become his style of face.

THE PRINCE OF WALES FEATHERS.

Attempting to Settle the Question of Their Origin.

The origin of the Prince of Wales' feathers is a question which has led to some lively discussions. Some years ago Mr. Talboys Wheeler announced that the royal plume of three feathers was of Mogul origin, and probably very ancient. He pointed out that Sir Thomas Roe, who was sent on a mission to India by James I., described the plume of herons' feathers which was worn by the Mogul emperors of Hindostan when they took the field; also that Tavernier, the French traveller, describes the plume of three herons' feathers which was worn by the Ottoman porte, and explains that it had a military meaning, and was a symbol of command. On taking the field, the Ottoman porte gave one of the feathers to the grand vizier, who was acknowledged by the whole army as their commander-in-chief.

In a recent number of *Fraser's Magazine*, the subject has been treated at length by Mr. W. Simpson. In the Santa Casa at Loretto he saw a marble sculpture of three feathers placed nearly in the same position as those borne by the Prince of Wales; and he was told that it was the *emblème magnifique* of Lorenzo de Medici, the father of Leo X. At Athens he saw a heel-plate of a Turkish musket made of solid gold and profusely ornamented, which had been fished up after the battle of Navarino. It bore a representation of two crowns, each surmounted by a triple plume. Subsequently Mr. Simpson was present at a meeting of the British association held at Plymouth, when a paper was read by Prof. Beal on a soapstone image from Pekin. Over the head of the image was the figure of a descending dove and there was also a dove on each side. Mr. Beal believed that this figure represented the three rays of the rising sun, and brought corroborative evidence from the Vedas, from Buddha's crown at Ceylon, from Japan, and various other eastern countries. Above all, he quoted the Prince of Wales' feathers, and showed, on Mr. Wheeler's authority, that it was an eastern symbol adding that the Sanskrit derivative of "Ich dien," was not "I serve" but "I shine."

We might add to the data furnished by Mr. Simpson by stating that Nadir Shah, who during the second quarter of the eighteenth century conquered Asia from Bagdad to Delhi, wore three black herons' feathers in his diadem, as may be seen in the frontispiece of the second volume of Jonas Hanway's history of the revolutions of Persia. Hanway remarks that Nadir Shah changed the feathers from the left side to the right, as if to show that he was indebted for his sovereignty to his own right arm.

On the whole it appears most likely that the three feathers belonging to the Persian, the Mogul or the Turk, are borrowed from the old native worship which finds expression in the Vedic hymns, and prevailed throughout the greater part of Asia before the advent of Buddha or Mahomet. They probably represent the three deities of fire, air, and water. According to Brahmanical teaching, all the gods of the universe were resolved into these three conceptions; which in their turn are symbolized into the three mystic letters A · U · M, which represent the three in one, as the idea of one supreme spirit, who is sometimes personified as Brahma, sometimes as Vishnu, and sometimes as Siva.

Mr. Simpson points out another fact in association with the Prince of Wales' feathers, which opens up an entirely new question. He brings evidence to show that the first Prince of Wales wore only two feathers, and not three; and he is inclined to think, though with some hesitation, that they are a combination of the solar and lunar symbols. This conjecture, however, will scarcely bear consideration. There is no sybolism in any age or clime that we can call to mind in which the sun and moon are represented by a pair of plumes. Again, in most mythologies, the sun and moon are used as symbols of the masculine and feminine elements in nature; and it is difficult to conceive that sexual differences should be represented by two feathers. In the traditions of the remote past the sun and moon are symbols of the antagonism between Iran and Turan, the Persian and the Turk, the children of the sun and the children of the moon. The sun is represented by a solar disc or a peacock, while the moon is represented by a crescent; and the radical difference between the two must be obvious to all. The use of these symbols has led to some unfortunate mistakes in modern times. Thus the little rajah of Mysore, who is a feudatory of the British crown, has been recently allowed to adopt the peacock as his insignia, although the peacock is an assumption of sovereignty which belongs of right to the empress of India and to her majesty alone. The peacock is the assertion of imperial supremacy. It was the insignia of the great Hindo empire of Vijayanagar, which, in the days of the Plantagenets, covered the whole of southern India—the whole of what is now known as the Madras presidency. The peacock was also the insignia of the Mogul emperors of Hindostan. In the days gone by, the peacock throne at Delhi was the wonder of the world, although historians have sought to calculate the value of the jewels of which it was composed rather than to ascertain its symbolical meaning. To this day the peacock is the emblem of sovereignty in Burmah, as well as in many parts of Mongolia and China. A still more curious blunder has been made as regards the crescent; it has been ignored as a symbol of race, and adopted as a symbol of the Mohammedan religion, although all such images are in direct violation of the law of the Koran. The peacock and the crescent, like the lion and the sun, are maintained as symbols of the Mohammedan princes, but nevertheless the use of all such symbols is strictly prohibited by the prophet of Arabia. The use of the term "crescentade is thus mere ignorant pedantry."

But, in spite of all that has been said about the eastern origin of the Prince of Wales' feathers, it is possible enough that the plumes are capable of a more simple explanation. When Nadir Shah returned to his capital after the invasion of India he wore four plumes to represent Persia, Turkestan, Afghanistan, and Hindostan; thus ignoring all esoteric meanings which might be associated with the emblem. In like manner the Prince of Wales may have originally worn two feathers to represent England and Wales, and subsequently three feathers to represent Great Britain, France, and Ireland. In the present day the feather which once represented France may perhaps be taken to represent India, as it did in the days of Nadir Shah.

PARLIAMENTS OF THE PAST.

Notable Ones in English History and the Work They Did.

One of the longest sessions of Parliament in English history will terminate on Saturday. It is indeed amusing to compare its length, not only with that of former sessions, but of former parliaments in their entirety. The most famous of short parliaments is that which deposed Richard II., thus laying the memorable constitutional precedent afterward followed with such benefit to the nation in 1689. It is true the Convention parliament did not technically depose James II., having decided that the fugitive king had abdicated; but it could not be pretended that the infant Prince of Wales—the "old Pretender"—had abdicated his rights, so that Parliament virtually effected the transfer of the crown from the legitimate head to another head—a perfectly legitimate one, but only so by virtue of the new law of the land.

Prorogations were not much resorted to in the olden time, and for the simplest of reasons. Till the house of commons became a power, it was immaterial whether parliament was prorogued or dissolved. In what was then, in reality as well as title, the upper chamber, the component elements remained essentially the same, and the king, having got as much money as he could out of parliament, thought it best to put an end to its existence altogether. Henry VIII.'s first Parliament met on the 21st of January, 1510, and was dissolved on the 23rd of February following. His next parliament, however, lasted no less than two years and one month. By and by we come to what may be called the Reformation parliament. It met on the 3rd of November, 1530, and was only dissolved on the 4th of April, 1537. The 3rd of November is a notable date. Exactly 110 years later met the Long parliament, the expressed purpose of whose members was to complete the work of their ancestors who met in 1530. After dissolving the parliament that had helped him "to break the bonds of Rome," as the mild Gray puts it, the "majestic lord" summoned another parliament, which met on the 8th of June, 1536, and was dissolved on the 18th of the following month. The pastors and masters of Edward VI. summoned two parliaments in his name. The first lasted four years and a half; the second exactly thirty days, March 1 to March 31, 1553. Mary's first parliament lasted two months and a day. In her reign of little more than five years Mary summoned five parliaments. According to Hallam, her government was the first which recognized the growing importance of the house of commons, and sought to influence it in various ways—chiefly by the creation of constituencies under orders from the crown—in other words, rotten boroughs.

During a reign which extended to its forty-fifth year Elizabeth convoked nine parliaments in all. The longest was that of 1572, which lasted till 1586, or about fourteen and one-half years. One of the shortest, if not the very shortest, assembled on Monday, the 2nd of April, 1571, and dissolved on the 29th of May following. It was on the opening day of the said parliament that the queen, speaking from her "regal seat," willed the lord chancellor (Sir Nicholas, father of Francis Bacon) to show the cause of its assembling. Thereupon the lord chancellor spoke, and "declared that his assembly of Parliament was for three causes cal ed,—namely, for the glory of Almighty God, for the health and preservation of her majesty, and for the welfare of the common weal." The welfare of the state evidently came second in the mind of government to the comfort of the queen's majesty, or highness, or grace, as Elizabeth was indifferently called. James I. gave a length of nearly six years to his first parliament—to the second of two months and a day, for evil precedents have force. James said he found in it "a kind of beasts called undertakers." Undertakers, in modern English, meant managers of parties. In fact, there was in the parliament of 1614, for the first time, a regularly constituted opposition. James' fourth and last parliament was dissolved by his death, not merely because we were then in full resolution, but because the Long parliament had induced him to pass a law which forbade the dissolution of the then-sitting parliament without its own consent. Cromwell then summoned two parliaments, neither of which sat long. Richard Cromwell's parliament lasted nearly three months. Monk's restored the monarchy and the house of lords in a few days, and survived several months after this extraordinary feat. It was succeeded by the longest of our parliaments, after that emphatically called the Long, having met on May 8, 1661, and been dissolved on Jan. 24, 1679. It was also called the Pensionary parliament, from the number of gentlemen sitting therein who considered it Quixotic to serve their country for naught.

The Convention parliament settled our constitution in its broad outlines (without clearly understanding what it was about) in a little over twelve months. Its dissolution was an idea, more or less bright, of William's own. He felt worried by the intrigues of the two parties, and one February morning in 1690 went down and told the summons he had no further need for their attendance. Toward the close of 1694 William passed the triennial bill—not till he had twice vetoed it. The act remained in force for more than twenty years, when George I.'s first parliament lengthened its own existence and that of all consequent parliaments. The house which passed the September act lasted seven years all but seven days—March 21, 1715, to March 10, 1722. Since then the constitutional, as distinguished from legal practice has forbidden the duration of parliaments beyond a period of much more than six years.

"Checks."

A "Society" item says it is now the fashion for the bridegroom and bride to receive checks for wedding presents. The custom is an old one. A man who married a rich young woman last spring received a big check about an hour after the ceremony was performed. It came from a police officer. In less than ten hours he would have taken passage with his bride for Europe, if he had not been checked by the officers. He had led a checkered career with false checks and such. The bride could not check her tears, and her father could hardly check an impulse to kick the villain inside out. We never heard of a society wedding at which there were so many checks.

Early History of the London "Daily News."

Among the stories of the projection and establishment of London papers, that of *The Daily News* has never been completely told. We can commend this present history of it as new in many respects, and true in all. The first number is dated January 21st, 1846. It is curious to see a daily paper without any telegrams. It was thought a great thing to have received from Paris on the 21st of January advices as late as the 19th. . . .

Dickens, during six weeks of his editorship, was most active in engaging contributors right and left. Money flowed from the proprietary coffers "like water." A railway editor was engaged at two thousand pounds a year. There were foreign, colonial, and Heaven knows what editors besides. Bradbury and Evans supplied the capital. Ultimately Mr. C. W. Dilke, grandfather of the present Sir Charles, and a man of great energy, on becoming manager, reduced things to order, though if it was upon his recommendation that the price of the paper was lowered to 2½d., his wits must have been asleep for once. In those days the heavy paper and advertisement duties made it impossible for a journal to be sold profitably under 5*d.* per copy. The object of the *Daily News* for some time seemed to be to constitute itself a popular *Times*. In those days *The Times* was not the champion of freedom it is now.

The Daily News, on the other hand, espoused the cause of the nationalities of Italy and Hungary, as of the Parliamentary reformers at home. In this work, however, it quarrelled with Messrs. Cobden and Bright, whose peace-at-any-price doctrines were not to its taste. Mr. Bright openly sneered at *The Daily News*, and has never been a very cordial friend to it. Such contributors as Douglas Jerrold, Harriet Martineau, Dr. Lardner (who was the correspondent in Paris), and John Forster gave the paper a high literary standing. Mr. Forster made an excellent editor, but the forces against him were too strong for him to prove successful. Mr. Knight Hunt, a busy, energetic little doctor, who wrote a fair account of the history of the newspaper press, worried himself to death in the effort to bring the paper to live upon a farthing a day without actual extinction. He was succeeded by a worthy Scotchman—a tall, gray-haired, canny Scot, as deaf as a post, into whose ear Lord Brougham said it was impossible, though he often tried to pour a confidential communication. For this reason poor Weir was excluded from the political clubs, greatly to his annoyance. There was a chorus of praise from the press when the poor fellow died, despite the hostility which had reigned between them. No one was a better "hater" than old Weir. *The Times* of September 17th, 1858, had the following paragraph: "'The late William Weir.' Under this title *The Daily News* publishes a well-earned tribute to the memory of its late editor—a gentleman to whom the public is greatly indebted for the able and honest conduct of that journal. We have often differed with it, but never without sincere respect for the ability and the gentlemanly spirit in which it was conducted—a spirit which made it, the youngest of our contemporaries, a worthy representative of the English press." Harriet Martineau discussed all sorts of topics with the utmost freedom. She wrote three articles a week by agreement, and this was continued after she had gone to her Westmoreland home. She delighted in her work, and contributed greatly to the high literary reputation of the paper. Her style was always clear and forcible, and her views were enlarged and humane. One story which she used to tell after she had ceased to write, which was only a few years before her death, was that she once enabled the paper to make an announcement of the first importance, viz., the sailing of the fleet for the Baltic during the Crimean war. It appears that she was on visiting terms with a lady who was anxious to get an appointment for one of the ships for her son, and having claims upon her Majesty, she had asked the royal interposition. The Queen called upon her one morning to tell her to set her mind at rest, for the fleet was going to the Baltic, and her boy should go with it. In the afternoon Miss Martineau called to see her friend, and was told the circumstances. With true journalistic aptness, she drove back to *The Daily News* office, and made known the fact, and *The Daily News* had all the credit of having received exclusively an official notification. In 1869, Mr. J. R. Robinson, the manager, persuaded Miss Martineau to let him collect from *The Daily News* the various biographic sketches she had written for the paper. They were published, and secured a large sale. She was delighted, as she fancied the world had forgotten her. The praises which the critics lavished on the essays gave her great pleasure. The profits amounted to some hundreds of pounds, and were to her the least part of the gratification derived from the publication of the work.—JOSEPH HATTON, in *Harper's Magazine for October.*

The Price of an Island.

In 1630 the island of Nantucket was bought from the Indians for one hundred and fifty dollars, and two beaver hats. This fact came out during the recent gathering of the Coffin family on that island. One of the buyers of the island was Tristan's Coffyn. To show how rapidly a prolific race increases, it is said that fifty years after old Tristan's death his descendants numbered 6,000 thousand one hundred and fifty-eight. They are now found everywhere. Nantucket has had a varied history. When whaling was in vogue, it was the headquarters of that business. Its resident population was always largely composed of women, the wives and daughters of the absent whalers. When petroleum took the place of the whale oil, Nantucket lost its business, and for many years it was impossible to get rid of one-fourth of the houses on the island. Its health and cleanliness, however, have always made it a popular summer resort, and now the prices of land have advanced to the old figures. Apart from the ocean, the bathing and the fishing, it is a dismal place to live in, as trees do not flourish, and the soil is not productive.

It is difficult to explain the workings of the youthful mind. A boy who will listen indifferently to the sublimest truths of theology will be aroused to the acutest interest by the progress of a caterpillar over the a bald-headed man in the pew in front of him.

SCIENCE GOSSIP.

THE Italian Minister of Public Works has given orders for the surveying of a direct railroad line from Rome to Naples, as was proposed nine years ago by Danise. When the road is finished travellers can make the journey between the two cities in three and a half hours, or about half the time now necessary. Strategical considerations also have a bearing on the building of this line which will practically bring the important fortresses of Canna and Gasta nearer each other.

IT was the discovery of sheet-iron rolling in 1827 which gave the great impetus to the tin-plate trade in England. The manufacture of tinned sheet-iron had been introduced there from the Continent as early as 1670, but it had not become established until about half a century later, and for many years the English continued to import plates from Hamburg, to which they now send thousands of boxes annually. The Continental and early English tin plates were hammered, not rolled.

SWITZERLAND, writes the Geneva correspondent of a London journal, has another lake. A large mass of rock and earth fell the other day from a mountain-side at Somnix, in the Grisons, blocked up the course of the Jobel, and converted the valley into a lake. The village of Surrbein, hard by, is in great danger. The numerous land-slides on a large and small scale in Switzerland during the past few years must have produced a good deal of scratching and grooving that will do for evidences of ice scratchings for those who want them.

LARGE iron ore deposits of almost unprecedented richness have lately been surveyed in Lapland, by practical mining engineers. The district is near the village of Jukkasjarvi, in Swedish Lapland, about 10 miles from one of the arms of the West Fford. Analysis shows 70 per cent. of metallic iron in this ore, and the quantity is said to be sufficient to supply the entire world with iron, at the present rate of consumption, for many years. It is intended to construct a railroad from Fagernaes to the mine; and it is stated that the attention of English and Dutch capitalists has already been directed to the value of the ore by one of the Swedish authorities.

The *Journal of Science* says that in order to account for the mysterious disappearances of persons, now so common, a French writer suggests the existence of a disease not yet recognized, which, without any previous warning, suddenly resolves the patient into vapor. He even professes to have witnessed the disappearance of a friend with whom he was walking. A very simple consideration overturns this hypothesis. We can scarcely assume that the disease causes the sudden vaporization of clothing, boots, keys, knives, money, trinkets, and all that the patient had about him at the time of his disappearance. Yet no one has ever found in the street a complete suit of clothes from which the body of the wearer escaped.

A French paper says that the Southern Railway Company has attached to the locomotive a steam-whistle which prevents a train passing a danger-signal in a fog or snowstorm, by clearly notifying the engineer of the danger ahead. The whistle is connected with an insulated metallic brush placed beneath the locomotive so that when the train passes the brush sweeps a copper-faced projecting bar placed beneath the rails. This contact piece is connected with the positive pole of a voltaic battery having its negative pole in communication with a commutator on the signal post, from which a wire leads to the ground. When the signal is "line clear" the passage of the brush over the fixed contact produces no result, but when the signal marks "danger" the communicator brings the negative pole of the battery in direct communication with the ground, and when the brush passes over the contact the completion of the electric current causes the whistle to be sounded and the engineer to be consequently alarmed.

HAS HAD ENOUGH OF IOWA.

An Oswego Man's Terrible Experience in a June Tornado.

From the Oswego Times.

Mr. M. C. Stevens, of Cherokee County, Iowa, a former resident of Oswego Town, who had a terrible experience with a tornado in June last, arrived here to-day. Mr. Stevens is still on crutches, nursing a broken leg, and suffering from other injuries sustained at the time. His account of the tornado is very interesting. On the 26th of June, about 8 o'clock P.M., he, with his wife and three children, were walking near the house, when what they supposed was a rain-storm was seen approaching. There was nothing unusual in the appearance of the coming storm, and the family were about to take shelter in the house, when suddenly the building collapsed and the air was filled with flying timbers and household effects. Mr. Stevens was knocked senseless, and on regaining consciousness three hours later found his thigh broken, his arm and head injured, and his wife beside him with her hand in his, stone dead. Mr. Stevens, when he saw nothing could be done for his wife, crawled around in the black night in search of his children. The youngest boy was lying on the ground insensible, with his leg broken. The oldest boy was not hurt, but the little girl could not be found for some time. Finally she was discovered clinging, head downward, to a stove on the top of the wreck of the house. The wind continued to blow at a fearful rate after the tornado had passed, and the uninjured boy found it almost impossible to release his sister, but he finally did, and found she was not hurt. This done the little fellow started for a neighbor's house a quarter of a mile distant. It was impossible to stand erect on account of the wind, and the journey was performed on hands and knees in the face of the terrible storm and in the blackest darkness. Assistance was soon at hand and all were removed to a place in safety. An examination of the body of Mrs. Stevens disclosed that a splinter had been driven into the base of the brain about two and one-half inches and that death must have been almost instantaneous. The house and furniture were a wreck. The sides of the house had fallen in with the roof on top, and on the summit of the pile was the stove to which the little girl was found clinging. The contents were smashed in pieces. Mr. Stevens says the tornado was 60 feet wide and about 25 or 30 feet high. The wind was so hot that it was impossible to breath it and its velocity terrible. It was followed by a blast which was icy cold. The lightning which accompanied the tornado was awful and hail-stones the size of eggs fell. Mr. Stevens, when asked if he intended returning to Iowa, shook his head dubiously and said he guessed he had had enough of prairie life and would be contented in the East. Mr. Stevens moved to Iowa about 15 years ago, and previous to that time taught school in Oswego Town, Baldwinsville, and Fulton.

A VERY BAD ELEPHANT.

Some of the doings of Chief, who Killed Negroes for Fun and his Keeper in a Rage.

From the Charlotte Observer.

The return of John Robinson's circus and the presence of the elephant Chief recalls vividly the death of poor John King in this city last fall. Chief is about 21 years old, although Robinson has owned him only about nine or ten years. He was purchased from the proprietors of the Cincinnati Hippodrome. Until about a year ago he was as gentle as a lamb, although he did kill two or three negroes during that time, but it was all done in fun. He never got into a rage. But during the spring of 1890 he began to show temper and a desire to do serious mischief. He would get into frequent rages, lay about promiscuously with his trunk, and fiercely attack stone walls or any such trifling obstructions, dashing his ivory tusks against the solid masonry with a strength which threatened to break them off.

Standing on his head was one of the tricks of his old playful days, and on one occasion after his viciousness developed he practised this feat with seeming good humor. Although he had gathered a negro in with his trunk with the seeming intention of atomizing him, he delicately placed him on the ground, and, placing his huge tusks carefully on each side of the terrified darky and his broad forehead in the sawdust of the arena, hoisted his ample posterior in the air and waved his flabby tail in triumphant glee. It is said that darkey is not fond of elephants since that time. About this time John King, the keeper, announced that he was going to make Chief the worst elephant in the world. He would not punish the elephant, nor would he allow any one else to do so. It is said King pursued this policy to keep his position with the show.

Well, Chief did get to be very bad, and finally Mr. Robinson, seeing that the elephant would hurt somebody if his viciousness was not subdued, determined to have him severely punished. King declined to do anything. The circus was then travelling up and down the Ohio River, and one day Chief getting on his car on a steamboat, a halt was ordered at an island in the river, and the elephant was disembarked. Ropes were flung over the brawny branches of a huge tree and tied to the monster's legs. A strong pull by many men jerked his feet from under him, and he was rolled over on his back. His trunk was lassoed and tied, and six or eight men at a time would dash at him with spears, thongs, and other horrible instruments of torture to pierce his thick hide. But it was all no good; old Chief would not squeal. It was determined to burn the spirit out of him. Sticks of wood were rolled against the carcass, and hoops saturated with kerosene thrown over his huge legs kicking in the air. The torch was applied, and the elephant subdued. "Such cries," said Mr. Lowlow, "neither man nor brute ever sent up before. They were pitiful beyond description." A huge scar on the side of the old elephant now tells the story of his terrible punishment.

While this torture was going on, King, the keeper, sat on a log and wept and cursed as the elephant cried. "I'll make some of you suffer for this," he said between his sobs. "Chief shall kill some of you!" King was himself the first victim. For three months after his punishment on the island, a more docile elephant that Chief was never seen. His first rage afterward was in Charlotte last fall, when he killed John King, whose mildness had begotten the fierceness of the animal. King now lies buried in Elmwood Cemetery in this city. A handsome monument, erected by his fellow showmen, marks his grave. With the story of his death Charlotte people are familiar.

About two months after the tragedy in Charlotte, Chief crushed a man named Sullivan in Cincinnati so severely that he lay in the hospital for some months, but finally recovered. He broke out afresh in Piedmont, West Virginia, last spring, when he dashed frantically through a crowd and ran six miles into the country before he was overtaken and captured by men on horseback. He cut up considerably in Warrenton, Goldsboro, and Tarboro, and in Raleigh he crushed a large dog. But the showmen can tell when his fits are coming on in time to secure him with heavier chains than those he wears continually. His tusks have also been sawed off.

The female elephant Mary, it will be remembered, pursued and knocked Chief down when he escaped here last fall; but although Mary is larger, she is getting old, and is now somewhat afraid of him herself. The curious fact has been observed that the elephant does not seem to bear any malice toward intoxicated men. They frequently come within his reach with annoyances, but he pays no attention, seeming to be aware when the inferior animal, man, is drunk. This forbearance is also extended to children and, indeed, his malice seems to be directed more especially toward the showmen, every one of whom he seems to know.

Cut this Out.

A Virginia farmer, having suffered severely from the depredations of dogs on his sheep-fold, devised an ingenious plan to capture the sheep-loving canines. He built around a number of sheep that dogs had killed, an enclosure of rails, twelve feet high, and about ten feet square at the ground, the sides of the trap sloping inward until an opening was left about five feet square. Any dog could easily climb such a sloping fence and enter the pen, but not even a greyhound could jump out of it. In three nights the farmer captured forty-six dogs including fifteen or twenty that had never been seen before in that locality.

A man is known by the company he keeps out of.

NOTABLE PEOPLE.

Queens, Princes, Dukes, Duchesses, and Other Notabilities.

JOHN of Abyssinia and Alexander of Russia are the two potentates whose food is all tested ere they partake of it.

THE Emperor Francis Joseph is the most popular man in his realm. His Tyroleans always speak of him as "Franzi."

THE Prince and Princess of Wales with their children are to sit for the picture to be given by subscription to the hospital for children.

THE Princess "Bee" has a charming figure, slender waist, broad sloping shoulders, and a plump white throat. She looks like her brother the Prince of Wales, and their ancestors the Georges.

THE King of Italy is out of debt, pays cash, stands in with the church, and invites editors to "come up to the shanty and have a nip with me." A King might as well be a good fellow as a mean old grizzly.

THE Gladstone family are all accomplished, especially in music. The Premier himself has a fine baritone voice, and uses it like a trained vocalist. Each member of his family has acquired a knowledge of the principles of vocal and instrumental music. Mr. W. H. Gladstone, M.P., the Premier's silent son, has considerable talent as a composer.

FERRIERS, the seat of Baron Rothschild, lies south of the venerable town of Lagny. The princely edifice is built on ground rising from the Marne, and is surrounded on three sides by the forests of Armen, Villier, and Crecy. It was here that the interview between Jules Favre and Bismarck took place at the crisis of French history, ten years ago.

THE Siamese Princes now visiting Europe were passengers in the express which met the recent terrible accident on the Lyons Railway. They were sound asleep in their saloon carriage when the accident occurred, and were surprised and frightened on awaking to find themselves lying on the floor. The glass of the windows was smashed, but beyond this the carriage had sustained no injury.

LORD Clandeboye, whose sensational swim across the Bosporus from Therapia to Beicos has eclipsed Lord Byron's famous exploit, is at present on a yachting cruise in the Mediterranean and the Levant with his tutor. The latter, a graduate of St. John's College, Oxford, is himself a swimmer of no mean order, and not long since carried off a prize by his powerful stroke in the university swimming races.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S life at Balmoral is very simple and uniform. The piper plays under her window every morning at 8; she has breakfasted and is out of doors at 10, from which hour she spends till noon in walking and occasionally visiting at the cottages in the vicinity of the castle; from noon until 5, with half an hour's interval for luncheon, she devotes herself to work which may be termed official—reading despatches, State papers, &c., and writing memoranda and letters in connection therewith; at 5 she sets out for a daily drive, which lasts till 7, and occasionally latter.

THE castle as Pau, whose contents were sacked in the first revolution, was admirably rehabilitated with appropriate furniture by Louis Phillippe. Among its contents was the cradle of Henry IV. (Pau was the capital of the ancient kingdom of Navarre), which was a tortoise shell. When danger threatened the castle in 1793, some one had the happy thought to substitute another cradle formed of a tortoise shell in place of the original. The fraud was ignominiously smashed by the mob; the genuine article may yet be seen. Splendid gifts from Bernadotte, first King of Sweden, to Pau, his native place, are among the treasures.

IT is not generally known that Cardinal Newman early in life had some thoughts of devoting himself to a journalistic career. When he was a young man at Oxford, in anything but affluent circumstances, he made such an impression upon the directors of the *Times* by some letters on education which he contributed to that journal under the *nom de plume* "Catholicus," that he was offered an engagement on their staff at a very handsome salary; £1,000 per annum is the figure that report says was mentioned. "Shall I be free," asked the young man, to whom this tempting offer was made, "to say what I think?" The reply was in the negative.

MRS. FLORENCE, the actress, says that she talked with the Princess of Wales in the box of a London theatre, and found her charming in manners and person. Her voice is soft and extremely musical, and a slight German accent makes her speech all the more pleasing. Mrs. Florence pronounces Lady Lonsdale and Lady Mandeville among the first of English beauties, and says of Mrs. Langtry: "She is not strictly beautiful. She has a fair skin, and large, round, dark eyes, which she uses very expressively, and with all the art of a professional actress, in conversation. The natural color of her hair is chestnut, but she is as often seen with very light or reddish frizzes as with those of the color bestowed by nature. These artificial adjuncts enhance the effect of her really fine eyes."

Wife Selling.

So recently as July 7, 1881, a case of the kind was reported in a local English paper, as follows: "William Dunn, of Ripon was summoned before the beak for instructing his son Thomas in his trade, although the Education act had provided that he should not do this until Thomas had learned certain other things which will be no manner of use to him. Mrs. Dunn, like a brave woman, came over in defence of Thomas; whereupon the lawyers, always desirous of a side issue, suggested that she had been married to another man. This Mrs. Dunn at once admitted. "Yes, I was married to another man," she said, "but he sold me to Dunn for 25s., and I have it to show in black and white, with a receipt stamp on it, as I did not want people to say I was living in adultery." These, I believe, were the *ipsissima verba* of Mrs. Dunn; and I venture to think that the exorbitant price (as it may appear to some) which her present husband gave for her was fully justified, not only by her timely vindication of him and his son, but also by her prudence in having evaded the breath of calumny by obtaining a properly stamped receipt for herself.

Symptoms of Dyspepsia or Indigestion, a dull heavy feeling in the Stomach with a frequent disposition to vomit, Heartburn, Loss of Mental and Physical Force, DR. CARSON'S STOMACH AND CONSTIPATION BITTERS is *the certain Remedy* for this distressing complaint. In large bottles, at 50 cents. For sale by all Druggists.

THE THURLOW EXPLOSION.

MADE OF WEAK MATERIAL.

Mr. Robb, chief engineer of the Canadian Steam Users' Insurance Association, who was commissioned by the Ontario Government to examine the remains of the boiler which burst with fatal results at Thurlow, has completed his inspection, and has prepared his report. After making close examination, he reports that the boiler was evidently well kept, that it was clean, and that there are no signs that the water was allowed to run low. This is a strong point in favor of the engineer. "The boiler burst," he says, "from inherent weakness, being made of poor material." It was not provided with a first-class safety valve, and the valve it has should in justice be called a danger valve. This report raises an important question as regards the manufacture of boilers, and points to the necessity of testing in some way or other the material used in their manufacture.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS effect wonderful cures of bad legs and old wounds. If these medicines be used according to the directions which are wrapped around each pot and box, there is no wound, bad leg, or ulcerous sore, however obstinate, but will yield to their curative properties. Numbers of persons who have been patients in the large hospitals, and under the care of eminent surgeons, without deriving the least benefit, have been cured by Holloway's Ointment and Pills, when other remedies had signally failed. For glandular swellings, tumors, scurvy, and diseases of the skin there is no medicine that can be used with so good an effect. Though potent for good, it is powerless for harm; and though the cure it effects are rapid, it is also complete and permanent.

SPECIAL NOTICE
—TO THE—
AFFLICTED.

DRS. WILLIAMS AND NASH

may still be consulted at the

BRANCH OFFICE, DETROIT THROAT AND LUNG INSTITUTE, west front street, over OVERELL'S STORE, opposite GLASGOW WARE HOUSE, BELLEVILLE,

on all the various diseases of the Head, Throat, and Chest, including the Eye, Ear, and Heart.

The Doctor will also attend to all

Chronic, Blood and Nervous diseases.

Over 2,000 successfully treated at our Head Office in Detroit since 1870.

The very best references given from all parts of Canada from those already cured.

All diseases of the respiratory organs treated by Medicated Inhalations combined with proper constitutional remedies. Consultation free. If possible call for examination, otherwise write for a list of questions.

ADDRESS—

DRS. WILLIAMS and NASH,
Belleville, Ont.

P. S.—Office hours from 9 a. m. to 7 p.

---

6 6½ & 7 PER CENT.

We are now offering Money at the above very advantageous rates on farm property.

$80,000

just placed in our hands. No commissions, and no unnecessary delays.

PETERSON & PETERSON,
Solicitors, &c., "O'Flynn Block," Madoc.

Head Office, corner Front and Bridge streets, Belleville.

Furniture!
Furniture!
Furniture!!
At and Under Belleville Prices.

Encourage those who knock high prices and ways, and don't go to those who have charged you EXTORTIONATE PRICES for years, and who only come down when forced and who would go up again the first opportunity. Parlour Suits, Side boards, Centre and Leaf Tables, enclosed Wash Stands, a variety of Rocking and other Chairs, Bureaus, Bed Steads from $1.50 up, Looking Glasses, Pictures and frames about half price, best quality Milk Pans, at $1.25 per dozen.

Call and see quality and prices

AT SCOTT'S,

next to Whytock's, and adjoining the bridge.

Auction Sales attended to throughout the County by

THOMAS SCOTT, Auctioneer.

Highest cash price paid for Deakins, Hides, Furs, &c.

THE MEDICAL HALL.

DURHAM STREET, MADOC.

C. G. WILSON

Chemist and Druggist

A full stock of Pure Drugs and Chemicals always on hand.

PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS
AND
Family Receipts
Carefully Compounded.

A full stock of

SCHOOL BOOKS,

AUTHORIZED BY THE

Council of Public Instruction.

At Publishers' prices.

Agent, Montreal Telegraph Co

Madoc, August 16th, 1881.

PIC-NIC & CAMP SUPPLIES

JUST RECEIVED AT THE

Italian Warehouse

CANNED PORK & BEANS.
" LUNCH TONGUE.
" C. C. BEEF.
" LOBSTERS.
" SALMON.
" F. HADDIE.
" SARDINES.
" TURKEY & TONGUE.
" BONED TURKEY.
" ROASTED CHICKEN.
" HAM CHICKEN & TONGUE.
" OX-TAIL SOUP.
" CHICKEN SOUP.
EXTRACT COFFEE,
CONDENSED MILK,
FRENCH MUSTARD,
C. & B. PICKELS.
NABOB PICKELS.

GRAY & McGREGOR,

Wine and Spirits Merchants,

NEW
BOOT AND SHOE SHOP

THE undersigned begs to announce to the people of Madoc and vicinity that he has opened a New Boot and Shoe Shop in the building formerly occupied by M. Ray, one door east of Mrs. Christie's Photograph Gallery, St. Lawrence street, where he will be prepared to receive and execute all orders entrusted to him, in a first-class manner. Having worked in some of the best shops in the city of Toronto and elsewhere I am confident of being able to give satisfaction as regards fits and the quality of the work done, to all who may favor me with their orders.

For patching on Ladies' and fine work I am using a new cement by the use of which no sewing is necessary and the patches cannot be detected. I am the only one in this village who is using this kind of cement.

TERMS Cash. - Give me a call.

H. COTTRELL.

Madoc, July 7th, 1880.

Boots and Shoes.

ALL KINDS OF

HOME-MADE WORK

FOR SALE,

OR MADE UP TO ORDER ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE,

—AT—

MORRICE'S

BOOT AND SHOE STORE, MADOC.

Terms in Future Strictly Cash.

All outstanding accounts if not paid by the 14th of June will be put into Court for collection.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

LIFE-LIKE PORTRAITS

in all the different styles and sizes.

☞ CHILDREN TAKEN ONLY IN CLEAN WEATHER.

D. MORRICE.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

This Great Household Medicine Ranks among the leading necessaries of life.

These famous Pills purify the BLOOD, and act most powerfully, yet soothingly on

The Liver, Stomach, Kidneys,

and BOWELS, giving tone, energy and vigor to these great MAIN SPRINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious in all ailments incidental to Females of all ages; and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE, are unsurpassed.

HOLLOWAYS OINTMENT

Its Searching and Healing Properties are known throughout the world.

For the cure of BAD LEGS, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers, it is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it cures Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even Asthma. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas, GOUT, RHEUMATISM, And every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.

The Pills and Ointment are Manufactured only at

533, OXFORD STREET, LONDON,

And are sold by all Vendors of Medicines throughout the Civilized World; with directions for use in almost every language.

The Trade Marks of these medicines are registered in Ottawa; hence, any one throughout the British possessions, who may keep the American Counterfeits for sale, will be prosecuted.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

JAS. WHYTOCK,

Grocer & Provision

DEALER,

Keeps constantly on hand a first-class stock of

CHOICE GROCERIES

AND

Provisions of all kinds,

Which will be sold at the

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Farmers' Produce of all Kinds taken in exchange.

DURHAM STREET, MADOC.

TINWARE.

RIFLES & REVOLVERS.

GUNS, FROM $4 TO $30.

SIGN OF THE CIRCULAR SAW.

WRIGHT'S Grocery, Provision, WINE & LIQUOR STORE,

(Established by the late Andrew Wright, in 1858,)

NOW CARRIED ON BY MRS. WRIGHT,

On the premises, in Wright's Block, Durham Street, Madoc,

WHO KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND A FULL ASSORTMENT OF FIRST-CLASS

GROCERIES, Confectionery, and BISCUITS

(A SPECIALITY.)

FRUITS IN SEASON.

Wine Brandy, Gin, Spirits, Ale and Porters!

of the best brands imported direct from the manufacturers.

—ALSO—

CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE,

FLOUR AND FEED, &c., &c.,

Wholesale and Retail at the lowest Cash price.

JANE WRIGHT.

Madoc, January 1st, 1880.

GOODS AT COST,

FOR THE

NEXT 60 DAYS

—AT—

JOHN ROBERTSON'S.

Madoc, August 18th, 1881.

STIRLING AND MADOC PUMP FACTORY!

THE undersigned has leased the shop previously occupied by E. SIMMONS as a Pump Factory, and is now prepared to furnish

Pumps of the Latest Styles on the shortest notice

All Pumps not bearing my name and recommended as my make are an imposition.

A CALL SOLICITED.

A. L. SAYLOR,

Madoc, June 18th, 1880. Madoc and Stirling.

MADOC PLANING MILL.

The undersigned having removed their Planing Mills from Bridgewater to the Village of Madoc, and fitted up a

Planing Mill, Door, Sash AND Blind Factory

are now prepared to do all work in our line with promptness and despatch.

CUSTOM PLANING DONE ON SHORT NOTICE.

KERRS & WALTON.

Madoc, June 29th, 1879.

S. R. Casement & Co. Nails, Iron, Steel, AND GENERAL HARDWARE, Madoc, Ont.

North Hastings Review.

S. R. Casement & Co. Glass, Putty, Paints, Varnishes of all kinds. MADOC, ONT.

JOHN R. ORR, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum, in advance

VOL. V., No. 237. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, October 20, 1881. POSTAGE PREPAID.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WE do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

The Cooper and Rimmington Post Offices and "S. R's" Letter.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

DEAR SIR.—Your correspondent, "S. R.," ought to give us the benefit of his whole name, but as he does not we must take it for granted that he is ashamed to do so. Now there is nothing in his letter worth answering except to try once more to show what Cooper and Rimmington has in the way of accommodation by the present mail arrangement.

In the first place Cooper and Rimmington had two mails a week each way, starting from Bridgewater in the morning going via Queensboro' to those offices and thence to Madoc, returning the same day.

In the second place Mr. Thompson and others petitioned for a daily mail from Madoc. How was Cooper and Rimmington benefitted by the change, as there was no daily mail for those places?

In the third place the Bridgewater mail was not cut off as Mr. Thompson wanted it to be, but was extended to Cooper and Rimmington three times a week. Was that no benefit to them?

In the fourth place all mail matter from Cannifton Post office to Madoc went to Queensboro' for those two offices, and from Queensboro' to their destination by the Bridgewater mail, while all from Belleville went by the Bridgewater route unless specially directed "via Madoc." This being the case Cooper and Rimmington are supplied with a tri-weekly mail from Madoc as well as Bridgewater.

In the fifth place "S. R." states we were better suited when we had it (the mail) twice a week from Madoc, but he forgets to state he had it twice a week from Bridgewater while now he has it three times a week each way, surely if "twice a week" suited well three times ought to suit better, and no doubt would were it not for that "detested" place called Bridgewater.

In the sixth place the remedy is in the hands of the post masters of Cooper and Rimmington and if they don't use it, it is their own fault, as they ought to know enough to put all mail matter for Madoc and along that line to Belleville into a wrapper properly directed, and put into the bag for Queensborough. No doubt Mr. Thompson to please them would send it to Madoc by daily mail, so that would set the matter right and prevent any correspondence for Madoc going via "Bridgewater to Belleville." All mail matter for Bridgewater and that route to Belleville could be put in the Bridgewater bag and both parties could be accommodated. If this don't please them, what will?

I find the whole gross revenue of the Cooper and Rimmington offices combined is only $40 for the last fiscal year. Do they expect a daily mail for that small return? if so I think they will be mistaken. Queensboro's gross return for the fiscal year was $129, while Bridgewater was $237. These sums will give parties who are not so blind that they won't see, a fair insight into the importance of the various offices.

I may state that I have advised the Post Office Inspector to make a change in the starting of the Bridgewater mails from their present days to Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, which will suit you providing your papers reach Queensborough on Thursday evening. With such a change I think all reasonable accommodation that can be asked for will be given to all parties interested.

As for other parts of "S.R.'s" letter about "Bancroft, Bridgewater, Toronto & Ottawa Railway," &c., they only go to show the shallowness of a disordered brain, and are not worth any further comments from me. Who comes next?

Yours &c.,
BILLA FLINT.

Belleville, 10th October, 1881.

DUNGANNON AND FARADAY.

There is every appearance of a busy winter here with the lumberers, and what, with good crops, the certainty of large and rich deposits of iron ore here, and the prospect of a railway through this quarter at no very distant date, we are hopeful that times will be good, and that this part of the Hastings coast will belie the prophecies of croakers, and become not a place where the inhabitants can barely manage to vegetate, but the centre of a busy and prosperous mining district.

The Agricultural Fair was held on October 12th at L'Amable. The show of grain and roots was good, and the cattle exhibited were considerably ahead of former years. The ladies as usual came out in strong force, exhibiting a large quantity of useful and ornamental work, which was much admired. The day unfortunately was wet, but there was a good attendance.

Our two members for N. Hastings, the Hon. M. Bowell and Dr. Boulter, are taking their periodical tour through the northern townships. They spent considerable time on the show grounds, stopped all night at L'Amable, and started next morning for Bancroft and Monteagle.

Our local Nimrods are having good sport just now, and many deer have fallen before their rifles. Hounding deer into the lakes has also been very successful for deer are plentiful this year. Last week one party drove a large buck into L'Amable Lake, they followed him up in a boat and fired at him twice wounding him each time, when he became furious and charged full tilt at the boat. The hunters attacked him with their paddles, the deer, however, made a gallant fight of it and an oar and two paddles were broken over his head before the men succeeded in killing him.

A few days since, a bear tempted by the fineness of the day, or the glowing accounts he had heard of the embryo city of Bancroft, strolled leisurely past the Bancroft school-house. The alarm having been given there was arming in hot haste, and guns were loaded quickly for the purpose of giving the visitor a warm reception, but bruin appears to have been of a different and even retiring disposition, for before the deputation who went to receive him reached the school-house, he turned off into the woods where he soon became (as the Yankee village lawyer said) "*non comelable swampum.*"

SYLVANUS.

Faraday, Oct. 15th, 1881.

Madoc Markets.

Flour, per brl	$6 50 to	$6 75
Wheat, per bushel	1 25 to	1 35
Rye, "	0 84 to	0 00
Oats, "	0 40 to	0 00
Barley, "	0 75 to	0 00
Peas, "	0 75 to	0 00
Potatoes, per bag	0 75 to	0 00
Eggs, per doz	0 15 to	0 00
Butter, per lb	0 20 to	0 00
Wool, per lb	0 20 to	0 00
Hides, per cwt	6 00 to	8 00

Belleville Markets.

Wheat,	$1 20 to	$1 25
Barley,	0 85 to	0 95
Rye,	0 87 to	0 00
Oats,	0 38 to	0 40
Peas,	0 65 to	0 75
Butter,	0 25 to	0 30
Eggs,	0 15 to	0 20
Potatoes, per bag	1 00 to	0 00
Flour, per bbl	6 50 to	7 00
Sheepskins,	0 00 to	0 00
Wool, per lb	0 22 to	0 00
Hides,	7 00 to	8 50
Hay,	10 00 to	12 00
Calf Skins, per lb	0 10 to	0 00
Deakens,	0 00 to	0 00

JUST RECEIVED
A fine lot of
SOLID SILVER
—AND—
COLORED GOLD JEWELRY.
Elegant designs in Sets and Single
Brooches and Earrings,
Also a fine line in
SILVER LOCKETS
—AND—
BRACELETS.
BROOCHES & EARRINGS
In real Whitby Jet, also
Bracelets and Necklets,
And a great variety of
STUDS, GENTS' SUITS, COLLAR BUTTONS, and SCARF PINS,
PLATED & FINE PEARL.
E. L. WEISS.

FOR SALE.
A CORNER LOT on Church and Elgin streets, Madoc, with two good new frame dwellings and a good new frame barn, also plenty of room for three more dwellings on the lot. This property is situated about twenty rods from the business portion of the village.
Terms liberal. Apply to
WILLIAM MOORE.
On the premises.
Madoc, March 29th 1880.

Furniture!
Furniture!
Furniture!
At and Under Belleville Prices.
Encourage those who knock high prices and ways, and don't go to those who have charged you EXTORTIONATE PRICES for years, and who only come down when forced and who would go up again the first opportunity. Parlour Suits, Side boards, Centre and Leaf Tables, enclosed Wash Stands, a variety of Rocking and other Chairs, Bureaus, Bed Steads from $1.60 up, Looking Glasses, Pictures and frames about half price, best quality Milk Pans, at $1.25 per dozen.
Call and see quality and prices
AT SCOTT'S,
next to Whytock's, and adjoining the bridge.
Auction Sales attended to throughout the County by
THOMAS SCOTT, Auctioneer.
Highest cash price paid for Deakens, Hides, Furs, &c.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

BEST'S L. O. L. No. 517.
Meets on the first Thursday in each month.
JAS. BATEMAN, Sec'y, Madoc P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070,
Meets every first Tuesday in each month.
C. DONALDSON, Sec'y, Millbridge.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094,
Meets on the first Saturday in each month.
DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624,
Meets every Friday on or before full moon.
HENRY BENTLEY, Sec'y, York River P.O.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437,
Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon.
W. J. WIGGINS, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285.
Meets on the first Monday in each month.
J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253.
Meets every Monday on or before full moon.
R. S. ALLEN, Secretary, Cooper P. O.

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389,
Meets every first Monday in each month.
T. E. JACKSON, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4.
J. F. MORRILL, D.M., Millbridge,
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

Royal Black Knights of Ireland,
Meets in the Lodge-room of No. 1133, Hazzard's Corners, on the second Wednesday of each month. H. KETCHESON, W. M.

MADOC LODGE
No. 179, I.O.O.F.
THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Hall, on
Monday Evening, Oct. 24th,
At 8 o'clock.
C. S. MITCHELL, Rec. Secretary.

FLOUR! FLOUR!
THE undersigned keeps on hand large quantities of SUPERIOR EXTRA flour in Bags or Barrels at the North Hastings Warehouse, sold in quantities to suit purchasers and at the lowest possible prices.
He is in receipt within the last few days of
THREE CAR LOADS
OF THE CELEBRATED
"Empress" Brand,
a grade of flour that has given general satisfaction. The best evidence being that he has sold about 1,000 Bbls. since the 1st of Jan. last.
SEED GRAIN.
He keeps on hand Wheat, Peas, Oats and Barley for seed. The Wheat and Oats are from the neighborhood of Lindsay, and of superior quality. A limited quantity of superior Spring Wheat for seed on hand.
A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, March 2nd, 1881.

Land For Sale.
TWENTY-ONE (21) Building Lots for sale in the Village of Madoc, laid out on Park Lots 3 and 4, and known as "Norman's Hill."
Enquire of Captain Norman, Millbridge, or the undersigned,
CHARLES GREAM.
Madoc, September, 1879. 131

Stoves & Tinware.
If you want good
COOKING, BOX, OR PARLOR
STOVES
CALL AT GEO. CHOWN'S,
Division Street, Reed's Block,
Where you will find a good assortment, together with all kinds of Tinware, on hand or made to order. Furnaces, Eavetrough, and all kinds of job work attended to. Remember the place, opposite Orr's blacksmith shop
22 GEORGE CHOWN.

6½ & 7
PER CENT.
We are now offering Money at the above very advantageous rates on farm property.
$80,000
just placed in our hands. No commissions, and no unnecessary delays.
PETERSON & PETERSON,
Solicitors, &c., "O'Flynn Block," Madoc.
Head Office, corner Front and Bridge streets, Belleville.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN G. DEANS,
CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,
O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK!
MADOC.

Banking House!
—OF—
E. D. O'FLYNN,
"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.
Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.
Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted
DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD
Money received on deposit, subject to withdrawal without notice.
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REAL ESTATE SECURITY.
The Canada Permanent
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Mortgages and Debentures Purchased.
Apply to
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AGENT FOR THE
Lancashire Insurance Comp'y.
All Losses Promptly Settled.
Office at the Store of Sydmer Ross & Co.
Madoc, April 15th, 1879. 107

Desirable Property for Sale
THE HOUSE and an acre and a quarter of land on the East side of Wellington Street, in the village of Madoc, owned by Mrs. Gunn. The above lot is well situated, near the Post Office. Title guaranteed. Terms easy. Apply to
PETERSON & PETERSON,
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Dated, 1st June, 1880.

TO BE LET.
LOTS 57 and 58, east side Hastings Road, Township of Tudor; also Lot 58, west side (part of the Cameron Mining Lot) comprising 100 acres or upwards. About 40 acres cleared, the rest well wooded, with water accommodation. The above would be well suited to the wants of a grown up family. A lease can be given on very moderate terms.
Apply to CAPT. NORMAN,
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Money to Loan!
Low Rate of Interest!
To Farmers and Real Estate owners in Madoc and Vicinity:
Do you want to add to your farm?
To build a new house or barn?
To make improvements by the way of fencing, clearing, or draining?
To pay off a mortgage, and get plenty of time at a low rate of interest?
Then apply to the undersigned, who is agent for
THE CANADA
LANDED CREDIT COMPANY,
FOR THIS COUNTY.
AMPLE TIME WILL BE GIVEN,
with or without sinking fund, with the privilege of paying as soon as you please
6 Per Cent. INTEREST. 6
The operations of the Company, which are of long standing, can be referred to as a guarantee of their square dealing and equitable terms.
A. F. WOOD,
MADOC.
Nov. 1st, 1880.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

GEO. D. DICKSON,
BARRISTER, &c., Belleville. Money to loan at low rates.

CHARLES GREAM,
SOLICITOR in Chancery, Notary, Attorney, Conveyancer, &c., Madoc. Office in the Victoria Block.

R. S. HENDERSON,
BARRISTER, &c., Madoc. Office—over the store of Sydmer Ross & Co. Entrance—Side door.

HENRY BLEECKER,
BARRISTER, Attorney-at-Law, and Solicitor in Chancery. Office,—Bridge Street, Belleville, over the Custom House.

CHARLES BUTLER,
ISSUER of Marriage Licenses, and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Residence—Stirling, Ont.

W. A. DAFOE, M. D. &c.,
LICENTIATE of the Royal College of Physicians, Licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh. Office and residence nearly opposite the Windsor House, Madoc

DOUGALL & FALKINER,
BARRISTERS, Belleville. Money to loan on farm property at very low rates.
A. R. DOUGALL. | N. B. FALKINER.

DENMARK & NORTHRUP,
BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Money to lend on easy terms, both private and Company funds.
GEO. DENMARK. W. B. NORTHRUP, M. A.

GEO. W. WALKER,
SURGEON DENTIST, Front St. Belleville, still continues his visits to Madoc village, strictly on the first Monday and Tuesday of every month. Rooms in Mrs. Moon's Hotel. Belleville Office directly opposite the Anglo American Hotel. 53

PETERSON & PETERSON,
BARRISTERS, Attorneys-at-law, Solicitors in Chancery, Notaries, &c., Private and Company moneys to loan at lowest rates.
Madoc Office, O'Flynn's Block,
Belleville Office, Cor. Front & Bridge sts.
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St. FRANCIS HOTEL,
ELDORADO, ONT.
FRANCIS CONLIN - PROPRIETOR.
GOOD accommodation for the traveling public, at reasonable rates.
The Bar stocked with choice Liquors, Cigars, etc. 149

BLAIR & HOUGH,
BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville. Ontario. Offices: No. 4 Ashley Block, over Canadian Bank of Commerce, Front St.
HUGH BLAIR. J. STANLEY HOUGH.
N.B.—Private money to loan at 7 per cent.

A. F. WOOD,
LAND, LOAN,
AND
Commission Agency.
OFFICE—Second Door South from Masonic Hall.
Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.
Madoc, January 27th, 1879. 96

WINDSOR HOUSE,
MADOC, ONT.
HAVING purchased the building formerly occupied by Mr. Thos. Cross, we have fitted it up as a first-class Hotel, and are now prepared to offer superior accommodations to the traveling public.
Large and commodious sample rooms for Commercial Travelers.
Every attention paid to guests.
CONLEY & McNEILL.
Madoc, May 4th, 1880.

PRIVATE FUNDS!
TO LOAN.
$25,000
Have been placed in the hands of the subscribers to loan upon farm or city property at from
7 to 8 per Cent. Interest,
according to the size and quality of loan.
NO DELAY in obtaining the money beyond the time employed in the investigation of the titles.
NO COMMISSION OR CHARGES other than those of drawing up the necessary papers and discharges of loans.
Straight Loans only.
BLAIR & HOUGH,
Barristers, &c.,
Oct. 25, 1880. Ashley Block, Belleville

Cottish Days.

As I said good-bye at the station
In a little country town,
And kissed away the tear drops
While her hair fell bewitchingly down,
And she looked at me so sweetly
And said "You will not forget"—
I swore to her I'd be faithful,
And called her a dear little pet.

Then the train bore me back to the city
To busy toil each day;
There was scarcely time to remember
My girl so far away.
But when the day was ended,
And I sat in silence alone,
Then I thought of the little daisy
I should claim some day as my own.

Three nights I bore up bravely
As I thought of the time to come;
Three nights I tried to be cheerful,
But was only silent and glum.
And then upon the fourth night
I gave my moustache a twirl,
Put on my killing necktie
And—called on another girl.

WHITELAW REID,

A GUILTLESS PRODIGAL.

By the Author of "HONOURS DIVIDED," "A CAPTIVE'S CAPTIVE," &c.

CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

"Ah, Grisel, my dear girl, how are you?" drawls Captain Gifford, adjusting his eye-glass and surveying my brave array with apparent approval. "Yorke, allow me the pleasure of introducing you to—— By Jove! What a remarkable coincidence, that you should be name-sakes!" he exclaims, looking from one to the other, and forgetting to conclude the introduction.

"Scarcely, considering that by marriage we are cousins," I say with a cold *hauteur*, born of desperation.

Wilfrid Yorke laughs uneasily, and, advancing, holds out his hand.

Oh, how I loathe its contact!

"I had no idea I should meet you here," he says deprecatingly. "Gifford, I was not aware that you were acquainted with Mrs. Yorke."

"Considering that in two hours' time I shall have the honour of being that lady's brother-in-law, dear boy, I am very much acquainted," laughs Captain Gifford, pulling his heavy blonde moustache, a favourite habit of his.

A look, almost of consternation, crosses Wilfrid Yorke's dark, handsome face.

"What, is it Le—Miss Churchill that you are going to marry?" he stammers in dire bewilderment.

"By Jove! Did I forget to tell you the lady's name? Yes; it is Miss Churchill. Awfully strange, Grisel, that Yorke and I should happen to fall across each other at St. James' yesterday! We hadn't met since we first made acquaintance out in India some five or six years ago; and we had so much to talk over in the few minutes we were together that, 'pon my word, old fellow, I don't believe, beyond the bare facts of the case, I gave you any particulars. Never mind, it's a pleasant surprise!"

"Grisel!" a soft voice calls from above.

"I must ask you to excuse me," I say, still with the same calm dignity. "Captain Gifford, Mab asked me to come down for this"—touching the paper-swathed flowers in his hand.

"Aw, yes; give it to your sister with my love," he drawls, throwing a sentimental inflection in his pompous tones, which at any other time and in other circumstances would have upset my gravity; but, as it is, I quietly take the bouquet from him and go slowly up-stairs, my heart sinking at every step. What will be the upshot of this *contre-temps?* How am I to break the news to Leo?

"What an age you've been!" exclaims Mab, taking possession of the flowers. "If you were not such a little pink of propriety, I should think you had been indulging in a flirtation with Cetewayo. What is he like?"

"Leo, I have a message for you; but it must be delivered in the strictest privacy," I say, with what I believe to be a perfectly natural laugh, and disregarding Mab's question. "So I am going to turn you all out, except perhaps mamma, and she's a privileged individual. Now, no listening at the key-hole;" and I playfully marshal out the troop of gay laughing girls and close the door upon them.

If my own composure surprised me Leo's does still more. Mamma is the only one whom the intelligence upsets; but Leo scarcely changes colour. I shall never know what it costs her to maintain this unnatural calm; I cannot even guess from that "cold and clear-cut face" gleaming like marble through the mists of her filmy veil; but oh, it must be a cruel struggle. Then the carriages begin to arrive, and all is confusion.

Dear old Joseph, in his simplicity, never dreams of connecting his nephew's friend—the man whom both I and my family treat with perfect courtesy—with the hero of my unhappy adventure; and it would be cruel to enlighten him, he is so happy among us all, and the very life and soul of the party.

So everything passes off smoothly and with brilliant *eclat*. All unite in saying that Leo behaves splendidly; and one pompous old dowager, glorious in old gold satin and Honiton lace, informs me that she considers my sister "most perfect form," and that there is no such sure sign of ill-breeding as a vulgar display of sentiment.

Wilfrid Yorke's handsome face creates no end of jealousy. It turns the heads of five of the bridesmaids, and Mab whispers to me that he is "simply divine."

After all, Sir Joseph is my escort; for, one of the lady guests falling to put in an appearance, pape takes mamma, and Gerald has to relinquish his bridesmaid to Wilfrid Yorke. Fortunately he is a youth of very phlegmatic temperament, and, on the whole, rather afraid of girls, so resigns his lady with very good grace.

* * * *

The *dejeuner* is over, and, amid the regulation shower of old shoes, the newly-wedded pair have departed *en route* for Brighton. It is barely four o'clock, the most depressing of intervals which ensues between the breakfast and the dance. No one seems to know what to do to pass the time. The men lounge about the drawing room all more or less in a state of suppressed boredom, martyrs to the politeness which prevents them from drowning cares in the fumes of a fragrant cigar. Flirtation falls flat at this most matter-of-fact hour. Even Mab Gifford puts up her little jewelled hand to stifle a yarn.

"I vote we take a turn round the garden. We shall fall asleep if this state of stagnation continues much longer," she says jumping up with her wonted alacrity.

The suggestion meets with general applause, and all the feminine portion of the community—always excepting *materfamilias* —departs *en masse* in quest of wraps and suitable boot-leather.

It is the fairest of autumn afternoons, the sun "standing amid roses in the western sky," the air fresh and invigorating. Sir Joseph Gifford's grounds are very extensive, consisting for the greater part of well-timbered park-land. The grand old trees are scattering their faded leaves broadcast to form a carpet for our careless feet as we flit beneath their venerable branches like so many gay-hued butterflies.

I am walking with Rose Gifford, the second sister, and her *fiance*, one Lieutenant Moray, and just in the rear are Mab and Wilfrid Yorke. Mab has thrown a soft white shawl about her head and shoulders, from which her gipsy face peeps out with tantalising coquetry. She is bright enough now; her dusky checks are flushed with a rare rich colour, and her rippling laugh floats lightly back to us upon the sweet air.

"What a flirt Mab is!" remarks her sister serenely. "She will singe her wings some day. Grisel dear, is your husband anything like his cousin—in appearance, I mean?"

"No—oh, no; not in the least!" I answer confusedly. "Mr. Yorke, my husband, is fair—very fair;" and a vision arises before me of that noble steady face, with its grave loving eyes and kindly smile—a vision that fills my hear with weary longing and unutterable remorse.

"How thankful you will be to have him home again! A year must seem a lifetime to be parted from one's husband," she says thoughtfully.

I see Lieutenant Moray covertly press the little white hand lying upon his coat-sleeve, and "look love into eyes that look love again." It is very evident I am not wanted here.

"Rose dear, will you mind if I go in now? It is getting rather chilly, and you know I must take particular care of my troublesome lungs, or I shall be having another attack of inflammation; and Sir Joseph may not care to have his house converted into a hospital again," I say, with a dreary attempt at a laugh, stopping as I speak.

Rose offers some kind protest, and her companion politely, but I fear not very truthfully, expresses his regret at my proposed return to the house; but neither the one nor the other is sufficiently strong to alter my determination; and I am just turning to leave them when Mab suddenly happens to look round.

"Oh, Grisel, you are surely not going in yet?" she exclaims, with genuine vexation. "We must all go in if you do. It is so beautiful out here; ever so much better than that hot drowsy drawing-room. Wait just another ten minutes—to please me;" and good-natured Mab coaxingly links her arm in mine, and draws me forward to where Wilfrid Yorke is awaiting her, and, *nolens volens*, I am compelled to walk on with them.

"I know why you were in such a hurry to get back," she says when we are out of earshot of the couple behind. "I am just the same myself. I hate playing third person to those two; they're so overpowering sentimental."

Wilfrid Yorke is not at all like himself to-day. He walks by Mab's side with downcast eyes and knit brow and scarcely offers a remark. Words fail to express the utter contempt and disgust in which I hold this man; yet I can scarcely help pitying him, he looks so haggard and unhappy. The past ten months have made sad havoc upon his handsome face. It is thinner and sharper, and the mouth has grown set and almost hard in its cynicism. Not once since our first encounter have our eyes met. I cannot look at him, and he dare not look at me. Mab must think us strange relations. But then she always stigmatises me as a "little prude;" an what interest would it be to Wilfrid Yorke to pay particular court to a married woman? She flits between us, laughing and chattering in her gay way, a girl who has no shadow of sorrow to mar the beauty of this gorgeous autumn afternoon. I am younger, three years younger than she is; but, oh, how old I feel beside her—I who have felt the heart-thrust of

"The first sharp sorrow—ay, the breaking-up
Of that deep fountain, never to be seal'd
Till we with Thee close up the great account"—

a sorrow none the less poignant because it has been of my own seeking. Ah, could I but call back "the days that are not," how differently would I act! But they are gone for ever, gone beyond recall; and this is but my requital.

"Grisel, how about flowers for this evening? Suppose we go and hunt up Jenkinson and see if he has anything very choice. You must know that I am an especial favourite with uncle's crusty old gardener," Mab laughingly informs the man by her side. "He won't cut his orchids for any one but me. We have been fast friends ever since I was in pinaforedom. I used to call him my sweetheart. You will see how nicely I can manage him. I am the only one who can, even including uncle."

But Jenkinson is nowhere to be found; and Mab, not to be balked of her flowers, leads the way to the greenhouse and prepares to help herself. But she is hard to please; and presently she pauses in disgust.

"It is so annoying that the orchid-house is locked. I always choose them—not for their beauty, for some of them are very ugly, but because they are out of the common, and I like to be eccentric. I do wonder where that tiresome old man has gone! Very likely, now I come to think of it, he has gone home to his tea. I have half a mind to run over to the cottage to see. I know he will give me the keys. It won't take me five minutes. Grisel dear, you can be making Mr. Yorke a button-hole while I am gone. I promise not to tell your husband." And, with a mischievous laugh, she darts away, leaving me *tete-a-tete* with the man from whom I would fain fly as from a plague.

"Grisel, is it possible for you to forgive and forget?"

"Twixt the gloamin and the mirk," I raise two proud cold eyes to the handsome face that once I might have learnod to love not wisely but too well. Had I but been free when we first met, perhaps I should have been his wife by now. Oh, thank Heaven I am not! I answer with callous decision—

"The latter is impossible; the former improbable."

In the dying light I see him grow a shade paler, and he half turns from me, muttering something, I do not hear what. Then he starts round and addresses me with fierce concentrated passion.

"Have you no mercy? I won't say pity, because pity is akin to love; and that I know you have not for any man. You would have loved me once—I would have made you; but we met too late. You had sold yourself body and soul to a man old enough to be your father, for what reason is best known to yourself. Perhaps, foolish little moth"—his voice softening and his dark eyes growing dangerously tender—"you were 'caught by glare.' No matter; I came, I saw, and was conquered—I, who never believed it was in me to love any woman. I had had passing fancies; but I knew not the meaning of the word 'love' until I looked into your childish eyes with their 'great possibilities' and their slumbering passion, and wondered at the strange sweet sensation which set all my pulses quivering as though they had hitherto lain dead and were suddenly quickened into life. I loved you, Grisel; and it was too late—you were another man's wife, a man whose passion, matched with mine, was 'as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine.' It is not in him to love as I love."

"Thank Heaven, it is not! He would not be worthy of the name of man if it were!" I cry with ringing scorn, my self-control all at once giving way. "It is not in him to love as you love! Scarcely. 'Tis love combined with guilt alone that melts the softened soul to cowardice.' Do you think that he would have brought shame upon the woman he loved and left her to an unknown fate, exposed to far worse than death—the reproach of dishonour? Do you think that, Wilfrid Yorke, I say?" My voice trembles with fierce indignation. "I say do you think that?"

He stands before me with bent head and folded arms, for the moment confounded.

"You drove me to it," he says at length, speaking with low intensity. "I was mad; and who made me so but you? Heaven knows I sought for you the whole night through; and, when I found my search was vain, fool, madman that I was, I shrank from further investigations. I dreaded lest my worst fears should be realized, and that you had been found dead. Uncertainly was preferable to that; and, oh, Heaven, that was bad enough! Soon afterwards I was ordered off to Africa. And what had I to keep me here? Even if living you were dead to me—you who took all and gave nothing. Perhaps this is why I love you so, because you are my debtor and not I yours. I have nothing to thank you for, and you have spoilt my life. I ought to hate you, but I can't; I——"

"Did you think I was lost?" breaks in Mab's gay voice. "That old nuisance has gone up to London and taken the keys with him; so I can't have my orchids after all. It's too bad," she says, pouting like a spoilt child. "Don't you pity me, Mr. Yorke?"—looking up into his face with arch coquetry.

"Life is full of disappointments," he answers, with a mirthless laugh; and he stretches out his hand and plucks a leaf of scented geranium standing near.

"Why, Grisel, you naughty girl, you haven't done as I told you after all! Never mind, Mr. Yorke; I'll make you a button-hole if she won't. She's afraid of my telling tales. Do you know I have the greatest curiosity to see your cousin? I am quite looking forward to his coming home, that I may see Grisel's ideal man. She is so difficult to please, that he must be something quite out of the common. Let's see—when is it you expect him, dear?"

"Expect him?" repeats Wilfrid Yorke mechanically.

"Yes; he has been away ten months," I say, looking him steadfastly in the face as I speak. "You can guess when he went and why; and it is quite uncertain when he will return. Mab, this place is too warm for me; I must get out into the air. My head aches to distraction. No, don't you come; stay and get your flowers, and mind make me a pretty bouquet with plenty of maiden-hair fern and not too much colour. Now, don't forget!"

If she does, it is of no consequence, for I spend the rest of the evening in bed, my head throbbing with pain so violent that I cannot raise it from the pillows.

When the festivity is at its height, there is a tap at my door, and Hawkins appears bearing a little folded slip of paper from Wilfrid Yorke.

Were it not that the woman is waiting for an answer I would not deign to open it; but, as it is, I am compelled to scan the few pencilled words.

"For Heaven's sake, Grisel, if you cannot forget, at least forgive! Come down and say just one kind word to me; for, after to-night, I promise never to look upon your face again. Surely you can't refuse the only crumb of happiness I shall have to live upon for the rest of my three-score years and ten! Such as I never die broken-hearted. Fate is not so kind. We have to live on as best we may.

"You may tell Mr. Yorke I am not coming down again to-night, Hawkins, and say that, as he will be gone to-morrow morning before I am up, I trust he will have a pleasant journey;" and then I crush the paper in my hand and consign it to the flames.

CHAPTER VIII., AND LAST.

Once more it is Christmas Eve, and in, spite of the sad memories it recalls, I cannot repress a childish delight in the gay brilliantly-lighted shop windows and the general state of excitement which prevades our busy crowded metropolis.

I have come up to town to buy Christmas presents; and, as I wish to keep my expedition a profound secret, I have set out alone from a friend's house where I have been taking tea—a proceeding the propriety of which I begin to doubt. Although I may feel quite a staid matron and have not sufficient beauty to render me by any means conspicuous, I find I am young enough and pretty enough to attract far more notice than is agreeable.

I hurry along Cheapside until I reach St. Paul's Churchyard, where I purpose making my purchases, and then begins the serious business of shopping.

It is a very serious business, for I have so many tastes to consult; but at length it is satisfactorily concluded, and I turn my steps homeward. I have so many parcels to carry that I am compelled to put up with the unpleasantness of being stared at and to walk at a more rational pace. There is a dainty cap for mamma—the latest *nouveaute de Paris*—a Russia leather pocket-book for papa—his presents always take me double as long to decide upon as any of the others—a pair of fur-lined gloves for Gerald, a penknife with innumerable blades for Jack, a picture-book for Algy, a Noah's Ark for Charlie, a huge baby-doll for Trixie, and wool lamb for baby.

My thoughts are so pleasantly occupied in picturing the delight of each recipient that I am quite surprised to find how short the distance appears to Liverpool Street Station. Fortunately I am just in time to save my train—another minute, and I should have been too late.

"Here you are, miss! Be quick! First class? Right!"

A bang, a shrill ear-piercing whistle, and the long train slowly moves off.

There is only one other person in the carriage besides myself—a man, but what manner of man I have not yet had time to notice. I am too busy depositing my parcels in the wicker-work above. I only catch a glimpse of a rough fawn-colour ulster and a round felt hat. His face is hidden behind a newspaper; and he does not trouble to look up at me, the invader of his solitude. It is only when I happen to cough that he gives a quick start and lowers his paper, and, to my dismay, I recognise Wilfrid Yorke.

"My—Grisel, is it really you?" he exclaims, with an expression of glad astonishment, which meets with no response save a haughty stare of surprise and displeasure.

"Who else should it be?" I say coldly, not attempting to offer him my hand; and the last of my parcels being disposed of, I take my seat in the compartment next the door, at the extreme end from where he has been sitting.

But to my annoyance, instead of returning to his former place, he takes the seat opposite to mine and abandons all idea of resuming his paper, folding it up and putting it into his pocket

"Have you quite recovered from your headache yet?" he asks, with a cynical smile, and his eyes fastened upon my angry face with a passion that terrifies me.

"Long ago."

"Do you know you were very cruel to me that night?"—his voice low and seductively sweet.

I do not deign to reply. Averting my head, I peer out into the darkness, longing—oh, so fervently!—for the journey to come to an end.

"Haven't you ever repented of you hard-heartedness, Grisel?"

I do not even turn my head.

"Would it give you any satisfaction to know that you robbed me of my night's rest?"

Still I do not answer.

"Grisel"—and he bends forward until I feel his warm breath upon my cheek—"won't you be satisfied until you have either broken my heart or sent me headlong to ruin?"

"Bishopsgit! Bis-hops-git!"

"Confound it! What does the fellow want poking his nose in here? Good——"

I turn from the window with a low agonized cry, and fall back against the cushions, seized with a deadly faintness. "The fellow" has passed on, and that fellow is my husband.

"Let me get out. Let me get out. I must—I will!" I cry wildly, in an instant recovering myself, and not heeding that the train is already in motion.

"You may if you want to be killed," says Wilfrid Yorke sneeringly; and it is only by main force that he prevents me from throwing open the carriage-door and jumping out upon the line.

"How dare you keep me from my husband—you, who have wrought our misery," I gasp, my voice hoarse with passion—"you, the man I most despise on earth—you, whose very presence I loath, whose touch is pollution—you that I hate—yes, hate, Wilfrid Yorke, base coward that you are?" And I wrench myself free from his detaining grasp, flinging off his hands with a shudder of aversion.

Wilfrid Yorke merely elevates his brows and smiles with a sort of cool indulgence.

"So you hate me, do you, little one? Well, it is but natural, since upon excellent authority we have it that it is the nature of the human disposition to hate him whom you have injured, and, if you haven't exactly injured me, you have injured my heart and honour. If I am, as you say, a base coward, what made me so but my love for your—— It was your brown eyes and gipsy face that made me jilt the 'mistress all mankind pursue.' Honour *versus* Love and Grisel! The contest was unfair, and ——"

"Bethnal Green! Beth-nal Gre-en!"

This time I am too quick for him. Ere he can interpose, I have flung open the carriage-door and am on the platform. I never give so much as a thought to my parcels; my only fear is that he will follow me. And, in that fear, forgetful of all else, I push my way through the crowd of labouring men who are pouring in and out of the train, and am soon lost in the motley throng. When the train steams out of the station, I take courage and look round. Thank Heaven, he is not to be seen! With a gasping sigh of relief, I sink down upon one of the now-empty benches and try to collect my dazed senses.

It is of no use, I cannot think; my brain is in a perfect whirl. I must be going mad. I press my trembling hands across my dry burning eyes, and try so hard, so very hard to think—only think.

"Child!"

One word—a word of five letter; but oh, what does it not express? Anger, reproach, pity, contempt, and yearning unutterable love. Yes; that one word is compounded of as many sentiments as letters.

And I, "guiltless prodigal" that I am, dare not so much as raise my eyes to the face of my husband, the man whom I have learned to love with the love that only comes once in a lifetime—a love perfected through much tribulation

"Grisel, here comes the train. I am going to take you home—to your father's home, I mean," he adds sternly. "Come, follow me!"

There is no disobeying that firm command, and, staggering dizzily to my feet, I follow him to an empty compartment.

"Have you nothing to say to me, my wife?"

Why will the words not come? Why do I cower and tremble under those soul-searching eyes, my very silence condemning me?

"Behold her guilty looks, for guilt will speak
Though tongues were out of use!"

"Grisel, Heaven only knows what my love for you has been; but, believe me, I would far sooner—oh, far sooner!—have closed your eyes in death than you should have come to this—you, my wife, whose honour is dearer to me even than my own Great Heaven, it is more than I can bear!" he cries in tones of cruellest anguish; and burying his face in his hands, his strong frame is shaken with emotion.

"Robert!"

Ah, the lesson I once found so difficult is easily enough learned now!—and I stretch out a timid trembling hand and lay it upon his knee. He recoils from my little touch; and, rebuked, I crouch back amongst the cushions and wonder why I cannot shed one single tear.

Presently he raises his face, all marred with heart-wrung agony, and looks at me with hungry passionate eyes.

"My little Grisel!" he murmers softly. "My beloved child-wife!"

Those gentle love-fraught epithets are too much for me. In an instant my arms are round his neck, and I am sobbing upon my husband's breast as though my heart would break. For a moment he strains me to him in a fierce close embrance, forgetting all but his great love for me, his supposed faithless wife. But it is only for a moment. The next he has cast me off with a bitter moan, and his face is terrible to look upon in its fierce pain.

"Child, why do you tempt me? Between you and me is there not a great guilt which even a love strong and boundless as mine cannot—nay, dare not—bridge over? Oh, my wife, once so pure, once——"

His voice suddenly fails him, and then only then, my own comes back to me.

"Robert, my husband, hear, and then, if you will, condemn!" I cry, throwing myself once more upon his breast. And, five minutes later, my judge is at my feet. I do not pass a very severe sentence upon him, for can I not afford to be generous?

"To have the power to forgive
Is empire and prerogative;
And 'tis in crowns a nobler gem
To grant a pardon than condemn."

WE AIM TO PLEASE.

The lady who uses her husband's meerschaum pipe to drive tacks with is no gentleman.

The French are gaining ground rapidly in Tunis. One regiment has buried three hundred men.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Gallagher, "it was funny enough to make a donkey laugh. I laughed till I cried."

From the prices that some physicians charge one can readily imagine that high heels are fashionable.

"Indeed, sir, I would box your ears"—(pausing, reflectively)—"but where could I find a box large enough?"

Patrick on the cars: "What kind of a baste is that—the mule with his ribs on the outside of his skin entirely?"

"Why don't you have stile about you?" said the man who had looked along a mile of barbed fence for an entrance.

Dr. Johnson once speaking of a quarrelsome fellow, said: "If he had two ideas in his head they would fall out with each other."

If you judge of Brown's character by the umbrella he carries, you will form a very poor opinion of Smith, for it is Smith's umbrella.

When a man tells a story he thinks is funny and the crowd does not catch on, his face falls, naturally. It is affected by the force of gravity.

First Player—I dreamt last night I was playing Hamlet. Second player—I am thankful to say that I did not dream I was one of your audience.

Insects are becoming fashionable for jewellery, but then it is not pleasant to find this kind of fashionable jewelry ornamenting the mattress of the summer hotel.

Brakeman—"The train is now about to enter the state of Missouri. Gentlemen who have not provided themselves with carbines will pass forward to the locomotive and crawl into the tender."

The train-robbers have opened the fall season in Arkansas by robbing a train near Hope. As the robbers wore masks, and could not be identified, several prominent members of the legislature have come out in cards declaring their ability to prove satisfactory alibis.

At a banquet the late John Brougham was seated next to Coroner Croker. A toast was proposed, and Brougham asked the coroner what he should drink it in. "Claret," said the coroner. "Claret," was the reply; "that's no drink for the coroner. There's no body in it."

In a primary school not very long ago, the teacher undertook to convey to her pupils an idea of the use of the hyphen. She wrote on the blackboard "bird's-nest," and pointed to the hyphen, asked the school, "What is that for?" After a short pause the young son of the Emerald isle piped out: "Plase, ma'am, for the bird to roosht on!"

A Deadwood man saw another reach for his hip pocket, thought the fellow meant to draw a revolver on him, and so shot him dead. Then he found that the man was about to draw a flask to treat him, and he much regretted his hasty act. But he remarked that the last wishes of the deceased should be carried out, and he took a drink from the flask.

A Hamilton editor last week started to accomplish the oft-attempted feat of eating thirty quail in as many consecutive days. The experiment failed in consequence of the singular behavior of a restaurant-keeper, who refused the quail for nothing. That it is that the progress of scientific inquiry is defeated and retarded by the narrow prejudices of the ignorant and debased.

WEALTHY MEN'S HOMES.

The Domestic Life and Habits of Well-Known New Yorkers.

"There are wealthy men who are content to transact their business in dark, dingy offices that are located in the upper stories of buildings in the lower parts of the city; but these men are, as a rule, very fastidious in regard to their residences," was the remark made to a representative of *The Star* by a man-about-town one day last week. Now, for instance, there is Mr. Cyrus W. Field. His down town office is, perhaps, pleasantly enough situated, yet it is plain enough to suit a Philadelphia Quaker. The quarters in which Mr. Field carries on a business, involving many millions of dollars per year, comprise three small rooms. The rooms are very cheaply furnished. An inexpensive carpet covers the floor. The desks and chairs are exceedingly common, and a few cheap pictures adorn the walls. The owner of this office does not take the pains to have the door closed between the inner sanctum and the reception room. Visitors are not required to send in their cards, and Mr. Field always meets them with a cheery salutation and the query: "Well, my friend, what can I do to make you happy to-day?"

The plain old-fashioned business office of the man whose efforts brought about the laying of the first Atlantic cable presents a striking contrast to his city residence or to his palatial country house at Irvington-on-the-Hudson. In his two homes there is everything that taste and wealth can desire. Elegant carpets, costly furniture, and paintings by leading artists are there to be seen in profusion. The owner takes great pride in his houses, and nothing gives him greater pleasure than to extend hospitalities to his friends. When Dean Stanley of England was in this country he was the guest of Mr. Field, and when he returned home he wrote a letter to a friend in America, in which the following complimentary statement was made: "While in the United States I had many opportunities of observing the home life of many well-known and wealthy Americans. I was the invited guest of at least half a hundred different gentlemen; and I can say that, at no place did I feel more at ease than I did at the elegant and home-like country residence of Mr. Cyrus W. Field at Irvington-on-the-Hudson."

The home of the venerable philanthropist, Peter Cooper, is not remarkable for elegance or lavish display of wealth. A reporter for *The Star*, who visited Mr. Cooper's residence was ushered into the parlor, where he was kindly welcomed by the old gentleman himself.

"I have called," the scribe began, "to obtain the facts for a brief description of your home life."

"All right, my friend," responded Mr. Cooper; "I have no objection to having you write about me, I am not ashamed to let the public know just how I live. As you will see by an inspection of my home, I am not of that class of people who believe in gewgaws and useless finery. My motto is, 'comfort before elegance,' and if I please myself and do not set a bad example for others to follow, I am satisfied."

The reporter looked at the carpets and furniture in the parlor. It was evident that the venerable philanthropist had carried his ideas into practice. The carpet was of an old-fashioned pattern, and in many places was worn almost threadbare. The sofas and chairs were of the style manufactured twenty-five or thirty years ago. They were covered with hair-cloth and were somewhat out of repair. Upon an antique cent e-table were several books. One of the volumes was a church hymn-book. The leaves of the volume were well thumbed, and the binding gave evidence of long use. Upon one of the fly-leaves was written the name of a lady who, as Mr. Cooper said, was one of his daughters who died many years ago. A portion of the extension back of the parlor is devoted to Mr. Cooper's private library. Nearly all the books are devoted to political, historical, and financial topics. There were several large volumes made up of pamphlets written by Mr. Cooper in advocacy of his pet theories regarding the greenback system and the United States finances.

Judge Henry Hilton's residence is, in many respects, a marked contrast to that of Mr. Cooper. The house occupies two lots of ground, has an elegant stone front and imposing vestibule, heavy, carved front door, elaborate cornices, and all its appurtenances are of the most costly and elaborate character. The carpets are of the most elegant patterns, imported by A. T. Stewart & Co., and the furniture, which was manufactured expressly for the owner, is very elegant and substantial. One of the most important features of this palatial residence is the picture gallery, which contains some very valuable pictures by prominent home and foreign artists.

The home of Mrs. A. T. Stewart has been so often described in the public prints that it is needless to devote space to an enumeration of its features. The late Mr. Stewart expended an enormous amount of money in erecting and fitting up a home, which has few equals on the American continent.

A light stone chateau building in Fifty-second street belongs to Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt. Mr. R. M. Hunt, the architect, employed six draughtsmen for nearly three years, besides making an elaborate model in plaster of the outside of the house, costing several thousand dollars. Upon the stone carvings of the two street facades of this house sixteen sculptors have been employed for two years, all the fine carving having been done after the stones were in place. The house is not yet finished.

Three brown-stone houses in the block on the west side of Fifth avenue, between Fifty-first and Fifty-second streets, attract much attention. The largest is Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt's and the others are for two married daughters of Mr. Vanderbilt—Mrs. Elliot F. Shepard and Mrs. Henry T. Sloane. Brown stone is used throughout, and the style is a nondescript blending of renaissance with cabinet work in details. A band four feet wide, of grape leaves, is cut into the stone, and runs around the two houses. There are two of these bands at different heights.

The three houses referred to above are three stories high, surmounted by a fourth, the windows of which are hidden by an open fret work of stone. The only material except brown stone which is used in the facades is bronze, of which an elaborate cresting is used at different points. The main staircase, thirteen feet wide, is of oak, oiled. The stair-well of the house rises to the roof and floods the inside of the house with light, coming through some good specimens of glass-work. On the second-floor is Mrs. Vanderbilt's room finished in white marble, rosewood and ebony, the walls being hung with silk. The ceiling is to be covered with a painting by the French artist Lefebre, representing the dawn of day. Through all the rooms of the second floor much is made of tapestries, silver, marble, and different costly woods polished to a mirror-like surface. The height of the ceiling is fifteen feet. The gas fixtures are from the firm of Darbedienne & Co., of Paris. Much of the woodwork of the second story, the carpets, tapestries, leather, silk hangings, and decorative paintings also come from there. A series of eight small panel paintings, done in Paris at a cost of $100 each, will adorn the rise of each step in the chief staircase, two panels finding a niche in every rise, on each side of the strip of carpet, or tapestry, or gold cloth, upon which persons are expected to walk up and down stairs. The window-sashes throughout the house are finished in mahogany and brass.

The houses of Mrs. Shepard and Mrs. Sloane are extravagantly rich in decoration. One of the best bits of work is a mantlepiece of oak, inlaid with red marble, in the hall of Mrs. Shepard's house, and a mantle of blue stone in the library. These two houses are more superby finished, so far as expense goes, than any house in this city. Mr. Vanderbilt's house is six times as large as a "full-sized" house of 25 feet wide and 60 feet deep. The house of Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt is connected with the others by a covered portico, the steps leading to which are about 45 feet back from the avenue. The entrance to this portico is at the middle of the block, the sidewalk at that point consisting of one enormous slab of blue stone, 5 feet wide and 25 feet long, which weighs forty tons and cost $5,000. The other flag stones which surround the house are each 13 feet wide and 15 feet long. The inside of the portico is a room forty feet square, the walls being panelled in Scotch granite, highly polished.

Mr. Vanderbilt's and Mrs. Sloane's houses are entered from the portico, the entrance to Mrs. Shepard's house being on Fifty-second street. The doors of Mr. Vanderbilt's house are to be of bronze, and are said to cost $20,000. The entrance to the house is narrow considering the immense size—74 feet wide by 115 feet deep. The ceiling is 17 feet high. Facing the visitor who crosses the threshold is a monumental fireplace as wide as it is high, ascending to the ceiling, one mass of carved wood and marble. The walls are frescoed in red and gold, very solid and bright. To the left, on the Fifth avenue front, are three rooms—a parlor in cherry, a library in ebony, and a drawing-room in mahogany. On the Fifty-first street front is the dining-room, 28 feet wide by 36 feet long, containing a mantlepiece of oak almost as large as that in the hall, and buffets of oak and porcelain. There are sixteen panels around the walls in which paintings of sporting scenes, fish and game are to be placed. The butler's pantry, adjoining the dining-room is panelled in oak, ceiling and all, in a style which would be considered extravagant for most drawing-rooms. The western half of Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt's house is given up to a picture gallery 48 feet long, 30 feet wide and 38 feet high. There is a smaller room adjoining to be used for water-colors. A balcony in the picture gallery will be used by the orchestra at balls.

Mr. Vanderbilt went to Europe with Hester to order all the glass-work, chandeliers, carpets, hangings, marble works and most of the furniture. The only art done in this country for the house are the bronze railings around the house and the bronze cresting around the roof. This work was done in nine months by a Philadelphia firm for $42,000. The chandeliers, including one of solid silver weighing half a ton, for the ball-room or the picture gallery, are now being made by Darbedienne of Paris. Vanderbilt has now two of Hester's men scouring Europe for whatever may be unique in furniture. Cost is said to be of no importance whatever. From careful estimates it is thought that the three houses in that one plot of ground will have cost, when ready for house-warming, about $4,500,000.

The Perfumes Used by the Egyptians.

The consumption of essences must have been enormous at the highest tide of Egyptian splendor, for the people were actually enjoined to perfume themselves on Fridays; corpses were anointed with aromatic essences: sherbets and sweetmeats were flavored with fine vegetable extracts; perfumes filled the air in every well-to-do house, and saturated the letters and presents which were constantly being exchanged. The ladies bathed in perfumed water, the men used scented oils for the hair, and both made use of red, yellow, and green soap. During the festivals incense were burnt in all the streets, so that even the poorest might be regaled by the mere act of breathing. Nor was there any lack of narcotics. The mode of preparing opium, introduced from Syoot, in Upper Egypt, was well-known, and the Sultan Beybars promulgated several edicts prohibiting the use of hasheesh, a stupefying and intoxicating preparation of Indian hemp. In spite of the Prophet's prohibition, the juice of the grape continued to be indulged in. Alcohol (as its name indicates) is an Arab discovery, and beer—the favorite beverage of the ancient Egyptians—was also brewed and drunk under the Khalifs. Many a jovial song in praise of wine was sung by Arab poets, and in the early times many Arabs would by no means admit that the Prophet had forbidden its use. In an old MS. copy of Tha'alibit it is said: "The Prophet—may God bless and accept him—permitted wine, and mercifully allows us to strengthen ourselves with it at our meals, and to lift the veil of our cares and sorrows."

Whooping Cough.

On an extended trial the author, Dr. Gaspar Griswold, of this city, finds *carbolic acid in whooping cough*, in doses of one-fourth minim to a child of six months, one-half minim for one of a year, and one minim for one of two years and upward, to be the best remedy. "The whoop goes; the vomiting ceases; the paroxysms are modified in intensity and frequency." This result he believes to "arise from a similar action to that of creosote on the motor fibers of the vagus to the stomach, and from a lowering of the vitality of the specific germ of whooping cough disease."

TELEGRAPHIC CHANGES.

Meeting of the Board of Directors of the Great-Western Co.—List of Dominion Offices Closed.

Toronto Mail.

The Board of Directors of the Great North-Western Telegraph Company held their regular quarterly meeting Wednesday at the Rossin house. With the exception of Messrs. Adam Brown and Richard Fuller, who were detained in Hamilton, the entire board was present. Mr. Erastus Wiman, the president, reported from the Executive Committee the completion of negotiations for the acquirement from the Western Union Company of the line of telegraph extending from St. Vincent in Minnesota to Winnipeg, a distance of nearly seventy miles. This important link in the connection between the old and the new provinces will be immediately re-constructed. Additional faculties for the prompt transmission of business between the Dominion and the United States were reported, especially the provision of

A DUPLEX DIRECT WIRE

from New York to Montreal, and a new circuit, to include Syracuse, Watertown, Oswego and Central New York, with Brockville, Kingston, and Belleville. More complete facilities for connecting the Canadian system with Chicago are about to be afforded.

The regular quarterly dividend at the rate of eight per cent. per annum on the capital of the Montreal Company was ordered to be paid on the 1st proximo, and the advance payment of the six per cent. on the Dominion Company's capital was also provided. This is payable on 11th October.

THE TASK OF CONSOLIDATING

the offices of the two lines makes slow progress, although it has been effected to some extent. It has been decided to close the Dominion offices at the following places:—Toronto, Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Kingston, Brockville, Belleville, Cobourg, Bowmanville, Hamilton, London, Brantford, Dundas, Sarnia, Lucan, Stratford, Goderich, Clinton, Seaforth, St. Catharines, Thorold, Owen Sound, Walkerton, Brampton, Guelph, Buffalo, Collingwood, and others will be closed as soon as proper arrangements can be completed.

The greatest care is being exercised by Mr. Dwight, the general manager, to avoid injustice and hardship, and provision has been made for the employment of all good operators whose circumstances will permit them to be sent elsewhere.

The increased rate from 20 to 25 cents for ten words is claimed to have been generally accepted by the public without complaint, as the necessary accompaniment of improved service and a return for the investment to the owners of telegraphic property.

A New Submarine Vessel.

A young Roumanian engineer, Trajan Theodoresco, has succeeded in constructing a submarine vessel which puts everything that has gone before in submarine navigation completely in the shade. This boat, up to a certain maximum size and corresponding tonnage, it is said, may be navigated under water for twelve hours at a stretch, at a depth of 100 feet; she may, however, according to the inventor, be lowered to over 300 feet below the surface of the water, and without coming into contact with the atmosphere. On the surface of the water the vessel may be manœuvred under the same conditions as an ordinary steamboat. Her speed, however, is not so great as that of steamers, but greater than of sailing vessels. The submersion is effected by screws and vertically, either suddenly or successively, and the vessel is raised in the same way. If once under water, sufficient light is supplied enabling those on board to see all obstacles at all distances up to 130 feet, and the movements of the boat may be so regulated as to avoid them. The air supplied for the crew is said to last for from twelve to fourteen hours. In case of need, the reservoir containing the air may be refilled, while under water, for another twelve hours, pipes telescoping into each other being directed to the surface for that purpose. The propulsion of the vessel and its submersion are stated to cause no noise. Should all these particulars prove correct, the novel boat will be the most formidable vessel for torpedo warfare. But she may also be turned to more useful purposes. In the Matchin Canal, near Braila, there lies, since May 1877, the Lutfi Djelit, which had on board the war chest of the Turkish Danube flotilla, amounting, so report says, to several million piastres. It might be possible to recover that sum by means of the new submarine boat, and if the experiment should prove successful, it would at the same time be profitable.

A Dog Story.

A dog in New Mexico returning one evening with the sheep to the fold discovered that his master was still in the shanty, and kept very quiet. The next evening it was the same. But after penning up the sheep the dog smelled about the door, scratched, barked and even howled, for he was getting very hungry, but his master did not move. The dog, true to his appointed duty, went out with the sheep on the third day, but that night when he drove the flock into the pen the last one to attempt to get in became a victim of the dog's appetite. This method of providing for his own wants became a part of the faithful dog's daily duty. Every evening the last sheep to try to enter the fold was seized by him, and served for supper and breakfast and for dinner the next day. The ranch to which the dog belonged was in a solitary part of the Territory, and off the track of travel or visitation. For two years from the time of the master's death—as ascertained by data left by the later—the faithful dog tended the flock committed to his charge, and had fresh mutton for his supper every night. The flock was not decimated by the steady drain upon its resources. On the contrary, it increased in numbers, and when at the end of two years from the time of the death of the proprietor the ranch was visited and the remains of the owner were found, the dog was still at his post of duty, jealously guarding his flock and driving them into the best pastures every day and to the fold at night, before which he slept to keep the wild sheep-eaters of the plains at a distance.

Notes on Orchard and Garden Work.

American Agriculturist.

This month usually closes the Orchard and Garden Work for the year, and we are now able to judge of its success and failures. The thoughtful man can now look back and from the past draw lessons that will be a guide and inspiration for the future. No failure has come without cause, and the remedy should be applied; it may have been due to an imperfect preparation of the soil, lack of manure, or the neglect of the growing crop and the triumph of weeds. Bad drainage or the lack of water may have caused a poor crop, and if so, means should be taken to prevent the recurrence of the failure. In short, after the harvest, every one should study the results, and take all possible means to improve upon them in the future. This is a favorable month for doing all work where earth is removed, as grading, improving roads, etc., much more so than in the busy, cold, and cheerless days of early spring.

Orchard and Nursery.

A large part of the fall fruit will be gathered during this month, and upon the proper doing of this the value of the fruit crop largely depends. Apples are generally barrelled in the orchard, as they are picked, but it is better to allow the fruit to lie in heaps for two or three weeks, that the skin may harden by losing some moisture. It is best to sort the apples into three grades, making two for market, and the "third" to be kept at home and fed to stock, except in times of great scarcity, when they may be used for drying and other household purposes. Firm packing is essential. When the barrel is half full shake the fruit down gently, and do the same thing when nearly full, after which a layer of apples should be put on top, so that a considerable pressure is needed to bring the barrel head in place. A number of "Presses" are offered which do this work quickly and effectually. Pears may be shipped the same as apples, though choice kinds for table use are generally packed in half barrels. The choicest specimens are frequently sent to market in shallow boxes holding a single layer, with each pear wrapped in tissue paper. The rejected apples may be made into cider, though the best cider is only made from good, sound, and late ripened fruit, and pressed, when the weather is cool and fermentation will be very gradual. If vinegar is the end in view, it does not matter how rapid the fermentation takes place; the essentials being: good cider, a temperature of 70°, and as complete exposure to air as possible. The process can be hastened greatly by placing the cider in old casks containing "mother" a low microscopic plant of the fungus group. The pomace is of very little value as a food for cattle or pigs, and had better be broken up and put in the dung heap; if left in a pile by itself it becomes a nuisance. The fruit cellar should be ready for the fruit, but should not receive it until there is danger of frosts—until then store the barrels under a shed with ample ventilation.

As a general rule it is best for the orchardist to purchase his trees in the fall, especially if he is a long distance from the nursery. The trees should be heeled-in upon arriving, which consists in burying the roots where they will keep in good order until the time for setting in the spring. It is best to put the trees into the trench in a slanting position, as they are in this way less exposed to the action of the wind. Mice will do much damage to newly set trees, if they are not protected by a mound of earth; this will also stay the tree from the action of the strong winter winds.

The Fruit Garden.

The advantages of a fruit garden are many, and all farmers should have one. Now is a good time to choose a place and prepare it for raising fruit of the smaller sorts. The soil should be well-drained and rich. Strawberry plants may be set out until the coming of the frosts, after which the soil of the beds should be covered with litter, putting it slightly over the plants. There is no great gain, as to the fruit, in planting strawberries late; but the soil is in better condition now than in spring, and work is not so pressing. No crop can be expected the next season unless potted plants are set. Two feet between the rows will be the distance most suitable for working a small cultivator among the plants. Blackberry and Raspberry plants had better be set out in the fall, as they start growing so early in the spring. Blackberries should be 6 or 8 feet apart in rows, and the Raspberries about 4 by 4 feet. In picking the Grapes for market it is best to use the grape scissors, which allow the bunch to be removed without handling and defacing the bloom. The thin-skinned varieties, like the Concord, will not keep long, but the tough-skinned kinds, as the Catawba, Iona, and Diana, may be preserved in good shape until the holidays. To thus keep them the grapes must be well ripened, picked with care, and left in a cool room for a few days until the skin gets tough. Pack them afterwards in small boxes (3 to 5 lbs.), putting the fruit in from the bottom, and putting on the cover (bottom), with some pressure, and tacking fast. Label the other side, which is the one to be opened. Keep in a dry and cool place until sent to market.

Macedonian Brigands.

There are two distinct classes of these men who earn their livelihood by pillage, robbery, and, if necessary, murder, viz.: The brigand proper, who very often, notwithstanding his bad reputation, possesses one or two good qualities, among which may be mentioned his strong sense of honor as regards keeping his word after giving it, and an inferior kind of robber who is called by a Greek word signifying "sheep-stealer," and who lives by committing petty larcenies or intimidating, perhaps killing, poor villagers and small land-owners, but has neither the pluck nor the organization to make any grand *coup*, such as carrying off a European, or some wealthy merchant. To show in what contempt this class is held, I may state that no greater insult can be offered to the brigand proper than that of applying to him the epithet of sheep-stealer (*klephtodaloo*).

SINCE the marriage of the Princess of Belgium and the Archduke of Austria, 25 per cent of the boys born at Brussels have been christened Rudolph, while the girls have been named Stephanie in like proportion. It is said that the same statistics apply to Prague and Vienna.

NOTABLE PEOPLE.

QUEEN VICTORIA has sent Lord Beaconsfield's garter banner, removed from St. George's window, to be placed over the family pew at Hughenden.

LORD WATERFORD, an Irish peer, who was bitterly opposed to the Land act, has publicly announced his determination to revise his agreements and rents in accordance with its provisions, and to observe both its letter and its spirit in his dealings with his tenants.

THE fears that are entertained for the safety both of the German Emperor and of his Chancellor, Bismarck, are shown by an incident that occurred during the latter's stay at Kissingen. While he was driving along one of the country roads, a building contractor, some distance ahead, stepped to the one side of the highway with a telescope to take a view of the surroundings. He was suddenly seized by a gendarme, who compelled him to put his glass out of sight until Bismarck had passed, for the reason that, in the existing condition of political affairs, the Prince might easily mistake the telescope for the barrel of a rifle, and be seriously startled by it.

ACCORDING to the new memoirs of Count Kisselef, who acted as Russian Ambassador at Paris after the Crimean war, it was the Empress Eugenie who decided Napoleon III. to make war against Russia. The story, as told by Count Kisselef, is given on the authority of the Empress herself. Count Kisselef observed, "That it is your Majesty who has been the cause of the death of 200,000 men, and of the loss of seven or eight milliards of francs?" "Yes," she answered "indirectly; and I do not repent of it. Such perturbations are sometimes necessary in the existence of peoples. It was necessary for France to take her rightful place in Europe. She has done this by mean of the alliance with England, and by that alliance she will maintain her influence at home and abroad."

LADY ELLENBOROUGH, who, since her divorce fifty-one years ago, passed under the name of "Lady Digby," and led a life of strange romance in the East, has just died in Syria. When married to Lord Ellenborough, who was regarded as the most classic and Ciceronian orator of the day, and who ran a career of memorable notoriety as Governor-General of India, she was of singular beauty and accomplishments. Very shortly after marriage she formed an attachment for a Russian diplomat then serving on the English embassy, and a divorce was the result. Resuming her family name on this, she led a wild life for some years on the Continent, and was repeated married. At the age of 50, however, she abandoned such courses and settled down to a peaceful and happy life with a wealthy sheik of Damascus, whose tribe she joined and became a good wife and a devotee to works of charity and kindness. Travellers who met her in the East spoke in glowing terms of those virtues in latter life which redeemed the frailities of her youth.

Bombardment of the Earth.

"It's lucky for us that the earth has such a good bomb-proof on the sky-ward side," said the astronomer, as he stood coatless and bareheaded on the roof, watching the meteors.

"Why?" asked the reporter, panting as he clambered up through the scuttle-hole.

"You'd have seen reason enough if you had been up here with me for the last two hours," said the astronomer. "Why the earth has been undergoing a regular bombardment. It's not over yet. Look at that fellow, how he skims! You would call it a shooting star. Well, there's as much reason for calling it a celestial shell. That meteroid was moving twenty or thirty miles a second; yet it could not get through the bomb-proof that protects the earth.

"Where is the bomb-proof?"

"Why, right under your nose; all around you; it's the atmosphere. When the meteoroids strike the air that surrounds the earth the heat produced in consequence of their tremendous velocity runs up a million degrees or more a second, and in a twinkling they are changed to vapor. If they could get through the atmosphere they would make it lively for us. No man could tell at what instant he might be struck down by a shot from the sky, for meteoroids are pluning into the atmosphere all the time at the rate of several millions a day for the whole earth. At certain times, as about the 10th of August and the 13th of November, they come in showers, and fairly bombard the earth. The soft air that fans the cheek is to most of these projectiles from space as impenetrable as a wall of steel. Some of them, however, are able to penetrate to the earth. When a meteoroid strikes the earth it is called an aerolite. No good museum of mineralogy is without one or more specimens of these black-crusted, iron-like bodies. Humboldt relates that two Swedish sailors were killed by an aerolite on board their ship in 1674. The thatched roofs of houses have been set on fire by aerolites, and sheep and other animals have been struck dead in the fields by them.

"Well, there are modern instances enough. We are no safer than our forefathers. Hardly a year passes without one or more masses of meteoric stone falling in the neighborhood of human habitations. A man is in more danger of being killed by lightning than by an aerolite, but it would not be so if the air did not protect him.

A Bright, Semi-Occasional Star.

Astronomers are on the lookout for a mysterious star known as "the Pilgrim," the light of which comes within the range of earthly observation only at intervals of about 300 years. At the last appearance of this star, which happened in the year 1572, it was brighter than Jupiter. "Such was its brilliancy," wrote a chronicler of the time, "that persons were able to detect it at noon in a clear sky, and at night when the sky was so overcast as to hide all the other stars." The *Scientific American* is authority for the statement that, if "the Pilgrim" appears it will probably be visible for several weeks in the constellation of Cassiopeia. This constellation is situated in the opposite side of the pole from the Great Bear. The latter constellation, probably the best known of all, is the one which contains the familiar "Dipper." There is believed to be no truth in the rumor that rival theatrical managers are endeavoring to out bid each other for the purpose of securing the new star.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, OCTOBER 20, 1881.

Report of North Hastings Teachers' Association.

The semi-annual meeting of this Association was held at Madoc, October 6th and 7th. The minutes of last meeting were read and adopted. Mr. Mackintosh then gave a brief report of the last meeting of the Provincial Association, and moved that copies of the minutes be bought by this Association and given to the members. The motion was carried. The report of the Treasurer on matters pertaining to the Promotion Examinations, was given, and the Treasurer was ordered to publish a detailed report of the receipts and expenditures.

In the afternoon, Mr. Smith, I. P. S., Hamilton and Wentworth, introduced the subject of Reading to 2nd, 3rd and 4th Classes, dealing first with the importance of Reading as an educative power; dwelling on the three kinds of Reading, Silent or Contemplative, Expressive and Dramatic. He then named the characteristics of good reading, and showed how they might be taught, and before he closed his very interesting address, he assigned a lesson in the Second Book, showing how to prepare the pupils for the study of it. After a Reading by Miss Christie, the subject of English History was discussed by Mr. Kirk, who briefly pointed out the objects of studying History, and the best methods of teaching it. He advised the teaching in three divisions:—first, preliminary teaching which would consist mainly in defining the terms used in government; second, by historical periods, and third a more detailed teaching, taking on an average one reign for each lesson. After a short discussion on the subject so ably opened, Mr. Mackintosh took up the subject of spelling. He advised the teaching of spelling from the time of the child's first entry into the school, and would teach it mainly by transcription and dictation.

In the evening, a lecture on "Professional Enthusiasm" was delivered in the M. E. Church, by Rev. Dr. Jaques, Albert College, Belleville, to a large and most attentive audience. At the close of the lecture a vote of thanks was tendered to Dr. Jaques for his kindness in coming, and for the very able and instructive lecture he had given. The thanks of the Association were also given the trustees and managers of the M. E. Church, for their kindness in offering the use of the Church.

Friday, Oct. 7th.—The minutes of the previous sessions were read and adopted, after which Mr. Rowe opened a discussion on the Railroad System of Ontario. He divided the Railroads into systems and taught them in that form. He advised that afterwards they should be taught separately, and then again from central points, the main idea being to present the same name under different circumstances. He was followed in discussion by Messrs. Nichol, Mackintosh and Kirk.

After a reading by Mr. Beall, the subject of writing was taken up by Mr. Robinson, Commercial College, Belleville, who, after relating a few incidents showing the importance of good writing, proceeded to show the proper formation of the letters, and to point out the mistakes which pupils are apt to make in forming the letters. He pointed out the necessity of criticising the writing, and closed this very practical and useful address by showing how to teach movement and position.

In the afternoon the committee on choosing examiners reported the following names of examiners of the papers of candidates for promotion to the 4th and 5th Classes:—Misses Christie, McDermid and Riddell, Messrs. McQuarrie, Beall, Armour, Rowe, Tait, Hobbs, Morton, Kirk, Nichol, Jenkins, Henderson, Wood, Black, Miller and Selmes. To preside at examinations in Stirling: Messrs. McQuarrie, Beall, Armour, Selmes; in Marmora: Messrs. Rowe, Shannon and Gerow; in Madoc: Misses Breeze, Riddell, Messrs. Kirk, Tait, Miller and Nichol. The report was adopted.

Mr. Smith then discussed the subject of Grammar, which he would teach in a great measure from the Reading Books. In teaching he would also use newspapers and the conversation of the pupils. At the close of his address he named a number of publications which would assist the teachers in dealing with this difficult subject.

After a reading by Mr. Rowe, Mr. Mackintosh delivered his "Address to Teachers" which was composed mainly of notes of errors taken in his visits to the several schools, and suggestions as to the best way to remedy them.

Mr. Smith was then called on to discuss Canadian History, which he did in a way that could not fail to be instructive to those present. He divided Canadian History into three grand divisions—Discoveries, French Rule, and English Rule, the two latter he again subdivided and noted the most important events in each. He advised teachers to begin at 1851 and teach backwards, by the topical method.

On motion, a unanimous and most hearty vote of thanks was tendered Mr. Smith for his coming so far to assist, and for the very valuable assistance he had given in making the Convention a success.

A vote of thanks was also tendered Mr. Robinson, for the very excellent and instructive address he had given on the subject of Writing, and the Secretary was instructed to forward him a copy of the resolution.

The Convention then adjourned.

REPORT OF PROMOTION EXAMINATIONS.

RECEIPTS.

Madoc	S. S. No.	9	$ .50
"	"	14	50
"	"	16	50
"	"	2	50
"	"	4	50
"	"	7	50
"	"	19	50
"	"	13	50
"	"	3	50
"	"	12	50
"	Model School		1.50
Marmora	S. S. No.	2	50
"	"	3	50
"	"	9	50
"	"	1	50
"	"	7	50
"	"	4	50
Huntingdon	S. S. No.	10	50
"	"	4	50
"	"	5	50
"	"	1 & 3	50
"	"	15	50
Tudor	S. S. No.	1	50
"	"	2	1.00
Rawdon	S. S. No.	17	50
"	"	20	50
"	"	19	50
"	"	3	50
"	"	4	50
"	"	14	50
"	"	6	50
"	"	11	50
"	"	7	50
"	"	1	50
"	"	12	50
"	"	8	50
"	"	13	50
Stirling	School		1.00
Elzevir	S. S. No.	2	50
"	"	6	50
"	"	5	50
"	"	7	50
Montesgle	S. S. No.	1	50

Total Receipts. $23.50

EXPENDITURES.

Examination Papers	$25.70
Express	55
Envelopes	1.20
Postage	1.21
Paper	3.25
Total Expenditure.	$31.91

On motion it was decided to ask the sum of seventy-five cents from each school section instead of fifty.

PARNELL, the great Irish Agitator, has been arrested and lodged in prison on account of his treasonable utterances against the British Government. The state of affairs in Ireland is becoming critical.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

GIRL WANTED.

WORK light. Small Family. Apply immediately at

REVIEW OFFICE, Madoc.

WANTED,

By the Subscriber,

50,000 Railway Ties

to be delivered along the line of the Grand Junction and Madoc branch Railways, in lots of not less than 150, at any point.

Offers will be received from parties wishing to deliver from 500 to 5,000 or upwards. PAYMENTS MADE MONTHLY, or as soon as the ties are culled and counted by the inspector. For further information apply to

J. NOSWORTHY, Contractor, Belleville.

237-6t

LOTS FOR SALE!

THE balance of unsold lots on the

BAILEY ESTATE

will be offered again by Public Auction, at Moon's Hotel, on

SATURDAY, OCTOBER THE 22nd.,

at 2 o'clock p. m.

The lots are splendidly situated for building purposes, and are located adjacent to the site for the station on the Toronto and Ottawa Railway, only a short distance from the business centre of the village.

Titles indisputable, and are to be paid for by the purchasers.

TERMS:—One-fifth of the purchase money to be paid down, the balance will be made in five equal annual instalments at 8 per cent. interest.

JOHN BAILEY.

Madoc, October 20th, 1881.

FOR SALE.

THE undersigned offers for sale all his property, in the Village of Madoc, consisting of two fine dwellings, two tenant houses and two improved village lots without buildings. For further particulars apply to

WELLINGTON BRISTOL.

Madoc, October 13th, 1881. 236-tf.

CARD OF THANKS.

ALLOW me to express my thanks to the Liverpool & London & Globe Insurance Company, and to Mr. P. R. Palmer, their agent, for the prompt settlement of my claim of $1500 on my Barn and Contents destroyed by fire on the 17th Sept. last.

JOHN N. MOORE,

Madoc, October 6th, 1881. 236-3t

AN EXTENSIVE

AUCTION SALE

—OF—

HIGH GRADE BREED OF COWS.

The sale takes place upon the premises of John Bateman, Lot 3 in the 4th con., 1½ miles from Madoc Village, on

THURSDAY, 1st NOVEMBER 1881.

COMPRISING:

30 head of cows, 6 beef cattle, 2 winter cows, 1 bull, 1 ox, 1 span draught horses, 1 two year old colt, 1 one year old colt, 11 fat hogs, 6 store pigs, and 1 fine organette, costing $225.

TERMS:—12 months credit by furnishing approved paper at 7 per cent interest. Five per cent off for cash.

THOS. SCOTT, Auctioneer.

Madoc, 5th Oct., 1881.

N. B.—To Dairymen of this County, it is worth your attention to this sale.

FARM FOR SALE!

NORTH half of Lot No. 14, 4th Concession of Elzevir, containing 100 acres, about eight miles from the village of Madoc. There is on the premises a good frame house and barn. About eighty acres cleared. Watered by both well and creek. The land is under a good state of cultivation. Title indisputable For terms and other particulars apply to

JAMES L. HERBERTSON, Queensboro' P. O.

Elzevir, Oct., 4th, 1881. 235-1m.

S. A. MOORE,

—DEALER IN—

MARBLE & GRANITE,

Upper Bridge, Front st., Belleville, Ont.

MARSHALL MAYBEE,

AGENT AT MADOC.

Any orders left with him will receive our prompt attention. 235-6m.

Strayed or Stolen.

FROM the premises of the undersigned, lot No. 9, 6th concession, Madoc, on Thursday, 22nd September, a Grey Horse, blind of the right eye. Any person giving such information as will lead to its recovery will be suitably rewarded.

HUGH CAMERON.

Madoc, Sept. 28th, 1881.

CREDIT SALE!

The undersigned will offer for sale by public auction, on Lot 7, 3rd con., Madoc,

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 28th, 1881,

at 1 o'clock P.M., the following valuable property:

9 Milch Cows, 1 Fat Cow, 1 Yearling Heifer, 1 Spring Calf, 1 Span Horses, 1 Spring Colt, 1 Wagon, 1 Double Sleigh, 1 Plough, 1 Drag, 1 Set Double Harness, and other farming implements, also a quantity of Hay and Straw.

TERMS:—$10 and under Cash, over that amount 9 months credit by furnishing approved notes at 7 per cent.

MRS. NEAL McCLURE.

Madoc, October 11th, 1881. 236-2w.

MORE OF THOSE

CHEAP DISHES

—AND—

CHEAPER THAN BEFORE

—AT—

N. D. PETERS,

O'Flynn Block, Madoc

HORSE LOST!

FROM the field of Wm. Tanner, Rawdon, on the night of the 25th September, a valuable chestnut mare, (working) about 12 or 13 years old, of good size. Any person giving such information as will lead to the recovery of the same will be suitably rewarded.

JOHN BROWN, Marmora.

Marmora, 3rd Oct., 1881. 235-1m.

FARM FOR SALE!

LOT No. 9, 5th concession, township of Madoc, containing about 100 acres, only three miles from the flourishing village of Madoc. There is on the premises a good log house, frame barn, and other out-buildings, and also a number of living springs of good water. Title indisputable. For terms and further particulars, apply to

JOHN ELLIS, Madoc.

Madoc, August 8th, 1881. 228-tf.

FARM FOR SALE!

A Farm containing 175 acres, in the Township of Sidney, County of Hastings. It is conveniently situated on a Gravel Road close by a School and Cheese Factory, two miles from Frankford and ten miles from Trenton. 100 acres cleared. About 35 Apple Trees. Frame House 18x24 and Kitchen 14x16. Frame Barn 18x24, Stone Stable under it. Well watered. Well adapted for fruit. Terms easy. A certain sum required, balance on any reasonable time required by purchaser.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, Sept. 10th, 1881.

OYSTERS!

I HAVE made arrangements for a supply of Oysters DIRECT FROM THE PACKERS, and will be enabled to retail them as near Belleville prices, as a small additional charge to cover passing them through the Customs and extra freight will permit. I shall deal in none but

Well Known and Reliable Brands,

and expect to be in receipt of the first lot by "October First," probably sooner.

We have largely increased our facilities for

SERVING LUNCHEONS,

and we trust to the steady increase in the past as encouragement for the future.

A full supply of

CANDIES, NUTS, FRUITS, &C.,

always on hand.

S. A. DAVIS.

Madoc, September 21st, 1881.

This Space

—RESERVED FOR—

JOHN DALE & SON.

THE WEEKLY GLOBE

The acknowledged Superior of all Weeklies.

AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY UNREPRESENTED DISTRICT.

GREAT INDUCEMENTS.

1881 1882

THE GREAT DOLLAR PAPER

All Subscriptions Sent us between 1st Oct'r and 31st December, 1881, will entitle Subscriber to

The Weekly Globe

From date of Subscription to end of 1882

Enclose $1.00 now to

THE GLOBE PRINTING CO., Toronto.

MADOC BOOT & SHOE STORE!

We have just received the greater part of our

FALL & WINTER

—STOCK OF—

Ladies' Fine and Coarse Boots, Buttoned Balmorals, Side-laced, Misses' and Children's Boots

in all sizes and styles, also the largest stock we ever had of

MENS' YOUTHS' & BOYS' BOOTS.

JOHN GRANT,

Next door to Mrs. Wright's.

MRS. WRIGHT'S BLOCK.

Madoc, October 4th, 1881.

Mineral Land for Sale.

LOT No. 31, 10th Con., Madoc. Good iron ore beds on the same. Gold has also been found. Apply to JOHN BROAD.

EPIZOOTIC.

Jacob Huff's Discovery

Warranted to Cure in Three Doses

As I understand some parties are selling an inferior article and using my name therefor, the public is hereby cautioned against purchasing any Powder represented to be mine unless the package has my label thereon.

—FOR SALE AT—

Wilson's and Loomis' Drug Stores.

JACOB HUFF.

Madoc, December 16th, 1880.

WAIT'S HOMŒOPATHIC SPECIFICS.

CURES EFFECTED by them are radical and permanent. They do not cure one disease and produce another. They will cure a larger per centage of cases, and in less time than any medicine known.

PRINCIPAL NOS.	CURES	PRICE
1.	Fevers, Congestion, Inflammation	25
2.	Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic	25
3.	Crying Colic, or Teething of Infants	25
4.	Diarrhœa, of Children or Adults	25
5.	Dysentery, Griping, Bilious Colic	25
6.	Cholera Morbus, Vomiting	25
7.	Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis	25
8.	Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache	25
9.	Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertigo	25
10.	Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Indigestion	25
11.	Suppressed or Painful Periods	25
12.	Whites, too Profuse Periods	25
13.	Croup, Cough, Difficult Breathing	25
14.	Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions	25
15.	Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains	25
16.	Fever and Ague, Chill Fever, Agues	25
17.	Piles, Blind or Bleeding	25
18.	Ophthalmia, Weak or Inflamed Eyes	25
19.	Catarrh, Acute Nasal Discharges	25
20.	Whooping Cough, Violent Coughs	25
21.	Nervous Debility, Seminal Emissions, Sexual Incontinence, Involuntary Discharges, Impotency, Universal Lassitude, Pain in the Back, Dimness of Vision, Premature Old Age, Loss of Manhood, &c.	$1.00
22.	Kidney Disease, Gravel, Renal Calculi	25
23.	Nervous Debility, with Impaired Memory, Universal Prostration, Paralysis, Want of Confidence, Lack of Energy, Hypochondria, Blues, Fits, Epilepsy, St. Vitus' Dance	1.00
24.	Suppressed or Painful Menses	25
25.	Prostatorrhœa, Urinary Difficulties	25
26.	Bad Breath, Acrid Secretions, Sourness of Stomach	25
27.	Nervousness of Old Maids, Palpitation, Hysteria, Hysterical Suffocations	25

If your druggist has not keep them, any number will be sent by mail on receipt of price. Send for Manual (free). Address, WAIT HOMŒOPATHIC MEDICINE MANUFACTORY, JOHN T. WAIT, Proprietor, Kingston, Ont.

Brock & Co.'s Photographs
Being better prices than any others in the City. Why? BROCK & CO., Belleville.

The wide-awake,
Up with the times business men prosper. "Quality not quantity" is our motto. Come and see us. BROCK & CO.

New Goods at Foster & Reid's!

WE HAVE OUR

Fall and Winter Stock

about complete in CHOICE DRESS GOODS, of which we show a large line, and TRIMMINGS to match.

—OUR BLACK CASHMERES ARE THE—

BEST VALUE EVER OFFERED IN MADOC.

See them before purchasing. We have a large stock of

JACKETS AND SHAWLS, AND ARE OFFERING THEM CHEAP.

—See the full lines of—

Velveteens, Winceys, Kid Gloves, Ladies' and Childrens' Hosiery, Corsets, &c., Ready-made Clothing, Tweeds, Shirtings, Flannels, Overalls, Bags, Cotton Yarn, etc.

OUR MILLINERY DEPARTMENT will be complete in a few days with all the fashionable goods of the season.

Madoc, September 27th, 1881. [HIGHEST PRICE PAID FOR BUTTER AND EGGS.] FOSTER & REID.

D. A. JOHNSTON, M. D., C. M.

PHYSICIAN, Surgeon, &c., Graduate of Queen's University, Kingston.—Office, Bridgewater, Ont.

DR. E. D. VANDERVOORT,

GRADUATE of the University of Toronto; Fellow of Trinity Medical School, Physician, Surgeon, &c. Office—Queensboro, Ont.

Local Lines.

—Thanksgiving Day.

—Don't forget the platform meeting to-night in the C. M. Church—an intellectual feast for everybody.

—Lumbering in the back woods is in full blast now. Men are still going in, and the wages paid are high.

—We notice that R. R. Casement & Co. have added a tinware department to their hardware establishment. Particulars next week.

—Work in the R. C. Church is rapidly approaching completion. The interior, when completed, will exceed by far in beauty all the other churches.

—Blackstone, the name of England's greatest lawyer, and the name of a well known lawyer's pen of Esterbrook's make. The stationers have them.

—Mr. J. Nosworthy, the well-known Grand Trunk contractor of Belleville, advertises for 50,000 railway ties for that road. See advertisement.

—The Rev. Bidwell Lane, M. A., of Belleville, will preach next Sunday in the M. E. Church both morning and evening. This reverend gentleman has the reputation of being one of the finest pulpit orators in the Dominion.

Wood. Wood.

Those of our subscribers who purpose paying their subscriptions to the REVIEW this season in wood will please notify us at once, before other contracts are made.

Stirling Suicide.

A young man named George Cruikshanks, son of Lewis Cruikshanks, bailiff, of Belleville, committed suicide on Sunday last, on his farm near Stirling, by taking a dose of Paris Green.

Sale of Lots.

The balance of unsold lots on the Bailey Estate will be offered for sale by public auction at Moon's Hotel, on Saturday, 22nd inst., at 2 o'clock, p. m. For particulars, &c., see advertisement in another column.

Printers' Ink.

That the liberal use of printers' ink is the accumulation of ready chink is acknowledged by all prosperous business men. Mr. Wm. Moore announces to the public this week, by posters, that he has a large stock of boots and shoes on hand. Call and see him.

Model School Term.

The Model Term ended on Tuesday last, and Wednesday and Thursday (to-day) was devoted to the examination of the Modelites. There are seven scholars attending the Model Term, two of whom belong to this village, and all are hopeful of success in passing the examination.

Horse Buyers.

Messrs. G. T. Goetz and W. A. Weese, announce their intention by posters of coming to this village on Friday and Saturday of this week, for the purpose of buying heavy horses. Parties having horses to suit, will find a ready sale at good prices. They will also be at Tweed on Monday, 24th inst., for the same purpose.

Repairs.

The much needed repairs have been made on the hill at the Town Hall, rendering the road again in a passable condition. The sidewalks also in several places needed looking after very much, especially on St. Lawrence street, west, where it was quite dangerous to pass on a dark night. All defective sidewalks should be promptly repaired and thus avoid the possibility of accidents.

Iron Ore Docks.

The McMullen Brothers are making preparations to build extensive docks at Weller's Bay, for the shipment of iron ore. It is expected the work will begin early this winter and be pushed forward as rapidly as possible. They intend also to build a branch railway from Stirling connecting with the P. E. Co. line at Trenton, and another from the Carrying Place to Weller's Bay. The project is fraught with great interest to the people of Belleville, as it is easily accomplished, and when completed will cut off the ore traffic from this city.—*Ontario.*

COUNTY AND DISTRICT NEWS.

Compiled and Boiled Down from our Exchanges.

There are now seven women and five men confined in the County Gaol.

There will be about one hundred appeals against the Assessment in Belleville this year.

Information has been received that James Foy, a native of Belleville was killed by the Indians in New Mexico on August 20th.

About forty persons signed the membership list for the organization of an "Anti-treating Society," in Belleville, on Friday evening last.

Another lunatic—Catharine Gorragan—has been admitted to the County Gaol from Tyendinaga. The question is asked, Why is it that all, or nearly all, the lunatics confined from time to time in the Gaol are from the above township.

About 700 tons of coal, stored under a shed at the gas works, Belleville, has taken fire from spontaneous combustion, caused by the leakage of water through the roof. Men were engaged removing the coal from the shed and spreading it in a field.

The regular annual exhibition of the Agricultural Society of the township of Tyendinaga, which was held at Shannonville, on the 8th inst., was as a result quite satisfactory. Notwithstanding the unfavorable state of the weather, the attendance was large.

Delos Watkin and Alex. Rapson, who were imprisoned by the Police Magistrate, Belleville, for refusing to testify in a liquor case as to where they got liquor on a Sunday, after testifying that they had got none from the party charged, intend to bring an action for false imprisonment against the Magistrate.

While Robert Dafoe, of the 6th Concession of Sidney, was engaged at R. White's near Sidney Town Hall, Thursday last, at work with a stump machine, the brace which is used in lifting the stump fell upon him, breaking both bones of one leg. He was removed home, and Dr. D. W. Faulkner, of Foxboro' was immediately sent for set the fractures.

Malarial fever was never so prevalent in the city as it is at present. A prominent physician of the city said that it would hardly be exaggeration to say that nearly a third of the population of the city were more or less affected by it—many of them, it is true, walking about and attending to their business, while many are dangerously ill from it. —*Intelligencer.*

As some boys were playing in the Stickles Elevator at Stirling on Monday morning last, one of them named Philips, about 14 years of age, slipped through the slide, followed by about forty or fifty bushels of grain. His companions gave the alarm, when willing hands went to work to remove the grain as quickly as possible by shovelling. When the boy was reached he was unconscious, but soon rallied.

Symptoms of Dyspepsia or Indigestion, a dull heavy feeling in the Stomach with a frequent disposition to vomit, Heartburn, Loss of Mental and Physical Force, DR. CARSON'S STOMACH AND CONSTIPATION BITTERS is *the certain Remedy* for this distressing complaint. In large bottles, at 50 cents. For sale by all Druggists.

Toronto and Ottawa R. R.

An Ottawa despatch says that work on the division of the Toronto and Ottawa Railway between Perth and Sharbott Lake is progressing, and other contracts have been let. Mr. Charles has taken the precaution to place men at all points where it is necessary to divert creeks or water courses, as owing to the unusually dry season the work can now be done for a minimum cost. As soon as the chopping and clearing is more advanced the grading gangs and rock workers will be put on. A large gang of men is now at work on the shores of McGowan's Lake. Mr. Campbell, the right-of-way agent for this road, was in Perth last week, and deposited money with the Company's solicitor to pay for the land purchased in that vicinity.

BIRTH.

TULLER.—In Madoc, on Saturday, 8th inst., the wife of W. H. Tuller, of a daughter.

REED.—In Madoc, on Thursday, 13th inst., the wife of George Reed, of a daughter.

In the month of October Typhoid, Billious, and Malarial Fevers are very prevalent. For a sure preventative take, according to directions, DR. CARSON'S STOMACH BITTERS. They purify the System and cool the Blood. They are used to great advantage in Fever and Ague districts. In large 8 oz. bottles, at 50 cents. For sale by all Druggists.

Union Thanksgiving Services.

Thanksgiving Day for the Dominion will be to-day, the 20th inst. The following arrangement for Union Thanksgiving Services has been made by the Presbyterian and Methodist Ministers of Madoc:—

At 11 o'clock, a.m., religious services will be held in the Presbyterian church, preaching by Rev. James Macfarlane.

At 7:30 p. m. a platform meeting will be held in the Canada Methodist church. The Reeve, E. D. O'Flynn, Esq., will preside. Addresses will be delivered by Rev. B. L. Hutton, theme assigned—"The Material Prosperity of the Dominion"; A. F. Wood, Esq., theme assigned—"Local Prosperity"; Rev. D. Wishart, theme assigned—"Practical duties."

Collection—A thanksgiving offering will be solicited at each service. To these Union Services the Christian public are cordially invited.

Dr. Carson's Stomach and Constipation Bitters are in every sense of the word *a family medicine*, and we are glad to learn that they are rapidly taking the place of those nauseous little Pills.

A Diabolical Plot.

A few days ago a cloth containing strychnine was found in a well on the premises of Mr. Archibald Grier, lot 17, 3rd concession of Thurlow. No evil results had followed the use of the water, the poison being probably insufficient in quantity to have any serious effect. Mr. Grier blames a neighbor who has sworn vengeance against him, and to whom he attributes the killing during a few years past of several horses and cattle.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.—Reliable Remedies.—In wounds, bruises, sprains, grandular swellings, enlarged veins, neuralgic pains and rheumatism, the application of this soothing Ointment to the effected parts not only gives the greatest ease, but likewise cures the complaint. The Pills much assist in banishing the tendency to rheumatism and similar painful disorders, whilst the Ointment cures the local ailment. The Pills remove the constitutional disturbance and regulate every impaired function of every organ throughout the human body. The cure is neither temporary nor superficial, but permanent and complete, and the disease rarely occurs, so perfectly has been the purification performed by these searching yet harmless preparations.

Monco et Proficio.—The public have so often been deceived by representations made through the advertising columns, that if an announcement is made offering unusual inducements, it is considered at once as a 'blow' and no further attention is paid to it. I believe it pays to advertise providing the truth is told. If the advertiser is not able to carry out the inducements offered to the public it is but a waste of money and printers' ink. I have this season endeavored to secure a stock of furniture suitable for a first-class trade and I think an examination will bear me out in asserting that I have the finest and most complete stock of furniture ever offered in Madoc. I wish the public to understand most particularly that I keep no auction or Cheap John trash in my ware room, but all goods made for a legitimate trade.

UNDERTAKING.

I keep as usual a full stock of Coffins, Caskets, Robes, Shrouds, and Undertakers supplies on hand, and will furnish as usual as low as can possibly be done.

MARSHALL MAYBEE.

H. JAMES, M. D.,

OF BELLEVILLE, will visit Madoc professionally every Friday and Saturday of each week, when he will be prepared to meet patients or make calls upon the afflicted of this village or surrounding country. Office in Moon's Hotel, where orders may be left.

Belleville, March 14, 1881.

Gold and Iron.

West half of Lot 25, 4th Con., Madoc.

THIS lot, upon which the Fraser Gold Mining Company's claim is situated, contains an unlimited amount of GOLD BEARING QUARTZ with several of the largest and best defined Quartz veins in the Township, upon which two or three SHAFTS have been sunk. It is also supposed to contain a splended bed of RED HEMATITE IRON. Capitalists and miners are requesetd to examine the lot.

A. KEEFER,
Department of Justice.

Ottawa, 20th October, 1881.

"THE RIGHT HOUSE."

—(o)—

Just received one Case of

CROMPTON'S CORSETS.

D. C. CLARKE.

CLOTHING.

We are now receiving one of the largest stocks of Ready Made Clothing ever shown in Madoc, all of which will be sold at prices far below its value.

SYDMER ROSS & CO.

Madoc, July 6th, 1881.

We keep constantly on hand a large stock of

Nails,
Glass,
Putty,
Paints and Oils,
White Lead, etc.,
AT VERY LOW PRICES.

—o—

We are offering nails at $2.85 per keg.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA.

POST OFFICE BLOCK,
Madoc, April, 28th, 1881.

THAT LITTLE CUTTY.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER II.

But the reader does not need to be told that the interview was much less dreadful than Jeanie supposed. The young man told his story with manly simplicity. It was wrong, there was no doubt. But how was he to contemplate the idea of perhaps being parted from his Jeanie, if the parents were to carry out their threat, or if the regiment should get marching orders, which might come any day?

"You think it is a small matter, then, that we should be parted from our Jeanie?" Mr. Pillans said, with a grim smile.

"No, I did not mean that. Perhaps we may stay still where we are for a year more; there's no certainty. And besides, sir," said the young man, "it's the course of nature. I suppose you are married, too, because you could not bide apart, Mrs. Pillans and you!"

This had a better effect. The father was subdued. He gave vent to his feelings in a short cough. "You're a clever lad," he said.

"No, I am not a clever lad. I am very fond of my Jeanie. But tell me yourself, do you think I could help it? If you wanted us to forget each other you should have had no mercy—you should have sent me away."

"I should have taken your advice, that's clear," said Mr. Pillans, once more, with an unsteady laugh. "If I had to do it a second time I would know better. It appears I'm but a fool in comparison with your wisdom. It is the young, not the old, that know best."

"Yes, sir;" said young Sinclair, promptly, "where love's concerned."

"Love! Do you know the meaning of the word, my lad? Ay, ay, your love's a grand passion. It will drag her into trouble before her time—it'll carry her off at the tail of a regiment, and her so young—it will take her away out of her home. There's other love that is not like that—that would take care of her against all its own interests, while ye expose her to all the angry airts."

"Say what you like to me," said the young man, with the air of a martyr. "I deserve it—I have a right to bear it; but do not be hard on my Jeanie, for she's young and tender, and that I could not bear."

Once more Mr. Pillans regarded the youth with that bitter amusement which had already passed over his face. "I'm not to be hard upon his Jeanie! Do you know whose Jeanie she was a week ago? Not yours, but mine!"

"No," cried young Sinclair, "she was mine all the time. It's long since we spoke of this. It's been all settled that we were to do it as soon as ever the opportunity came."

Mr. Pillans' countenance changed greatly while this speech was being made. His eyes opened wide, and shone as with a gleam of lightning. Then this stormy aspect of his countenance gave way to an unwilling smile. He uttered once more a little sharp, short laugh, which was like a cry, and when he spoke, "The little cutty!" was all he said.

Such conversations have a way of prolonging themselves, but if they had talked till Christmas what more could have been said? The thing was done. These good people could not strike the youth through the daughter, nor could they make Jeanie unhappy, however small was her consideration for them. And after a while things settled down into their new order. Mr. Pillans saw that everything was made secure and legal, settling the little fortune which was one day to be his daughter's as securely as it could be done, with the full consent of the young husband, but to the great indignation of Jeanie; and the east wing of Bruntsfield House, which was vacant, was furnished for them, and there the young couple began their life.

When the young pair had with much delight, like two children over a doll's house, furnished their nest, their life became the daily amusement of the parents, to whom they were nothing more than a pair of children still. And a very pretty sight it was. Sometimes the spectacle of Jeanie's entire absorption in her husband, and indifference to her parents, gave these people a kind of a stab, and brought the tears to their eyes. But after that they would laugh—how could they help it?—to watch the pair of turtle doves, and it may be imagined how this sweet yet sometimes painful amusement increased when little Jeanie—the little creature whom they taught to walk and to talk so short a time before—became in her turn a mother, and produced a baby, which turned her little head with pride and happiness, and, must it be confessed? her mother's head, too, who felt as if the little warm, soft bud of humanity just brought forth was doubly her own, and could not contain herself with joy and importance and pride. When she carried it, all wrapped up in pretty flannels worked by her own hands, to meet her husband on his return from his business, her countenance was lighted up as if with some inward light.

"What, Marg'ret! you silly woman, at your time of life. You look as if you had found a hidden treasure," said her husband, himself fain to conceal the quiver of his middle-aged face as he bent over the small bundle.

"I'm ju t a very silly woman," said his wife, "that's true. A woman's never so old but her heart warms to a baby in her arms. And my Jeanie's bairn!"

"Jeanie's bairn! She but a bairn herself," the new grandfather said.

But this was the very thing that made it so pretty to see them. When Jeanie, throned in invalid state, with a cap tied over her curls, and a loose blue gown tied with pretty ribbons, was first revealed to the family with her baby, fancy what a sight it was! There were none of the relations—the Scotch cousins who came trooping in—who did not laugh till they cried at this wonderful spectacle. It is pretty to see a little girl with her doll, but how much more pretty to see the matronly dignity upon the little smooth brow, the air of experience and importance diffused over the small rose face—the inborn conviction in Jeanie's mind that of all the matrons about not one knew how to manage that lusty morsel of humanity but herself. "Give him to me,' she said with an ineffable, impatient superiority, when the creature cried; and it did cry at times, as it did everything else, with a vigor and cordiality which showed how soon it is possible to develop a human will and temper in the most infinitesimal compass. It cried and it laughed, and it sucked its independent thumbs, and kicked out its pink feet before other babies had begun to do more than snuffle, or so at least both Jeanie and Mrs. Pillans thought. The latter had always been of opinion that Jeanie had been the most "forward" child ever seen; but she was shaken in her faith by the sight of this wonderful thing, miracle of miracles, which was Jeanie's baby. And if you had ventured to speak of that bundle of flannel as "it," before either of these ladies, short would have been your shrift. It! That is an indignity which few young mothers can tolerate. This was HE, in capitals; a son, with two most male and manful names—Patrick Edward. No nonsense about these, no softening vowels at the ends—Patrick Edward Sinclair. You might have written General or Admiral before them without any incongruity; and yet all these strong syllables belonged to the pink flannel! This was one of the whimsical circumstances about "the creature" which made Mr. Pillans open his mouth in a big roar, a roar which somehow got weak at the end and made his eyes shine. There had not been such a delightful joke at Brunsfield since it began to be a house at all.

The baby was about three months old when Mr. Pillans, one evening taking a stroll up and down the little avenue which led to the house, met his son-in-law returning from duty. It was one of those lovely, lingering nights about midsummer, which are so beautiful in Scotland. Never was a moment in which there was less foreboding of evil. The trees waved their soft branches overhead with a gentle rustle; the roses were sweet upon the wall, and heavenly thoughts were in the good man's heart.

He maketh me down to lie
In pastures green; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by,

he was saying to himself; for the Psalms were more familiar to him, as to most Scotchmen, in old Rouse's metrical version than in other; and he had turned toward the gate for the last time before going in, when he met Sinclair, returning from the castle, where he had been on some late business connected with the regiment. He was Adjutant, and he had various things, beyond his ordinary duty as an officer, to do.

"Is that you, Edward?" Mr. Pillans said. Then he received a most painful and unexpected shock.

Edward turned and looked at him with bewildered eyes. There was a moment's silence, then he said slowly. "We have got our marching orders; we have got the route, as the men say——"

Was it the night that came on suddenly at a bound, or was it the sudden darkness in it's master's heart that overshadowed the house in a moment—took the light out of the skies and the color out of the flowers? He did not say a word, but loosened his hold on Edward's arm and threw him from him with a gesture of repulsion, as if he would have thrown him out of existence—out of the very world.

"I know, I know," cried young Sinclair, almost weeping, "you cannot say anything to me that I have not said to myself. Your home so happy and all that is in it; and you so good, like a father to me, though I defied you; and I'm bringing misery to you and desolation, and taking away your dearest. But how could I help it? Say what you please to me, sir, say what you please! I will bear it; you can think of me as nothing but an enemy now."

Still Mr. Pillans did not say a word. He resumed his walk toward the gate, stumbling, scarcely seeing were he went, while the young man followed him wistfully, talking, explaining, deprecating. "I never thought what it would be to you till now. I have been hanging about, not daring to come in. Oh, sir! try and not curse me; you know you can trust me with her—you know I adore my Jeanie. We will write every mail; we will never, never forget all you have done for us."

Mr. Pillans turned round again and clutched him by the arm—"done for you! Do you know, man, you're speaking of my daughter—my child? What would I not do for her? More, a thousand times, than I'd do for myself. And here you, a bit of a lad, with your adoring. Adore her? What are you going to do for her? Trail her along at the tail of the regiment in poverty, on the sea, in Larracks, following a sodger! Her! that has been happit and covered from every wind that blew—that has never known a trouble in all her life, except what you've brought—that has had her mother and me between her and all harm!"

Poor young Sinclair was entirely overcome by the father's passion. "What would you have me to do?" he said.

Mr. Pillans took him by the arm again, and hurried him away behind the house to a little corner in the garden where there were some seats under the trees. "My lad," he said, almost crushing the young fellow's arm with his heavy hand, "no man in the world can take her from you—she's yours for life and death, and her bonnie babe. But would it not be a grand thing to leave her here safe and sound, to know she was out of all the hardships you'll have to face, and the dangers you'll have to run; to feel, whatever happened to you, your Jeanie was well cared for, and guarded and petted by them she belongs to—"

"She belongs to me, sir," the young man said.

"Ay, ay," said Mr. Pillans with anxious acquiescence. "That's true, that's true. She belong to you—nobody will gainsay that. She's your bonnie wife, and there's few like her; but Edward, my man, think a little!—not 18 yet. You will mind that she was three months short of 17 when you ran away with her and married her, without ever asking my leave. Not 18! How is she fit to face your life! Would you like to see her among those garrison ladies, all dirt and finery? or fighting with your small pay to make it do? or eating a dreary morsel by herself, and pinching herself in that, when you're at your mess? Her to do all that, and not 18; and spending lonely days, or, maybe, falling into ill hands that would teach her bad lessons, and her so young! For you could not always be at your wife's side—you would have to leave her, to go upon expeditions, maybe fighting, when you had ten chances to one never to come back again, and her left alone. Edward, you're a kind lad, you have a heart in your bosom. You're very fond of our Jeanie—"

The two men were as near weeping as ever two women were. As for the poor young soldier he was half hysterical, with all this cruel heaping up before him of miseries unforeseen. He, too, was very young, very fond, penetrated by sympathy and compunction. Sobs came from him against his will, and large drops of moisture had gathered beneath Mr. Pillans' heavy eyebrows. There was no woman present to be frightened by these signs of emotion.

"What are you wanting me to do?" at last poor Sinclair said.

Mr. Pillans was an advocate with a good reputation, but he had never pleaded before the courts as he pleaded that day. The conversation was prolonged until the night fell, and it was in darkness that they crept into the house where Mr. Pillans had sent the gardener with a message to say that Capt. Sinclair and himself had gone to take a walk, and were not to be waited for for supper. This had been received with great dissatisfaction by Jeanie, but milder remark by her mother, who smoothed down the young wife's displeasure by a "Hoots! the man's daft about that son-in-law of his. You see a man likes a fine lad to talk to, just as a woman she's fond of her Jeanie," Mrs. Pillans said, with her soft maternal smile. Jeanie was glad and proud that her father should like Edward (though how could any one help that?) "But you can tell my father that he's not to come in and kiss HIM to-night. He does not deserve it, taking Edward away," Jeanie said, pouting, as she permitted herself to be put to bed, with her mother in attendance; for though she was as well and strong as any little wife need to be, it was sweet to keep up those little invalid ways which made Jeanie herself once more her mother's baby. "She says you are not to kiss HIM to-night, to punish you for taking Edward away," Mrs. Pillans said, smiling when she met the two gentlemen in the parlor; "but Lord bless us, Patrick," she added, "there's something wrong, my man." They had intended to keep it even from her, but that was a vain attempt, and it is impossible to describe the state of mind into which the revelation threw her. It was like a thunderbolt in the midst of all their quiet happiness. But though Mrs. Pillans was struck to the heart she shook her head at her husband's plan. When they were alone she even went so far as to remonstrate with him. "It will never answer, Patrick," she said shaking her head. "Why will it not answer? There will be a struggle. But she will never know till he is gone, and she will have to give in." Mrs. Pillans shook her head more and more. "Do you think I would have given in if they had tried to part me from you?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Remarks at Weddings.

The following remarks have mostly been said time after time at all our "tony" weddings, and will be said again and again on every such occasion:—Here she comes! Pretty, isn't she? Who made her dress? Is it surah silk or satin? Is her veil real lace? She's as white as the wall! Wonder how much he's worth? Did he give her those diamonds? He's scared to death! Isn't she the cool piece? That train's a horrid shape! Isn't her mother a dowdy? Aren't the bridesmaids homely? That's a handsome usher! Hasn't she a cute little hand? Wonder what number her gloves are? They say her shoes are fives. If his hair isn't parted in the middle! Wonder what on earth she married him for? For his money, of course! Isn't he handsome? He's as homely as a hedgehog! He looks like a circus clown! No, he's like a dancing master! Good enough for her, anyway. She was always a stuck-up thing! She'll be worse than ever now! She jilted Sam Somebody, didn't she? No, he never asked her. He's left town, anyway. There, the ceremony has begun. Isn't he awkward? White as his collar! Why don't they hurry up? Did she say she would "obey?" What a precious fool! There, they are married! Doesn't she look happy? Pity if she wouldn't! (Wish I was in her place!) What a handsome couple! She was always a sweet little thing. How gracefully she walks! Dear me, what airs she puts on! Wouldn't be in her place for a farm! I'll bet those jewels were hired. Well, she's off her father's hands at last! Doesn't she cling tightly to him, though? She has a mortgage on him now. Hope they'll be happy. They say she's awful smart. Too smart for him by a jugful! There, they are getting in the carriage! That magnificent dress will be squashed! The way she does look at him! I bet she worships him! Worship be hanged! she's only making believe! It's kind o' nice to get married, isn't it? No, it's a dreadful bore. Wasn't it a stupid wedding? What dowdy dresses! I'll never go to another! I'm just suffocated! Tired to death! Glad it's over! Oh, dear!

Girls, Don't Get Married.

Girls, don't be in a hurry to get married. If you are but sixteen, don't allow such an idea to get into your head for at least four years. Don't even run the risk of it by permitting any young man to get as far as the proposing point. Fight him off, and make him wait or go away to somebody who is ready. Don't live under the impression that you must accept the first love-sick youth who proposes. Be patient, deliberate and sagacious. There is a world of happiness for you between sixteen and twenty. The world would be a dreary old waste if it were not for the sweet faces of young girls with their piquant sayings and melting smiles. Your father has bought you a piano, and you have learnt how to play after many long and wearisome lessons. Don't spoil all by getting married, for after that you wont have much use for your piano. After you have reached twenty it would be well to consider the matrimonial problem with some seriousness.

"Well, sir; I suppose you'll go back to school rested by your holiday," said a father to his "cubbiest" boy. "Yes, sir," replied the boy, with a brightened expression, "and I'm going to ring the bell." "Is that so? I thought Sammy Goodboy rang the bell." "Well he used to; but I'm ringing it in his place, now, don't you see?" "And what does Sammy do?" "Sammy? Why, he's nothing but a scholar!"

THE KOURDISH SHEIKH.

An Honored Guest of the Sultan and An Object of Public Adoration.

The great Kourdish sheikh, Obeidoullah has recently arrived here as the guest of the sultan. A year and a half ago he went to war with Persia at his own charges. He organized a filibustering expedition of Kourds, passed the frontier unopposed by the Turkish authorities, and drove the Persian troops before him as far as to the city of Oroomiah. Here he was checked, and amused himself with ravaging the surrounding country far and wide while arrangements were being made to bring his plans to naught. The Persians collected a large army to drive them out, while the sultan, urged by the foreign ambassadors here, expended much eloquence in appeals to his loyalty and in arguments intended to convince his judgment of the impropriety of such private warfare against an ally of Turkey.

The sheikh professes to have been unmoved by the military demonstrations of Persia, and declares that he returned to his own side of the frontier solely out of regard to the too-tender feelings of his sovereign. He declares that had he continued, as he might have done, he would have conquered Persia in a few weeks. The squeamishness which led Turkey to disapprove of the addition to its territories which he contemplated he is entirely unable to appreciate. Be this as it may, he returned to his mountains and disbanded his troops. This done, nothing further was said about the matter.

This year another attempt to invade Persia was in the course of execution, when the porte peremptorily interfered. It was announced that the government had decided to arrest the sheikh, and to bring him to Constantinople. In due time the arrival of the sheikh in that city was reported. Some curiosity was felt as to the manner in which the Turkish government would punish its lawless subjects of the eastern frontier. The reception of the shikh was quaintly oriental in view of his history and of the circumstances of his arrival in this city. The day after his arrival Sheikh Obeidoullah was taken to see the sultan. The sultan kissed his hand and had a long talk with him on the state of the country and of the best means of extracting the empire from its difficult position. He showed so much regard for the sheikh that it has even been rumored that the Kourdish chieftain might soon become grand vizier. A large house near the palace was set apart for the residence of the sheikh; horses, carriages, and servants were placed at his disposal, and every day food from the royal table is sent to the house for the delectation of the sheikh and his suite.

At his new residence the sheikh now holds a sort of court of his own. His reception-room is a great hall on the second story. At one end, on a broad divan, sits the sheikh—a tall, rather spare man, dressed in the long flowing robes of the far east, and wearing an immense white turban on his head and brilliant yellow stripes upon his feet. To this place flock the people from far and near. Each man, as he enters the hall, folds his hands upon his breast and bows to the ground. Then with bowed head and the peculiar rapid shuffle with which humble-minded Orientals approach their superiors, the visitor crosses the reception-room. Be he of high or low degree, his attitude in the presence of Sheikh Obeidoullah is one of abject servility. He pauses to bow once more within two or three paces of the sheikh, and then makes a sudden dash at the great man's feet. If the visitor is dexterous and not too high in rank, he succeeds in seizing the yellow-covered object of his affections, and fervently kisses it. But the sheikh always makes a feint of withdrawing his feet from such adoration, and in the case of a visitor of rank he commonly succeeds, after a slight scuffle, in receiving the kiss upon his hand. He then kisses or appears to kiss the head of his visitor, without too much care as to the point towards which the kiss is directed. This little ceremony being over, the visitor, still keeping his hands well folded in front of him, and still bowing the head in humility, retires backward two or three paces, and stands in silence. The sheikh then invites him to sit down. Since there are no chairs in the room, this might seem a vain and strictly complimentary invitation. But it is not so to the visitor, who quickly kneels upon the floor, and seats himself upon his own heels, still keeping his head bowed, and his hands folded in front of him. Let any reader of the *Tribune* try kneeling upon the floor, in order to sit upon his heels, and he will realize the discomfort of the position taken by scores of grave men who thus place themselves before Sheikh Obeidoullah and remain, silent, with downcast eyes, for long periods of time, to receive in their own hearts the mystic influence which they believe to radiate from the presence of so holy a man. The men who come to do homage to the sheikh seem to be thoroughly in earnest. There is nothing perfunctory about the ceremony. The men who kiss the feet of the sheikh are visibly much affected, trembling from head to foot as under some violent emotion. After basking in the presence a sufficient length of time, they arise and silently bow, or venture forward again to plunge at the yellow feet with the kiss of veneration; and then they back away to the door of the hall, never daring for an instant to turn around, or to relax the folded arms, or to lift the bowed head, until they are fairly out of the room. Then they go down stairs to their carriages, and drive away refreshed by the interview.

This adoration of the semi-rebellious chief of the wild Kourdish mountaineers is not in any way worship. It is merely the homage owned by common laymen to a man who is reputed of unusual attainments in holiness, and in the knowledge of the means of spiritual access to the one true God. Sheikh Obeidoullah is a very high authority in the order of the Nakshshibendee Dervishes. His life has been devoted to a study of the means of access to God, and the people venerate him accordingly. It would be utterly impossible for the government to punish the sheikh for any little misstep like his filibustering expedition into Persia, just as it would be impossible, if Obeidoullah was at home, for the government to arrest him. He came to Constantinople of his own free will, and although the Turks will find means of keeping him from returning eastward for some time, they can not venture to show him disrespect, or to use visible means of hampering his movements. Of course, however, the pashas surrounded him with spies, as is their wont.

The territories in the vicinity of the abode of Sheikh Obeidoullah are practically under his control. His district is a fine stretch of mountain and meadow, close to the Persian frontier, south of Lake Van. His people are more inclined to educate their children than many Kourds. But their education is not of the western model; it limits itself to the theology and the philo opy of the koran, embracing science only as a necessary department of theological culture, and developing the educated young Kourds into ferocious bigots, whose hands are against every man and everything that is not Moslem.

Sheikh Obeidoullah, however, is a man of inquiring mind. He has heard of England and America as countries rich and powerful; he has seen an occasional English traveller, or an American missionary, and has found these men upright, although misbelievers, and well-informed, although untaught by the Koran. Morever, he says that he has noticed that the people about the American missionaries are "like angels" compared with the other people of the country. These things have made an impression on his mind, and so when any foreigner calls to see him, the sheikh takes him into a private room and overwhelms him with questions: Why are these western lands so prosperous? How does government subsist and yet keep the love of the people? What measures can the Kourds take to attain national importance, and internal development? How can immoral men be made upright?

What to do With a Drowning Person.

What is drowning? This is a vital question. That the lungs are designed for taking in air that it may act upon the blood, is generally known. It is also well known that when, from any cause, the lungs fail to perform this duty, life will soon cease. If, in hurried eating, a piece of meat or other food lodges where it closes the passage through which air reaches the lungs, the person, unless the cause is removed, will die for the want of air. If water enters the lungs, and thus prevents the access of air, death will soon follow. Fortunately death does not take place at once; if the apparently drowned person has the water removed, and air admitted to the lungs, he may often be restored, even after life seems to be extinct. Of course, the circulation of the blood, by the action of the heart, and breathing, are intimately related, each being dependent on the other. In the treatment of drowned persons, there are a few common-sense rules to be followed. The very first thing to be done, in such cases, is to send for medical aid, provided it is to be had within reasonable distance, and the messenger can be spared. The drowning person is to be taken to the nearest dry place, and the clothing removed, especially from over the chest and waist. A smart slap of the hand upon the pit of the stomach will sometimes startle the dormant functions into work, and should not be omitted. If this does not rouse the patient, at once proceed to rid the lungs of water. Turn him upon his face, placing some support under the pit of the stomach; for this, coats or other garments rolled up, or whatever thing there may be at hand—a sail, bags, or anything that will make a mass, which will raise the pit of the stomach above the level of the mouth. Make a steady pressure with the hands, on the back and over the stomach, and then relieve it. If fluid comes from the mouth, continue to do this until no more fluid flows. Turn the patient on his back, with the bundle of clothing so placed that the lower part of the breast bone will be higher than the rest of the body, and try to induce artificial respiration. The best position is, to kneel astride of the patient, and with both hands applied upon the front part of the lower ribs, which is just at the pit of the stomach, throw considerable pressure upon the hands, as if trying to force the contents of the stomach and chest out of the mouth. Continue this pressure until you can count three, and then release it, letting up the pressure suddenly. After counting three, renew this pressure as before, again forcibly pressing with the hands, and suddenly letting go.

This should be repeated about five times a minute, thus endeavoring to imitate the natural breathing, and the rapidity of the motion should be gradually increased to about 15 times a minute. If another person is at hand, he should, by the aid of a handkerchief, hold out the tip of the patient's tongue at the left-hand side of the mouth, and also extend the patient's arms well above the head and hold them there. Watch for the first return of natural breathing, and as soon as this appears, dash a little cold water upon his face. So soon as breathing appears to be restored, strip the person quickly, and wrap him in blankets, and give a teaspoonful of hot brandy-and-water every five minutes for the first half hour, and a tablespoonful every 15 minutes after that. If brandy is not at hand, use whiskey, or gin, or rum. If the limbs are cold, use friction. No attempt should be made to give stimulants until the patient can swallow. Give an abundance of fresh air, preventing persons from crowding round. During winter, take the patient to a heated room, a free supply of cool air being of the greatest importance. There are other methods of inducing respiration than the one here mentioned, but all have for their object the successive filling and emptying of the lungs.

No person supposed to be dead from drowning should be given up too soon. Medical aid can be obtained in most places, long before the efforts should be abandoned. There are well-known cases in which no visible signs of breathing were seen, until the efforts had been continued for nearly an hour without signs of life. In most cases, life is not extinct, but suspended, and no effort should be spared to resuscitate the waning spark.

Pea Blossom, a saddle-colored youth, was up before the recorder for stealing a pair of shoes from Mose Schaumberg's store. "Don't you know it was not right to take those shoes?" "Yes, sah, I knows I didn't take the right shoes. My mudder told me dey was not the right ones as soon as I bring 'em home. De high-priced ladies' shoes on de shelf was de right ones but I couldn't reach 'em, sah."

WOMAN GOSSIP.

The Dangerous Lengths to Which Plain Women Will Go to Make Themselves Beautiful.

Worth, the "Composer" of Parisian Toilets, and How He Became Famous.

WAIFS.

THE moaning tied—married people.

"YES," he cried, passionately, "I love you so true, so true——" "Never mind, darling," said she, artlessly, "I'll have my trousseau ordered at once."

A SOMEWHAT ancient beau rehearsing his conquest to a youth: "My last flame was a blonde; her name was Angela." "What a memory you have!" said the young fellow.

A CHAP in Oregon married four wives within ten miles of each other and wasn't found out until the four happened to meet at a picnic and showed the same kind of dollar-store ear-rings.

AN old gentleman, finding a couple of his nieces fencing with broomsticks, said: "Come, come, my dears, that kind of accomplishments will not aid you in getting husbands." "I know it, uncle," responded one of the girls, as she gave a lunge, "but it will help to keep our husbands in order when we get 'em."

WHILE an Idaho girl was sitting under a tree waiting for her lover, a grizzly bear came along, and approaching from behind began to hug her. But she thought it was Tom, and so leaned back and enjoyed it heartily, and murmured "tighter," and it broke the bear all up; and he went away and hid in the forest for three days to get over his shame.

"I MUST say that I very much dislike this ostentatious furnishing," remarked the elderly Miss Pringle, as she looked about her in the new home of the Spankingtons. "Now look at that great, elaborately-framed mirror. I declare, I can see nothing beautiful in it." "You shouldn't expect impossibilities, Miss Pringle," remarked Fogg, the villain.

Sarah P., Thorp Springs: "Where should I wear an engagement ring?" Wear it on the second finger of the left hand, if everything is open and aboveboard; but if you do not want the old people to know of the engagement we would advise you to wear it on the right hand corner of an old striped stocking at the bottom of the bureau drawer.—*Texas Siftings.*

THERE seems but little chance of the æsthetic mania which now distracts England ever taking much affect in San Francisco—that is to say, if we may judge from the following conversation. One of our society belles had just returned from Europe, and though not not quite "æsthetized," yet she still had that sort of regard for it which people who praise Tennyson, but cannot understand him, have for the incomprehensible. Young lady from Europe—"You may laugh, dear, as much as you like at the æsthetic school, but after all there is something spirituelle in sitting up all night with a lily." San Francisco girl, who has not made the "U-ropian" tour—"It may be very fine and what-do-you-call-it, but I'd considerably sooner sit up with a too awfully utter nice young man." The travelled one left the room in silence, and pity for the unsophisticated one sank deeply into her heart.

Thought Tunnels Were Longer.

They were married in the morning, and immediately stepping aboard the cars for a bridal tour to San Francisco. They attracted considerable attention on the way by their honeymoon actions, and created a great deal of quiet fun among the goodly number of ladies and gentlemen who were passengers. In due time the cars entered a tunnel, and for a few moments were enveloped in darkness. All too soon the cars emerged into the broad glare of the noonday sun, and our loving bride and groom were discovered locked in each other's arms, and exchanging kisses at a rate seldom seen in public. The passengers took in the situation in about a second, and a shout went up that nearly threw the train from the track, and brought the conductor to the scene on a double-quick. "Pass it around!" yelled a big man, on his way west to get his wife. "Go back to the tunnel," said another man to the conductor. As the newly-made husband settled back in his seat, he was heard to say: "Serah, I thought tunnels were longer. Darn a railway company, anyhow!"

Not a Modern Romance.

Pogama—My dear, I must go out on business again to-night.

Regina—My dear, you didn't find it necessary to go away from me on business almost every night before we were married.

P.—No, my dear, but my business then was to marry you.

R.—And you enjoyed my company then?

P.—I did, my dear. I wasn't so sure of you as I am now, my dear.

R.—Well you're candid enough, at any rate.

P.—I am, my dear; let us be honest with each other. You see we've talked each other out. You know me all through, and I know you.

R.—And home is a dull place, I suppose. And I'm not as interesting as before you married me.

P.—You put the case disagreeably plain, my dear. There's no use serving up the truth raw in that fashion. But that's the size of it when you take the trimmings off.

R.—Very well, my dear, I'm going out, too; I'll be out till 2 A. M; possibly till 3.

P.—Where—where are you going, my dear?

R.—To see a person on business.

P.—A person, a man or a woman. But it's a woman, of course. And why so late?

R.—It's a person, my dear. And it's business. Business is business you know.

P.—But a respectable woman has no business to be out with a person at such an hour. Above all, a wife.

R.—And why a wife any less than a husband, my dear?

P.—Because—because it ain't the thing, you know. A man's business keeps him out late. At least some men's business does. Mine does.

R.—And henceforth mine does, my dear. Sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose, my dear. I'm going to see something of life. Home is dull. You're right, my dear. You were interesting before I married you. But now we know each other all through, you know. We see too much of each other, you know. Come, let's be honest with each other. Sauce for the gander ought to be the goose's sauce, hadn't it, my dear? Sauce piquante. Good-by. I'm off for the greener fields and pastures newer.

P.—No you don't, my dear.

R.—Yes, I do.

P.—You go out of that door and you don't come in again, my dear.

R.—I don't want to, my dear.

P.—What!

R.—I don't want to, my dear, I've got a thousand dollars of my own, and if your door is locked when I return I shall hire a door of my own and lock you out, my dear. Sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose.

P.—Oh come now, my dear; this is all nonsense. You won't do any such thing. Come, be sensible now.

R.—I am sensible, my dear. In fact, I've just got possession of my senses, as Mr. Fresh says. I can do it and I will. You know me well enough for that, don't you, my dear?

P.—My dear, I think I won't go out to-night.

R.—Neither will I, my dear.

Worth.

Thirty years ago, says a Paris correspondent, the great dress-makers of Paris were named Palmyre and Gagelin and De Bolsieux. At the first Paris exposition it was the seconed-named house that took the first prize for dress-making. The article exhibited was a robe of white silk wrought with gold. So novel and so artistic was the design that the dress was afterward purchased for the South Kensington museum, and may be seen there to this very day. It was a young Englishman, in the employ of the Maison Gagelin, to whose creative brain had been owing the pattern of that wonderful toilet. Some years later the Princess de Metternich, then in the dawn of her social celebrity, recognized the remarkable talent of the young Englishman, and advised him to set up for himself. But he demurred; he was very well off where he was, and if his employers would grant him an increase of salary he would not care to move. But M. Oplgez, then the head of the Maison Gagelin, was a big-headed, narrow-minded old Frenchman, who could neither recognize the great gifts of his subordinate, nor yet his right to an increased salary. The result was a curt refusal on his part. Worth left his employ and set up for himself. The Maison Gagelin tumbled to pieces a few years later from its own dry-rot, having existed from the days of Marie Antoinette, and the place that once knew it now knows it no more. The Princess de Metternich did not fail to aid and recommend her protege, and Worth speedily became a power in the world of fashion, and this is the result, this vast establishment on the Rue de la Paiz, up whose stone staircase have come half the feminine notabilities of the world. Queens have come here, and princesses, and famous singers, and queens of fashion, thirsting for new sensations, and dress-makers in quest of new models, the wives of American millionaires, and the daughter of an hundred kings. The coronation robe of Mercedes of Spain (destined, alas! never to be worn), and the bridal dress of her more fortunate successor, the Austrian Christine, have adorned the spacious show-rooms. Hither came Christine Nilsson to learn what she should wear as Ophelia, and the gentle Albani in quest of the court dress of Linda and the splendid costumes of "La Traviata." Strong-minded women and sternly-practical men have come here to view the establishment as one of the sights of Paris, and to such it seems almost incredible that the stout, elderly, dark-eyed man, with his languil voice and nonchalant manner, his fingers loaded with gems of price, and with two little King Charles spaniels barking at his heels, should be the soul and main-spring of this vast establishment that numbers among its employes no less a number than one thousand souls. Yet that he most certainly is. Now draping a skirt in his own private room, now pinning on lace in that graceful curve that the fingers of no sewing-girl is able to originate, now blending the silks and satins of varied tints for some costly toilet, now correcting the fit of some rebellious corsage or the sewing of some recalcitrant skirt, he is everywhere at one and the same moment, the all-pervading genius of this palace of fashion.

Beautiful Complexions.

The discovery of arsenic in the remains of the unfortunate Jennie Cramer, and the mooted question as to whether it was administered to her or whether she had not taken it herself for the preservation of her remarkably white complexion, says a New York correspondent, has revived the subject of arsenic-eating in this city. A chat with one or two prominent druggists and physicians has given me some idea of the extent to which this pernicious and dangerous habit is indulged in.

It has its foundation, of course, in the desire for beauty so natural to every woman, and how important a part an exquisite complexion plays in the general appearance is recognized when we note how easily a girl wins the title of pretty, even if her features are poor and her dress simple, if she has a pure, soft, white skin, that enables her to wear either the colors of blonde or brunette with impunity, and to defy the rough caresses of the sun and wind; while another girl with well-cut features and all the advantages of toilet is doomed to the cruel adjective of "plain," on account of a sallow or pimpled complexion, which neither powder nor rouge used in decent qualities can conceal.

To gain what nature has denied, women resort to every conceivable device, from the use of simple lemon-juice and glycerine up to the elaborate compounds imported from France, and the expensive treatment of the specialists who promise to make lilies and roses bloom on a satin-smooth skin. There are a great many Mme. Rachels on a small scale in New York, and each of them has her own peculiar receipt for beautifying the epidermis.

One woman has a place on Fifth avenue, where she gives Roman baths of asses' milk to her lady customers for the trifling sum of $15 each, and she his enough patronage to be making money fast.

A firm on Broadway, that has the handsomest business parlors in the city, has made a fortune out of a peculiar sort of mask to be worn over the face at night. A stout dame on Thirty-third street uses the bread-and-milk poultice method, and treats her patrons in her own house. Others advertise their ability to supply a new skin, which means that they will remove the old one by powerful washes. The most "toney" of these skin doctors live in elegant style, and make a profound mystery of the lotions they employ.

Most of them are artful enough to have one or two young girls in attendance, gifted with naturally beautiful complexions, but ready to swear that they are the result of Madame's "balm" or "bloom." One of them, who has a place near Union square, employs a handsomely dressed young lady with a brilliant complexion to call five or six times a day to thank her in the presence of fresh customers for her new skin.

Yet in spite of all this the only women who have beautiful complexions are those born with them.

To say nothing of the compounds made up in this country, and which have reaped fortunes for their originators, cosmetics are imported in thousand of dollars' worth at a time through the year, and many of them contain white-lead and arsenic in such large proportions as to be positively dangerous and not infrequently fatal in their results. The worst of experimenting with the complexion is that when a woman begins she finds a kind of fascination in it that will not allow her to leave off, and the country girl who begins by daubing her forehead and chin with flour, and rubbing her cheeks with a mullein-leaf, as a city lady who winds up with Roman baths and Parisian lotions.

Genius and Youth.

For life in general there is but one decree. Youth is a blunder; manhood a struggle; old age a regret. Do not suppose that I hold that youth is genius; all that I say is, that genius, when young, is divine. Why, the greatest captains of ancient and modern times both conquered Italy at five-and-twenty. Youth, extreme youth, overthrew the Persian Empire. Don John of Austria won Lepanto at 25, the greatest battle of modern times; had it not been for the jealousy of Philip, the next year he would have been Emperor of Mauritania. Gaston de Foix was only 22 when he stood a victor on the plain of Ravenna. Every one remembers Conde and Rocroy at the same age. Gustavus Adolphus died at 38. Look at his captains; that wonderful Duke of Weimar, only 36 when he died. Banier himself, after all his miracles, died at 45. Cortez was little more than 30 when he gazed upon the golden cupolas of Mexico. When Maurice of Saxony died at 32 all Europe acknowledged the loss of the greatest captain and the profoundest statesman of the age. Then there is Nelson, and Clive. But take the most illustrious achievements of civil prudence. Innocent III., the greatest of the Popes, was the despot of Christendom at 37. John de Medici was a cardinal at 15, and according to Guicciardini, baffled with his statecraft Ferdinand of Arragon himself. He was Pope as Leo X. at 37. Luther robbed him of his richest province at 35. Take Ignatius Loyola and John Wesley, they worked with young brains. Ignatius was only 30 when he made his pilgrimage and wrote the "Spiritual Exercises." Pascal wrote a great work when he was 16, and died at 37 the greatest of Frenchmen.

A RIVER MONSTER.

The Creature in the Mokelumne Which Gobbles Chinamen.

Amador, Cal., Dispatch,

Upon the highest Celestial authority, there is at the present time inhabiting the Mokelumne River, only a few miles from this place, a short distance from the Big Bar bridge, between Jackson and Mokelumne Hill, a water monster that has spread consternation and terror among out entire Chinese population. They assert that one day last week a number of them were on the river just below the old Boston mill site, when they saw what they supposed to be a large fish near the top of the water, and one of the party made a leap into the river to capture the prize. But no sooner had he struck the water than the monster turned upon its would-be captor and instantly drew him under, from whence he has not arisen at last accounts. The monster is said to have teeth like a dog, and to have powerful strength, as the man was as nothing in his grasp. The Chinamen who witnessed the tragical fate of their countryman concluded that the thing was the devil, and fled for their lives. It is also claimed that another Chinaman lost his life in about the same manner near this place several years ago, and it is thought this is the same monster returned, if, indeed, he has not inhabited the Mokelumne ever since. While we are not prepared to vouch for the truth of this story, yet it is evident that something has occurred or been seen on the river to excite our Chinese denizens and put them ill at ease.

THERE has been much jealousy about the preference for Scotland always shown by the Queen, and especially manifested in the Edinburgh review of volunteers. The Queen's partiality for "Sandy" took its rise in the journey made to the Highlands when, as a young and still submissive wife, she accompanied Prince Albert there. It was the first long journey they made together, the first time they had been able to escape from the irksome surveillance of the court, the first time they had been able to go abroad without being followed by a mob. Prince Albert then declared that the Scotch people had one great advantage over the English and Irish—they were more German; a truism which cannot be denied. The affection for Scotland became thus a double sentiment which had never decreased. As a proof of this homage she ordered the royal ensign of Scotland to wave over her head at the saluting point instead of the time-honored flag of the British nation.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

The Dog That Went to Church.

Fido is a "Down East" dog. He is now old, dark, and brindled, but as good as he is old. He has watched the cattle, pigs, fowls the house and Charlie-boy, and kept away the "tramps" at night, for many years. He is now too old to do much. He is almost blind, and cannot wear glasses. But he tries to take care of his young friend Charlie.

Fido is a dog of good habits. He stays at home in the evening, instead of being out in the company of bad dogs, and getting into mischief. On Sundays he does not go off into the fields and woods, stealing the chickens or chasing the lambs—the little dears! Like an orderly and well "brought up" dog, he goes to meeting with the rest of the family. He seems to know when Sunday comes as well as Charlie does. He does not like to stay at home. For fear that he may be shut up in the kitchen, he is sure to be out of sight when the family get ready for church; but in a few moments after the carriage starts he comes from his hiding-place. He then trips along as fast as his aged legs can carry him, trying to keep ahead. When they get to the meeting-house—they do not have churches in the country—he walks slowly in with the rest, and lies down in the pew.

I was once on a visit to his master's house. As none of the family was going to the meeting that day, Fido and I started alone; and as I did not know the way Fido was to be my guide. We went some distance and came to where there were two roads, and I did not know which one to take, and kept on. But Fido turned, looking toward me as if to say, as dogs talk, "That is not the way to my meeting. This is the right way." I followed him, and soon he turned up a hill, and led me to the right place. Fido took me to the right pew. He went in and lay down till the meeting was done.

I will say to the credit of Fido, that when the family stay at home, as on a rainy day (Fido is not afraid of rain), he goes alone and lies in the pew, and behaves as well as any of the people. He is a dear, good dog, and knows how to set a good example to others. He proves that he has been well trained by his friend Charlie.

The Deacon and the Oyster.

It was along in the winter, and the prominent church members were having a business meeting in the basement of the church to devise ways and means to pay for the pulpit furniture. The question of an oyster party had been decided, and they got to talking about oysters, and one old deaconess asked a deacon if he didn't think raw oysters would go farther than stewed oysters. He said he thought raw oysters would go farther, but they wouldn't be satisfying. And then he went off to tell how far a raw oyster went once with him. He said he was at a large dinner-party, with a lady on each side of him, and he was trying to talk to both of them, or carry on two conversations on two different subjects at the same time. They had some oysters, and he took one up on a fork, a large, fat one, and was about to put it in his mouth, when the lady on his left called his attention, and when the cold fork struck his teeth, and no oyster was on it, he felt as though it had escaped, but he made no sign. He went on talking with the lady as though nothing had happened. He glanced down at his shirt bosom, and was at once on the trail of the oyster, though the insect had got about two minutes the start of him. It had got down his vest, under the waist-band of his clothing, and he was powerless to arrest its progress. The oyster, he observed, had very cold feet, and the more he tried to be calm and collected, and to keep track of the conversation, the more the oyster seemed to walk around. He says he does not know whether the ladies noticed the oyster when it started on its travels or not, but he thought, as he leaned back, and, tried to loosen up his clothing, so that it would hurry down towards his shoes, that they winked at each other, though they might have been winking at something else. The oyster seemed to move quickly until it got out of reach, and then it got to going slow, and, by the time it had worked into his trousers' leg, it was going very slow, though it remained cold to the last. He said that he done many things that required nerve, but he had never perspired so much and felt so small as he did at that banquet, between those two girls, when the raw oyster went down inside his vest, and he hailed the arrival of that oyster into the heel of his stocking with more delight than any other event of his life. "Yes, madam," said he, as the lady was going away rather indignant at the course the conversation had taken, "a raw oyster will go farther than a stewed oyster, but the last half of the distance it goes awful slow, unless a fellow can stand up and shake his trousers's leg." And the deacon took the only umbrella there was in the rack, which he knew was not his own, and told one of the younger sisters he would see her home as he was going her way, when the old rascal lived on the other side of the town, and she knew it. Oh, there is a heap of religion in all of us, if you can only get it out.

Selfishness.

In the first place, if you want to make yourself miserable, be selfish. Think all the time of yourself and your things. Don't care about anything else. Have no feelings for anyone but yourself. Never think of enjoying the satisfaction of seeing others happy; but rather, if you should see a smiling face, be jealous lest another should enjoy what you have not. Envy every one who is better off than yourself; think unkindly toward them, and speak lightly of them. Be constantly afraid lest some one should encroach upon your rights; be watchful of it, and if any come near your things snap at them like a mad dog. Contend earnestly for everything that is your own that may not be worth a pin. Never yield a point. Be very sensitive, and take everything that is said to you in playfulness in the most serious manner. Be jealous of your friends lest they should not think enough of you; and if at any time they should seem to neglect you, put the worst construction upon their conduct.

AN old man lost his balance by kicking at his wife, in Louisville and was killed by the fall.

NEWS JOTTINGS.

VACCINATION is making gradual headway in China. The people of the interior detest the outside barbarian, but have a still greater dislike to the disease which often carries off whole tribes of them.

"THE two really great things your army has done in this century," remarked a distinguished German officer to an Englishman at the recent autumn manœuvres, "are the battle of Waterloo and the march to Candahar."

THE growth of Irish agrarian crime during 1880 is made very plain by the recently published judicial statistics. The indictable offences which can only be tried by a jury show an increase of 1,480, or 47 per cent., over 1879, lawless as that year was.

IT is remarkable that the agricultural depression so widespread in England has been little felt in Wales. The most prosperous English counties agriculturally at the present time are Devon and Cornwall, Northumberland and Cornwall. The extremes meet.

CAMELS were tried for carrying freight across the California desert, a number of years ago, but the experiment proved a failure. Some abandoned camels, however, lived and bred in the Gila and Salt River bottoms, and it is now said that considerable herds run wild in Arizona and New Mexico.

AN unpleasant sensation has been caused in Bristol, England, by the discovery that a cargo of 300 tons of human bones had been landed there to the order of a local firm of manure manufacturers. The bones were shipped at Rodosto and Constantinople, and are the remains principally of the defenders of Plevna. Hair still adheres to some skulls.

THE British Consul at Kiukiang, China, says that the Chinese are too much wedded to their wadded cotton dresses to make their country a good market for imported woollens. But the Government have recognized the desirability of woollen clothing for the troops, and have started a mill where coarse blue cloth is made at a rate lower than it could be imported.

IN the possession of a member of the Berkeley family, of England, is a ring composed of a large emerald, surrounded by diamonds. This once belonged to the famous Admiral Sir Cloudesley Shovel, drowned off the Scilly Islands in his war ship of 1707. On her deathbed an old woman sent for the parson, to whom she revealed that she had murdered the Admiral, whom she found in a state of exhaustion on the shore, for the plunder. The parson gave the ring to Shovel's great friend, Lord Berkeley, who was on one of the ships of the fleet when the wreck occurred.

THE new French army list shows that the French army includes a total of 42,039 officers of all arms and classes. The general staff comprises 100 Generals of Division and 200 Brigadier-Generals. The infantry has 23,011 officers, the cavalry 5,092, the artillery 5,414, and there are 1,508 officers of engineers, there are 841 officers of gendarmeries, and with the officers of Customs, Coast Guard, and Forestry services a total is arrived at of 37,130 officers. The medical staff, the [veterinarians, telegraph operators, accountants, and other non-combatants holding the rank of officer, number nearly 11,000, and so the strength is made to reach 48,000, as stated above.

THE statistics of the railway accidents in England for the year seem to be as fixed a quantity as the number of letters which are posted without addresses. The total number killed last year was 1,136, and the number of injured 3,058. Of these 143 persons killed and 1,613 persons injured were passengers. The remainder were employees of the companies, and 447 killed and 265 injured were trespassers, suicides, and other persons. The number of persons who travelled as railway passengers last year, exclusive of season ticket holders, was nearly 604,000,000, being an increase of 41,000,000 over the number who travelled in the year before, showing that of four and a quarter million persons who travel one is killed, and more than one in every half million is injured.

DR. CREAM and Mrs. Scott were in love at Belvidere, Ill., and they concocted a peculiar plan for safely murdering the woman's husband. Scott being ill, the Doctor was called in to attend him. A prescription containing a safe amount of strychnine was sent to a druggist, and when the medicine came a large quantity of the poison was added. It was calculated that Scott's death would at once be traced to the strychnine, and that its presence in a fatal proportion would be ascribed to a blunder by the druggist. The murderers would probably never have been detected if the woman had not distrusted her partner. When she heard that he had himself announced that death was the result of poisoning, she mistakenly inferred that he meant to fix the crime upon her, and she hastened to make a statement inculpating him. His trial has just ended in conviction, and she will get off with a lighter punishment, because she became a witness for the prosecution.

Temper.

Happy is he who can command his temper even under trying circumstances. The evils wrought by unbridled tempers are beyond calculation. The violent temper of a fretful and irascible man gives his friends much concern. His conduct, when under its influence, renders him very unamiable, and of course greatly diminishes their regard for him. And this is not all. If he has any real sensibility, the emotions he feels are as painful as those he causes in the breasts of others. When the calm of retirement succeeds to the bustle of company, his solitary moments are embittered by mortifying reflections; for it has been well remarked "that anger begins with folly and ends with repentance." A few bitter words spoken in anger may rankle for a lifetime. Self-command, besides preventing their utterance, enables us to maintain the dignity of our nature as intelligent beings, by establishing the empire of reason over the passions. It renders a person the master of himself under all the various circumstances of life—in prosperity, cheerful without insolence; and in adversity, resigned and calm without dejection. It gives an effectual check to all the vicious propensities of envy, malice, and anger, and in the same proportion as it restrains them, it encourages the growth of the virtues, prevents them from running into extremes, and fixes their due bounds.

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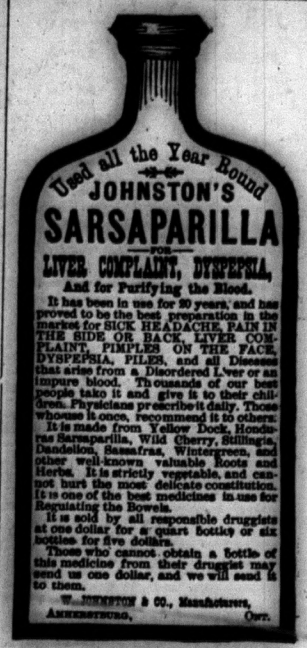

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Italian Warehouse

CANNED PORK & BEANS.
" LUNCH TONGUE.
" C. C. BEEF.
" LOBSTERS.
" SALMON.
" F. HADDIE.
" SARDINES.
" TURKEY & TONGUE.
" BONED TURKEY.
" ROASTED CHICKEN.
" HAM CHICKEN & TONGUE.
" OX-TAIL SOUP.
" CHICKEN SOUP.
EXTRACT COFFEE,
CONDENSED MILK,
FRENCH MUSTARD,
C. & B. PICKELS.
NABOB PICKELS.

GRAY & McGREGOR,
Wine and Spirits Merchants,

NEW

BOOT AND SHOE SHOP

THE undersigned begs to announce to the people of Madoc and vicinity that he has opened a New Boot and Shoe Shop in the building formerly occupied by M. Ray, one door east of Mrs. Christie's Photograph Gallery, St. Lawrence street, where he will be prepared to receive and execute all orders entrusted to him, in a first-class manner. Having worked in some of the best shops in the city of Toronto and elsewhere I am confident of being able to give satisfaction as regards fits and the quality of the work done, to all who may favor me with their orders.

For patching on Ladies' and fine work I am using a new cement by the use of which no sewing is necessary and the patches cannot be detected. I am the only one in this village who is using this kind of cement.

TERMS Cash. — Give me a call.

H. COTTRELL.

Madoc, July 7th, 1880.

Boots and Shoes.

ALL KINDS OF

HOME-MADE WORK

FOR SALE,

OR MADE UP TO ORDER ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE,

—AT—

MORRICE'S

BOOT AND SHOE STORE, MADOC.

Terms in Future Strictly Cash.

All outstanding accounts if not paid by the 14th of June will be put into Court for collection.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

LIFE-LIKE PORTRAITS

in all the different styles and sizes.

☞ CHILDREN TAKEN ONLY IN CLEAN WEATHER.

D. MORRICE.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

This Great Household Medicine Ranks among the leading necessaries of life.

These famous Pills purify the BLOOD, and act most powerfully, yet soothingly on

The Liver, Stomach, Kidneys,

and BOWELS, giving tone, energy and vigor to these great MAIN SPRINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious in all ailments incidental to Females of all ages; and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE, are unsurpassed.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT

Its Searching and Healing Properties are known throughout the world.

For the cure of BAD LEGS, Bad Breasts,

Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers,

it is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it cures Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even Asthma. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas,

GOUT, RHEUMATISM,

And every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.

The Pills and Ointment are Manufactured only at

533, OXFORD STREET, LONDON,

And are sold by all Vendors of Medicines throughout the Civilized World; with directions for use in almost every language.

The Trade Marks of these medicines are registered in Ottawa; hence, any one throughout the British possessions, who may keep the American Counterfeits for sale, will be prosecuted.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

JAS. WHYTOCK,

Grocer & Provision

DEALER,

Keeps constantly on hand a first-class stock of

CHOICE GROCERIES

AND

Provisions of all kinds,

Which will be sold at the

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Farmers' Produce of all Kinds taken in exchange.

DURHAM STREET, MADOC.

TINWARE.

RIFLES & REVOLVERS.

GUNS, FROM $4 TO $30.

SIGN OF THE CIRCULAR SAW.

WRIGHT'S

Grocery, Provision,

WINE & LIQUOR STORE,

(Established by the late Andrew Wright, in 1858,)

NOW CARRIED ON BY MRS. WRIGHT,

On the premises, in Wright's Block, Durham Street, Madoc,

WHO KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND A FULL ASSORTMENT OF FIRST-CLASS

GROCERIES, Confectionery, and BISCUITS

(A SPECIALITY.)

FRUITS IN SEASON.

Wine Brandy, Gin, Spirits, Ale and Porters!

of the best brands imported direct from the manufacturers.

—ALSO—

CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE,

FLOUR AND FEED, &c., &c.,

Wholesale and Retail at the lowest Cash price.

JANE WRIGHT.

MADOC, January 1st, 1880.

GOODS AT COST,

FOR THE

NEXT 60 DAYS

—AT—

JOHN ROBERTSON'S.

Madoc, August 18th, 1881.

STIRLING AND MADOC

PUMP FACTORY!

THE undersigned has leased the shop previously occupied by R. SIMMONS as a Pump Factory, and is now prepared to furnish

Pumps of the Latest Styles on the shortest notice

All Pumps not bearing my name and recommended as my make are an imposition.

A CALL SOLICITED.

A. L. SAYLOR,

Madoc, June 16th, 1880. Madoc and Stirling.

MADOC PLANING MILL.

The undersigned having removed their Planing Mills from Bridgewater to the Village of Madoc, and fitted up a

Planing Mill, Door, Sash and Blind Factory

are now prepared to do all work in our line with promptness and despatch.

CUSTOM PLANING DONE ON SHORT NOTICE.

KERBS & WALTON.

Madoc, June 29th, 1879.

J. R. Casement & Co.
Knife, Iron, Steel, AND GENERAL HARDWARE
Madoc, Ont.

North Hastings Review.

J. R. Casement & Co.
Glass, Putty, Paints, Varnishes of all kinds.
MADOC, ONT.

JOHN R. ORR, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum, in advance

VOL. V., No. 238. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, October 27, 1881. POSTAGE PREPAID.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—In my last communication there appears two errors to which I beg to call attention: Speaking of the bear which visited Bancroft, I was made to say: "but brain appears to have been of a *different* and even retiring disposition," it should have been *diffident*. Again, the words at the end of my letter that you have "*non comestable swampum*" should have been "*non comestable ye swampum*."

Yours &c.,
SYLVANUS.

Faraday, Oct., 24th, 1881.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—Weary of Life. Derangement of the liver is one of the most efficient causes of dangerous diseases and the most prolific of those melancholy forebodings which are worse than death itself. A few doses of these noted Pills act magically in dispelling low spirits and repelling covert attacks made on the nerves by excessive heat, impure atmospheres, over-indulgence, or exhausting excitement. The most shattered constitution may derive benefit from Holloway's Pills, which will regulate disordered action, brace the nerves, increase the energy of the intellectual faculties, and revive the failing memory. By attentively studying the instructions for taking these Pills, and obediently putting them in practice, the most despondent will soon feel confident of a perfect recovery.

A salt well has recently been discovered on a farm near Picton, the property of R. McDowell, of Kingston. Strong brine was discovered while the tenant was boring a well, the shaft being about sixty feet deep and six inches in diameter. It is believed that if it were sunk a little deeper it would be a flowing well, as the water now rises to the top of the rock. The owner purposes testing the quality of the salt.

In the month of October Typhoid, Billious, and Malarial Fevers are very prevalent. For a sure preventative take, according to directions, DR. CARSON'S STOMACH BITTERS. They purify the System and cool the Blood. They are used to great advantage in Fever and Ague districts. In large 8 oz. bottles, at 50 cents. For sale by all Druggists.

KINGSTON, Oct. 24.—A man named David Keeler applied to the Mayor this morning for a pass to Watertown, N. Y. Eighteen years ago Keeler was a prosperous farmer in this vicinity. He afterwards resided for eight years in this city, and then moved to Michigan, where he lost all by the recent bush fires. He relates the following thrilling experience:—His house was attacked in the middle of the night, while he and his wife were in bed. They were awakened by the roof of the back shop falling in. Both sprang up, and it was with the greatest difficulty they got out of the house with their lives. On reaching the open air the smoke was so dense that it was almost impossible to breathe, and as it prevailed all over the section there was no choice of directions to go in order to get out of it. They started down the road to the settlement, the smoke being so thick and suffocating that they kept coughing the whole time, and now and again were compelled to lie down. They had proceeded four and a half miles when his wife suddenly sat down on the road beside him. He put his arms around her to keep her up, when she gave a gasp and died in his arms. He did not know what to do, whether to go on and leave her corpse by the wayside, or carry it with him. He finally decided to take what was left of his wife with him. Being a cripple, he had found great difficulty in withstanding the smoke and walking as far as he had; but he seemed imbued with new strength and vigor, and stooping down raised the body upon his shoulders, the head lying upon his back. The old man while relating this circumstance, broke down and wept. He stated that his burthen did not weigh him down in the least, and he felt like throwing away the stick that he was compelled to use in his every day travel. For half a mile he carried the corpse of his wife until he reached the house of a friend that had escaped the fire.

MARRIED.

SHOOBRIDGE—THOMPSON.—At the Methodist Parsonage, Madoc, on the 26th inst., by the Rev. James Macfarlane, Mr. Jas. Shoobridge, of Hallowell, Prince Edward County, to Miss Emma Agusta Thompson, of Madoc, Hastings County, daughter of Mr. James Thompson, merchant, Bannockburn.

DIED.

RANSON—In Huntingdon on Thursday, Oct. 20th, Caroline, wife of Samuel Ranson, aged 66 years, 6 months and 5 days.

Symptoms of Dyspepsia or Indigestion, a dull heavy feeling in the Stomach with a frequent disposition to vomit, Heartburn, Loss of Mental and Physical Force, DR. CARSON'S STOMACH AND CONSTIPATION BITTERS is *the certain Remedy* for this distressing complaint. In large bottles, at 50 cents. For sale by all Druggists.

A stove manufacturer in Toronto received an order for base burning coal stoves from a firm in Horisan, in the canton of Appenzell, Switzerland.

Madoc Markets.

Flour, per brl	$6 50	$6 75
Wheat, per bushel	1 25	1 35
Rye, "	0 82	0 00
Oats, "	0 40	0 00
Barley, "	0 80	0 85
Peas, "	0 75	0 00
Potatoes, per bag	0 75	0 00
Eggs, per doz	0 15	0 00
Butter, per lb	0 20	0 22
Wool, per lb	0 20	0 00
Hides, per cwt	7 00	8 00

Belleville Markets.

Wheat,	$1 20	$1 25
Barley,	0 85	0 95
Rye,	0 87	0 00
Oats,	0 40	0 41
Peas,	0 85	0 75
Butter,	0 25	0 30
Eggs,	0 15	0 20
Potatoes, per bag	1 00	0 00
Flour, per bbl	6 50	7 00
Sheepskins,	1 00	0 00
Wool, per lb	0 22	0 00
Hides,	7 00	8 50
Hay,	10 00	12 00
Calf Skins, per lb	0 10	0 00
Deakens,	0 00	0 00

JUST RECEIVED

A fine lot of

SOLID SILVER

—AND—

COLORED GOLD JEWELRY.

Elegant designs in Sets and Single

Brooches and Earrings,

Also a fine line in

SILVER LOCKETS

—AND—

BRACELETS.

—:o:—

BROOCHES & EARRINGS

In real Whitby Jet, also

Bracelets and Necklets,

And a great variety of

STUDS, GENTS' SUITS, COLLAR BUTTONS, and SCARF PINS,

PLATED & FINE PEARL.

E. L. WEISS.

FOR SALE.

A CORNER LOT on Church and Elgin streets, Madoc, with two good new frame dwellings and a good new frame barn, also plenty of room for three more dwellings on the lot. This property is situated about twenty rods from the business portion of the village.

Terms liberal. Apply to
WILLIAM MOORE.
On the premises.

Madoc, March 29th 1880.

Furniture!
Furniture!
Furniture!

At and Under Belleville Prices.

Encottrage those who knock high prices end ways, and don't go to those who have charged you EXTORTIONATE PRICES for years, and who only come down when forced and who would go up again the first opportunity. Parlour Suits, Side boards, Centre and Leaf Tables, enclosed Wash Stands, a variety of Rocking and other Chairs, Bureaus, Bed Steads from $1.60 up, Looking Glasses, Pictures and frames about half price, best quality Milk Pans, at $1.25 per dozen.

Call and see quality and prices

AT SCOTT'S,

next to Whytock's, and adjoining the bridge.

Auction Sales attended to throughout the County by
THOMAS SCOTT, Auctioneer.

Highest cash price paid for Deakens, Hides, Furs, &c.

Gold and Iron.

West half of Lot 25, 4th Con., Madoc.

THIS lot, upon which the Fraser Gold Mining Company's claim is situated, contains an unlimited amount of GOLD BEARING QUARTZ with several of the largest and best defined Quartz veins in the Township, upon which two or three SHAFTS have been sunk. It is also supposed to contain a splended bed of RED HEMATITE IRON. Capitalists and miners are requested to examine the lot.

A. KEEFER,
Department of Justice.

Ottawa, 20th October, 1881.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

BEST'S L. O. L. No. 517.
Meets on the first Thursday in each month.
JAS. BATEMAN, Sec'y, Madoc P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070,
Meets every first Tuesday in each month.
C. DONALDSON, Sec'y, Millbridge.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094,
Meets on the first Saturday in each month.
DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624,
Meets every Friday on or before full moon.
HENRY BENTLEY, Sec'y, York River P.O.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437,
Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon.
W. J. WIGGINS, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285.
Meets on the first Monday in each month.
J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253.
Meets every Monday on or before full moon.
E. S. ALLEN, Secretary, Cooper P. O.

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389,
Meets every first Monday in each month.
T. E. JACKSON, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4.
J. F. MERRILL, D.M., Millbridge,
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

Royal Black Knights of Ireland,
Meets in the Lodge-room of No. 1138, Hazzard's Corners, on the second Wednesday of each month.
H. KETCHESON, W. M.

MADOC LODGE
No. 179, I.O.O.F.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Hall, on
Monday Evening, Oct. 24th,
At 8 o'clock.
C. S. MITCHELL, Rec. Secretary.

FLOUR! FLOUR!

THE undersigned keeps on hand large quantities of SUPERIOR EXTRA flour in Bags or Barrels at the North Hastings Warehouse, sold in quantities to suit purchasers and at the lowest possible prices.

He is in receipt within the last few days of

THREE CAR LOADS

OF THE CELEBRATED

"Empress" Brand,

a grade of flour that has given general satisfaction. The best evidence being that he has sold about 1,000 Bbls. since the 1st of Jan. last.

SEED GRAIN.

He keeps on hand Wheat, Peas, Oats and Barley for seed. The Wheat and Oats are from the neighborhood of Lindsay, and of superior quality. A limited quantity of superior Spring Wheat for seed on hand.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, March 2nd, 1881.

Land For Sale.

TWENTY-ONE (21) Building Lots for sale in the Village of Madoc, laid out on Park Lots 3 and 4, and known as "Norman's Hill."

Enquire of Captain Norman, Millbridge, or the undersigned,
CHARLES GREAM.

Madoc, September, 1879. 131

Stoves & Tinware.

If you want good

COOKING, BOX, OR PARLOR STOVES

CALL AT GEO. CHOWN'S,

Division Street, Reed's Block,

Where you will find a good assortment, together with all kinds of Tinware, on hand or made to order. Furnaces, Eavetrough, and all kinds of job work attended to. Remember the place, opposite Orr's blacksmith shop

22 GEORGE CHOWN.

6 6½ & 7 PER CENT.

We are now offering Money at the above very advantageous rates on farm property.

$80,000

Just placed in our hands. No commissions, and no unnecessary delays.

PETERSON & PETERSON,
Solicitors, &c., "O'Flynn Block," Madoc.

Head Office, corner Front and Bridge streets, Belleville.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN G. DEANS,
CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,
O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK!
MADOC.

Banking House!
—OF—
E. D. O'FLYNN,
"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.

Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.

Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD

Money received on deposit, subject to withdrawal without notice.

Madoc, August 6th, 1879.

MONEY TO LOAN
—ON—
REAL ESTATE SECURITY.

The Canada Permanent
Loan and Savings Co'y
TORONTO, ONT.

Mortgages and Debentures Purchased.
Apply to
S. D. ROSS, MADOC.
AGENT FOR THE

Lancashire Insurance Comp'y.
All Losses Promptly Settled.
Office at the Store of Sydmer Ross & Co.
Madoc, April 15th, 1879. 107

Desirable Property for Sale

THE HOUSE and an acre and a quarter of land on the East side of Wellington Street, in the village of Madoc, owned by Mrs. Gunn. The above lot is well situated, near the Post Office. Title guaranteed. Terms easy. Apply to
PETERSON & PETERSON,
Barristers, Madoc.
Dated, 1st June, 1880.

TO BE LET.

LOTS 57 and 58, east side Hastings Road, Township of Tudor; also Lot 58, west side (part of the Cameron Mining Lot) comprising 100 acres or upwards. About 40 acres cleared, the rest well wooded, with water accommodation. The above would be well suited to the wants of a grown up family. A lease can be given on very moderate terms.
Apply to CAPT. NORMAN,
or to Millbridge,
Chas. Gream, Esq., Madoc. 130

Money to Loan!

Low Rate of Interest!

To Farmers and Real Estate owners in Madoc and Vicinity:

Do you want to add to your farm?

To build a new house or barn?

To make improvements by the way of fencing, clearing, or draining?

To pay off a mortgage, and get plenty of time at a low rate of interest?

Then apply to the undersigned, who is agent for
THE CANADA
LANDED CREDIT COMPANY,
FOR THIS COUNTY.

AMPLE TIME WILL BE GIVEN,

with or without sinking fund, with the privilege of paying as soon as you please

6 Per Cent. INTEREST. 6

The operations of the Company, which are of long standing, can be referred to as a guarantee of their square dealing and equitable terms.

A. F. WOOD,
MADOC.

Nov. 1st, 1880.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

GEO. D. DICKSON,
BARRISTER, &c., Belleville. Money to loan at low rates.

CHARLES GREAM,
SOLICITOR in Chancery, Notary, Attorney, Conveyancer, &c., Madoc. Office in the Victoria Block.

R. S. HENDERSON,
BARRISTER, &c., Madoc. Office—over the store of Sydmer Ross & Co. Entrance—Side door.

HENRY BLEECKER,
BARRISTER, Attorney-at-Law, and Solicitor in Chancery. Office,—Bridge Street, Belleville, over the Custom House.

CHARLES BUTLER,
ISSUER of Marriage Licenses, and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Residence—Stirling, Ont.

W. A. DAFOE, M. D. &c.,
LICENTIATE of the Royal College of Physicians, Licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh. Office and residence nearly opposite the Windsor House, Madoc

DOUGALL & FALKINER,
BARRISTERS, Belleville. Money to loan on farm property at very low rates.
A. R. DOUGALL. | N. B. FALKINER.

DENMARK & NORTHRUP,
BARRISTERS, &c, Belleville, Ontario. Money to lend on easy terms, both private and Company funds.
GEO. DENMARK. W. B. NORTHRUP, M. A.

GEO. W. WALKER,
SURGEON DENTIST, Front St. Belleville, still continues his visits to Madoc village, strictly on the first Monday and Tuesday of every month. Rooms in Mrs. Moon's Hotel. Belleville Office directly opposite the Anglo American Hotel. 53

PETERSON & PETERSON,
BARRISTERS, Attorneys-at-law, Solicitors in Chancery, Notaries, &c., Private and Company moneys to loan at lowest rates.
Madoc Office, - O'Flynn's Block.
Belleville Office, Cor. Front & Bridge sts.
A. M. PETERSON, B.A. C. W. PETERSON, B.A.

St. FRANCIS HOTEL,
ELDORADO, ONT.
FRANCIS CONLIN - PROPRIETOR.

GOOD accommodation for the traveling public, at reasonable rates.
The Bar stocked with choice Liquors, Cigars, etc. 149

BLAIR & HOUGH,
BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Offices: No. 4 Ashley Block, over Canadian Bank of Commerce, Front St.
HUGH BLAIR. J. STANLEY HOUGH.
N B.—Private money to loan at 7 per cent.

A. F. WOOD,
LAND, LOAN,
AND
Commission Agency.

OFFICE—Second Door South from Masonic Hall.
Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.
Madoc, January 27th, 1879. 96

WINDSOR HOUSE,
MADOC, ONT.

HAVING purchased the building formerly occupied by Mr. Thos. Cross, we have fitted it up as a first-class Hotel, and are now prepared to offer superior accommodations to the traveling public.
Large and commodious sample rooms for Commercial Travelers.
Every attention paid to guests.
CONLEY & McNEILL.
Madoc, May 4th, 1880.

PRIVATE FUNDS! TO LOAN.

$25,000

Have been placed in the hands of the subscribers to loan upon farm or city property at from

7 to 8 per Cent. Interest,

according to the size and quality of loan.

NO DELAY in obtaining the money beyond the time employed in the investigation of the titles.

NO COMMISSION OR CHARGES other than those of drawing up the necessary papers and disbursements of loans.

Straight Loans only.
BLAIR & HOUGH,
Barristers, &c.,
Oct. 25, 1880. Ashley Block, Belleville

To My Lady's Eyes.

MADRIGAL.

From Gutierre de Cetina.

"Ojos claros serenos," &c.

O Eyes, serene and clear,
Thatare to me so dear,
hose sweet aspect so wins the general praise,
Why, when on mine
You turn your gaze divine,
hould anger and disdain seem flashing in your rays?

When best soft tenderness
Their beauty doth express,
Why should for me alone your looks be pitiless?
Yet, Eyes, serene and clear,
That are to me so dear,
If in your glance for me,
Nothing but scorn must be,
This only boon I pray,
Look scornful on me still, rather than look away!

Lines on a Plumber.

Most modest of men is the plumber,
No rival has he save the drumber;
Though the world o'er maligns,
Yet he never resigns,
And thriveth in winter and sumber.

Give him but an order to plumb,
And his bill straightway reaches a sumb
That depletes your exchequer—
Would equip a three dequer—
And makes you most awfully glumb.

THE ENGINEER'S STORY.

Mayhap, stranger, you hev run over the Pennsylvany Central Railroad. As you may say, I was born and brought up on that line, first as fireman, then engineer nigh on to twenty years. It's allers excitin' to run a machine, and wen I was a fireman I used to think it was better to be top of one of them splendid engines than to be President of the United States. The day they first put me on the footboard and I took the lever in my hand and knew it was my engine, I reckon I was the proudest man between Pittsburg and Altoona. I kinder thought that everybody was going to be out thet day, to see how the train made her run, and you can bet all your specie that she went smack up to the minit, the whole 117 miles. But this kind of spirit wore off after awhile, 'n I settled down into a sober stiddy goin' man; an' they did say that I wor as safe 'n reliable a man as they hed in the business. I hev to say it, stranger, as there's nobody else to do it; elsewise you wouldin't know it.

I was turned 23 wen me and Mary was married. Twenty-eight years ago! You hev a wife, stranger? Hevn't got no wife! Well! mayhaps it's just as well! I hed Mary some eight years, but it don't seem like no time, now. I left her there in the old Keystone State, her an' the boy. Sometimes I think I'd like to go back agin, and see the place where they both lie, but I suppose I never shall. Don't seem as if I hed the heart to do it. It wasn't in any church-yard, you know; but a little way up the mountain there was a green quiet spot among the trees, and they are there—no more 'n 100 feet, say, above the track—and I often wonder if Charley doesn't still dream, when the New York express thunders by, that his old father is holding the throttle.

I put up a snug cabin by the side of the road wen I had a small clearin', and between whiles I used to plant my potatoes and things, enough to keep us going, and Mary had her garden. Mary allers took to flowers, as I used to tell her, jokin' like, 'cos she was one of the family. Then we had a cow, and Mary raised chickens, and I never see no person could do as much with chickens as Mary could. Jest seemed like those hens were allers strainin' of theirselves layin' eggs. You never see nothin' pay stricter attention to business than what they did. Never standin' about and foolin' around, but allers at it. An' then they'd set an hatch incredible. Mostly two broods a year, an' brought 'em all up.

Mary raised the cow. One of the neighbors gev it to her wen it was a calf, and she made much of it. I used to tie it to a stake near the cabin wen it was a little thing, for it to eat grass. Mary didn't know much about things then, she was young like, an' one day she thought she'd put the calf in the stable. I told her she'd better not try it—she just a slight girl. Now a calf, you know, is the most deceivin' animal in the world. It don't look as if it hed any strength, an' yet it'll upset a full-grown man. So Mary unties the rope and starts for the shed, and the calf kicked up his heels and away he went. Mary held on to the rope and away she went—thrown dwon, rolled over—and there was a confusion of calf and calico all over the place. There wasn't no bones broken, but Mary was the most amazed girl you ever saw. That calf grew up to be a knowin' cow. She used to run out on the track just on purpose to frighten people. She'd stay until the train was close up, but never get hit. But whenever a new engineer came along and saw her he'd whistle brakes and raise a rumpus, often bringin' the train to a dead stop. But she'd walk off just at the right time and seemed to understand the joke.

Our little cabin was in among the mountains, a good ways from any other house, and I used to sometimes think that Mary would be lonely, with me away so much of the time. You see I was allers out three nights in the week. I went up in the daytime, passing my house at noon, and down again that night, passing at midnight. Bnt I was home two or three days in the week and allers Sunday. The place where we lived was a wild region of country, and the storms we used to have up there, so high in the air, was fearful.

I didn't tell you anything about the boy? No! Well, do you know I took to him the very first moment. And that's a very curious thing about babies. Now, I never fancied 'em much, but I tell you, stranger, it makes all the difference in the world whether it's your baby or whether it belongs to somebody else. I've seen a great many of 'em in my time, an' accordin' to their parents they was the most uncommon babies; but I could never see much of it. I used to laugh a good deal when people made such fools of themselves over their children, but I know exactly how it is now, for I suppose I was the greatest fool over my Charley as ever lived. Mary named him Charley. That was after me. Seems to me that boy took to a locomotive from the time he was six months old. His mother would sit out in front of the house, with him in her lap when I was up at noon, and she'd kiss her hand and wave the baby at me. By the time he was 3 years old he'd got so that I used to take him up to ride with me. There was a water tank near the house, and when I stopped to water he was allers there, and I'd ketch him up 'n carry 'im off ten or twenty miles, till I met another train, and some of the boys 'd carry him back home. 'Twasn't long afore scarce a man on the road as didn't know Charley Latham's baby. They'd pick 'im up wherever they could find 'im, and sometimes he'd be gone nearly all day, but somebody 'd set him down afore night 'n he'd come toddlin' home. Sometimes I think it's queer how the men used to take to that baby. There was fellers just as rough as bears—brakemeu, they'd get drunk and crazy with liquor and cut or shoot a man quicker 'n lightnin'; 'n' section men—up in them mountains them section men were mighty hard cases. What for fightin' and quarrelin', they'd beat Sam Hill. An' yit there wasn't one o' them chaps as would speak a cross word to my baby. They was all fond of 'im, and if anybody took to imposin' on 'im, why, there'd be a mus quicker'n the drop of yer hat.

There was Bill Walker. You didn't know Bill Walker did you? No! Of course you didn't. Dead now. Left a switch open on him and he run off. Never spoke after they'd picked 'im up. Bill, he was a crusty old bachelor—one of them fellers wat never see nothin', if he can help hisself. He didn't have no relations, and he was so sot agin everybody the boys used to say they didn't believe he ever had a father or a mother like other folks. He'd hard lines in his life, for a fact, and it made 'im wat they call a ndsen——. Yes! that's it—a missenthorp. He seemed to hev a particular grudge for everybody he had seen, and a sorter general disgust for everybody he hadn't. Bill picked up the baby for a ride one day, and when he stopped at the next station he was goin' round oilin' his ingine and the little tyke taggin' after, holdin' on to his coat tail and gettin' hisself all covered with grease, just like a reg'lar engineer; and there was one of the station men as didn't like Bill, nohow, and he sees, sees he: "Hullo, Bill! is that a left-hander of your'n?"

They say Bill jest turned nasby. He sets down his can and reached for that feller—jest one, square in the juggler, and he didn't get out o' bed for ten days. One day there came down from New York a rocking-horse, and Mary found it in the water-tank with a piece of paper tied to the bridle, 'n it said like this: "If Bill Walker could ever wish for a baby of his own it would be little Charley!" That rocking-horse cost Bill a whole month's wages.

One of the first things Charley learned to say, wen he was beginin' to talk, was this: You see the men on the road used to call one another "Pard"—short for "partner." Charley he caught it, and he always called me "Pard." I don't think he ever called me father or papa, like other children do; but it was allers "Pard." "You and me is pards, isn't we?" he used to say. An' that's what we allers called one another, and he went by the name of "Charley Latham's pard" all over the road.

I'd be goin' by the house, on the noon train, an' leanin' out o' the cab watchin' for 'im, 'n he be out in front, with a white rag or somethin' to wave at me, and I'd see by the motion of his lips—I couldn't hear for the noise of the cars—that he was sayin', "You and me is pards, isn't we?"

As I was tellin', Sundays I laid off; 'n in the mornin', after breakfast, Mary would fill up a basket with some bread and butter 'n meat 'n things, and we three would go off into the mountains and stay all day. We used to do this every Sunday, and so Charley got to callin' it his pard's day. You see, he got a notion that it was the best day in the week, 'cos I was allers home with him. I didn't never go to church much—it was a long ways; and then I thought Charley would get as much religion by going around in the woods and among the mountains, where the trees and leaves were so beautiful, and the rocks so grand, as any other way. If they don't tell us that the Creator who made 'em all is powerful and good, too, there ain't no preacher can do it.

You went up to the top of Pike's Peak the other day. I've been there too, 'n I'd like to know if a chap can go up there among those awful precipices and gorges, and look over the country for 100 miles, and see the mountains around, and the plains 'way off in front that don't seem to have no end, and then look at hisself and say whether he does amount to a row of pins. You see I never was any Christian, and never gave Charley no such trainin', and sometimes I think maybe I didn't do quite right by him. But Lord love you, stranger, wen he went among the angels, I'm jest certain there wasn't none of 'em had any cleaner soul 'an what he had.

There was a place, about three-quarters of a mile from our place, where we used to go a good deal Sundays, and Mary would read the Bible to us and sing. She was a good singer, Mary was. We used to call the place "Devil's Run." It was a sort of a creek, but didn't have no water in it, 'cept after a hard rain. It came down between two high mountains, where it was steep as could be. Wen a storm came up I've known it in half an hour six feet of water. An' then it would bring down big trunks of trees and great stones, roaring that way you could hear it for miles.

It's got its name because it was an infernal place. Often I've been woke up at night by a heavy shower, and I'd hear Devil's Run howling as though it would tear everything to pieces. There couldn't be no worse place fixed for the road, if they had hunted the whole country through, than right there. There was a sharp curve, and on the outside of it was a straight-up-and-down precipice for hundreds of feet, so that if a train went off it would be mashed into kindlin' wood and tenpenny rails. Devil's Run went underneath the track, near the point of the curve, through a barrel culvert, and once there came on a hard storm, 'n the trees 'n stone, and so on, choked up the culvert which wasn't large enough, 'n the water dammed up and rose, till by 'n by the whole embankment gave way, and twenty feet of the road went rippin' down the mountain. They found out the break before any accident happened, and the culvert was rebuilt, a good deal larger than before. But that place the whole road was afeard of.

As I was a tellin', if it hadn't been such a wicked place Devil's Run was the prettiest one on the whole mountain. The bed of the stream was deep down, 'n full of ferns and grasses that Mary was allers gatherin', and we could sit there in the hottest day 'n the sun could never find its way through the trees overhead.

As I was tellin', Charley was born to be an engineer. By the time he had got to be 6 years old he knew the name of nigh all the parts of a machine. He'd learnt all the signals that was used on the road. He knew that a red flag or a red light meant danger. That a lantern, at night, swung backward 'n forward, slowly, across the track, would bring a train up, all standin'. All that sort o' thing he'd jest picked up hisself. He knew the sound of every whistle and bell on the road, 'n could tell what ingine they belonged to, and I believe he knew the tread of No. 29 whenever she went by, day or night. No. 29, that was my ingine, I run her about three years, and there wasn't nothing in God's world I couldn't get out of her wen she was in a good humor. We sort o' understood one another, and she hardly ever went back on me. Once in a while she did, and then she was a perfect cuss.

Yes! he was 7 that winter. Just 7 years old a few days before Christmas. After Charley got a year or two old I allers made much of Christmas. Mostly I contrived to lay off that day so as to be home with my little pard. Some of the boys was allers willin' to take my run that day—them as didn't have no wife or children. They'd come and say: "Now, Latham, there's your little pard, he'll be wantin' of you tomorrow, which is Christmas. "So I'll just take your run down. An' this 'ere basket, why, the boys, you know, they see, we ain't got no chick or child, and we'll send this along to Natham's little Charley."

The first time they did that I was took back that way I stood and gaped, a lookin' around like a natural, and couldn't say a word. And the things they used to send Charley was astonishin'; toys and so on. Why, one Christmas they sent 'im a real silver mug. Oh! stranger, them days was such times as I've never had since. There wasn't no other children around for Charley to play with, but me 'n his mother was all he seemed to care for, 'n we'd carry on together all day just as if none of us was more'n seven years old.

Charley hed a little room for hisself, where he slept, which had a window that looked down the track. I gave him a railroad lantern, which he trimmed and filled hisself after I showed him how, 'n wen it was my night down he'd light his lantern 'n put it in his window at the head of his bed. I could see it a long way before I got to the house, 'n you don't know, stranger, what comfort it was wen I was comin' down to see that light and know that my little boy was lyin' there fast asleep and dreamin' that the roar of the train was the footsteps of his old pard flying at forty miles an hour.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

Love Your Enemies.

I was watching Willie and Grouse at play on the lawn a few days since. I saw in the poor dumb brute a spirit that is too seldom found in man.

Grouse is an old bird-dog—a setter. He was bought before Willie came to be his little master. He was soft, brown hair, and is a very clever, good-natured dog. Willie can do anything with him, and he never gets angry; but when Willie hurts him he only looks up and pleads with his large, misty eyes.

They had been playing a long while. Grouse got tired and lay down on the grass. Pretty soon I saw Willie get some water in a basin. I wondered what he was going to do with it. Then he walked close up to Grouse, who lay on the lawn, and threw the water all over him.

It was very unkind for Willie to do so—don't you think it was? I called Willie to me, and told him it was too bad for him to plague such a good old dog. I told him he was a very naughty boy to do so.

Willie said he supposed he was wrong to plague Grouse, but he didn't mean to hurt him much.

So Willie went back to where Grouse lay in the sun drying himself. He patted the poor dog on the head, and asked him if he would forgive him for his unkindness.

Then Grouse, as if he knew what was said, licked Willie's hand. He looked up forgivingly into his face with his dewy eyes, as much as to say, "I am one who can love his enemies."

A Lake 2,000 Feet Deep.

Jacksonville, Oregon, Record.

Several of our citizens returned last week from the Great Sunken Lake, situated in the Cascade Mountains, about seventy-five miles northeast from Jacksonville. The lake rivals the famous valley of Sinbad the Sailor. It is thought to average 2,000 feet down to water all around. The depth of the water is unknown, and its surface is smooth and unruffled, as it is so far below the surface of the mountains that air currents do not affect it. Its length is estimated at twelve or fifteen miles and its width ten or twelve. There is a mountain in the centre having trees upon it. It lies still, silent and mysterious in the bosom of the everlasting hills, like a huge well scooped out by the hands of the giant genii of the mountains in the unknown ages gone by, and around it the primeval forests watch and ward are keeping. The visiting party fired a rifle into the water several times at an angle of forty-five degrees, and were able to note several seconds of time from the report of the gun until the ball struck the water. Such seems incredible, but it is vouched for by our most reliable citizens. The lake is certainly a most remarkable curiosity.

A Feminine Defender of Tobacco.

An advocate of the use of tobacco in support of his stand unearths an article written by Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle, some 200 years ago. In defence of the seductive weed that lady wrote: "It composes the mind, it busies the thoughts, it attracts all outward objects to the mind's view, it settles and retents the senses, it cheers the understanding, strengthens the judgment, spies out errors, it exasperates follies, it heats ambition, it comforts sorrow, it abates passion, it excites to noble actions, it digests to conceptions, it enlarges knowledge, it elevates imagination, it creates fancies, it quickens wit, and it makes reason pleader and truth judge in all disputes or controversies between right and wrong."

A ROYAL MARRIAGE.

Union of the Crown Prince of Sweden and Princess Victoria.

The good people of Baden have probably never been in a greater state of excitement since the revolutionary time of 1848, says the London *Times* correspondent, when acting as the champions of popular liberty in Germany, they rose in arms against ruling iniquity and despotism, and were at last coerced by Prussian troops, under that Prince William, afterwards King and Emperor, who on the 30th of September, 1856, gave away his only daughter, Louise, named after her grandmother, of pious and immortal memory, to the Grand Duke Frederic, chief of the Zehringen line. Of that union were born two sons and a daughter, and the other day, on the 55th anniversary of her parents' wedding, that daughter, the Princess Victoria, was married to Prince Oscar Gustavus Adolphus, heir-apparent to the dual throne of Sweden and Norway.

By some it is believed that marriages are made in heaven, while others hold the less sublime opinion that they are devised by mothers-in-law. Be that, however, as it may, it seems to be certain that the friendly relations which ended in the ceremonious act of the other day date from the time when, a year or two ago, the Queen of Sweden accompanied by her eldest son, came to the neighboring Heidelberg, the former from considerations of health, the latter for purposes of study. Whether, when the Crown Prince was applying himself, under the celebrated Professor Bluntschill, to international law, her Majesty devoted herself to the question of international marriages, the meddling world has no business to inquire; but, in the same autumn (1879), Prince Gustavus Adolphus went on a visit to the Court of Baden, where he was warmly received and invited to accompany the Grand Duke to the Imperial manœuvres at Strasburg.

THE PRINCELY BRIDEGROOM

is tall, thin, dark, and prepossing in appearance, with the blood of the Bernadottes, or, at any rate, that of the sunny south, more apparent in his features than that of the icy north. He look more of the student than of the soldier. Whether his Royal Highness will develop into a writer of books like his father, or into a leader of men like his great patronymic predecessor, the Lion of the North, remains to be seen; perhaps, like Frederic the Great, he may seek to display equal prowess with the marshal's baton and the poet's flute. Meanwhile the youthful Prince—he is only 23—has been a diligent student, and a keen traveller all over Europe, being superior in the latter respect to Prince William of Prussia, who, strange to say, has never made the grand tour, or, indeed, the little tour. It says much for the manliness of Prince Gustavus that in the course of a tour three years ago through France he made a point of searching the still surviving members of his obscurely born family, and in this respect he seems to be much less ashamed of his origin than the rank-adoring writers of popular wedding histories here, who, while tracing the ducal family of the Zehringers to their remotest source, content themselves by lifting the curtain on the Bernadottes at the moment when the attorney's clerk of Bern is seen seated in sceptred might on the throne of Sweden. You will nowhere find such blind worshippers of plush and periwigs as at petty German courts.

THE BRIDE,

on the other hand, who is only 19, may be briefly and best described as a "genuine German Princess," with all the varied virtues and accomplishments implied in that comprehensive phrase. Chauvinism being the most marked feature of the modern German character, care has been taken to flatter this pardonable vanity by making the bride's trousseau, which has been attracting admiring crowds of the fair sex, here, a thing as much as possible of national production.

In the evening the bride and bridegroom privately went through the civil ceremony of marriage before the Ministers of State, and immediately afterwards repaired to the Palace Chapel, which was filled with a very brilliant crowd of privileged persons. The Emperor, looking the picture of bronzed and vigorous health, led in the bride, his grandchild, who kissed his Majesty's hand before taking her place by the side of the bridegroom.

The Royal Princes in Australia.

Letters received at Plymouth by the Australian mail describe the festivities throughout Victoria and South Australia in honor of the visits of the sons of the Prince of Wales. On July 6 and 7 the Princes visited Sandhurst, and were received by an enthusiastic crowd of twenty thousand persons. Their Royal Highnesses opened a handsome fountain recently erected in the Charing Cross, and afterward visited the neighboring mines. In the evening there was a grand ball in the Town Hall, and on the following day the Governor gave a ball at Government House, Melbourne. Prior to this the Princes had been on a visit to the estate of Mr. Bowman, on Lake Albert, where, in company with a large party of ladies and gentlemen, they engaged in a kangaroo hunt. Between forty and fifty animals were either shot or hunted down, and the tails of fifteen kangaroos, which fell to the share of their Royal Highnesses, are to be sent as a present to the Prince of Wales. At the various towns through which the Princes passed they were warmly welcomed.

The Work of the Thrifty.

The world has already been divided into two classes—those who have saved and those who have spent—the thrifty and the extravagant. The building of all the houses, the mills, the bridges, and the ships, and the accomplishment of all the other great works which have rendered man civilized and happy have been done by the savers, the thrifty, and those who have wasted their resources have always been their slaves. It has been the law of nature and of Providence, that this should be so.

The favorite East Indian summer retreat, Nami Tal, is not yet considered safe from a repetition of the terrible land slip of last year. The Municipal Committee have applied to the Indian Government for a loan for the purpose of protecting the dangerous portion of the district.

THE GREAT DAIRY SHOW.

Competitive Exhibits from all Nations at London.

The London *Times*, describing the great dairy show, says: An important departure has been taken by some English dairymen in the manufacture of valuable kinds exhibited in the class of British cream or soft curd cheese. Improving upon the attempt which we chronicled last year, Mr. J. W. Bell, of Sandley, Gillingham, Dorset, wins the first prize in this class with actual British Camembert cheese, made by himself, of quality, taste, and appearance exactly imitating choice Camembert from France. As we pointed out in noticing the show of 1880, it is in this direction of supplying from our own dairies the perishable varieties of cheese, highly prized at the luxurious tables of the rich, that there is an opening for profit for English farmers; and we are glad to find that Mr. Bell has had the perseverance to produce a number of specimens fully equal, we believe, to the delicacies which are now so largely imported from France. The second prize in the class goes to Mr. W. H. Ashmore's soft curd cheese. In the next class for any other British variety, we meet again with a similar lesson. While the first prize is awarded to Mr. W. Allen's sage cheese, Mr. Julian Webb, of Kensington, takes the second honor with Gorgonzola made in England. For make, flavor, ripeness, and sound condition, these cheeses, made in May last, are certainly as meritorious and delicious as the best of Italian make which are exhibited in the hall. This is a fact which it is to be hoped English dairymen will lay to heart.

For American or Canadian the prize winners are Messrs. W. Titley & Son, of Bath and Bristol; Messrs. Hinton and White, of St. Mary-at-Hill; and Messrs. H. K. and F. B. Thurber & Co., Fenchurch avenue. There is a good competition in Gorgonzola, Roquefort, Gruyere, Parmesan, Edam, Gouda, Russian, and soft cheeses. Mr. Ludovick Noel, of Frith street, Soho, wins the first prize for Gorgonzola, and the second prize for Brie and Bondous. It is noteworthy that Mr. Jubal Webb beats the Roquefort Society for Roquefort cheese, and Mr. Webb's cheeses, made by a non-society French dairyman, was not coated with the usual tinfoil until they arrived in London, having been imported in panniers of straw. This enables the cheese to be presented in a drier condition; and it accords with the native custom, for this variety of cheese is not wrapped in foil for the French market. In the class for any other foreign cheese appears a collection of Cheddars made in New Zealand, which here win the first prize for the importer, Mr. Jubal Webb. The cheese fair is tolerably well maintained, the lots ranging from half a ton to one ton each.

There is a good competition in clotted cream. The classes of foreign butters, indicated by Mr. James Hudson and Mr. J. S. Carter, are not so well filled as might be expected. We have French, Canadian, and American, Dutch and Italian butters, but no entry from Germany or Denmark.

The centre of the hall is occupied by a display of American and other cheese of various makes and descriptions, exhibited by Messrs. Titley & Sons, of Bath. On the stand of Mr. Jubal Webb, of Kensington, appear a number of very interesting exhibits, including Gorgonzola cheese, rich and ripe thus early in the season, Mr. Webb having induced the Italian makers to produce in May instead of in the autumn their cheeses for the English market; also Cyprus cheeses; Russian cheese of the Edma kind, made in Moscow, Dutch pine cheeses; Norwegian cheese of rectangular form, like a brick, and odour of the goat, or capric acid; New Zealand Cheddar, most excellent cheese, of which several shipments have come to England in hermetically sealed cases; and goats' cheese, made in Germany, in small pats, with a flavoring of caraway seeds, but perfectly free from any animal scent (indeed the female goat is clear of the offensive odour which characterizes the skin and fleece of the male). Mr. Webb also shows specimens of the Italian combination of cheese and butter, formed like large pears, enclosing a core of white butter in a rind of cheese; the hardcurd Sardegna cheese; Ricottes, a very curious cheese of Italy; the cheese of the Nymphs; and smoked cheese. A passage from Homer is shown, describing the ancient Greek method of ripening cheese in cool, darkened caves, exactly as practised in Italy, France, and other countries at the present day.

MODES OF WALKING.

The following summary of the different modes of walking adopted by those who go to and fro upon the earth, is of interest:

Observing persons move slowly; their heads move alternately from side to side, and they occasionally stop and turn around.

Careful persons lift their feet high and place them slowly; pick up some little obstruction and place it down quickly by the side of the road.

Calculating persons generally walk with their hands in their pockets, and their heads slightly inclined.

Modest persons generally step softly for fear of being observed.

Timid persons often step off the sidewalk on meeting another, and always go around a stone instead of stepping over it.

Wide-awake persons toe out, and have a long swing to their arms, while their hands move about miscellaneously.

Careless persons are forever stubbing their toes.

Lazy persons scrape about loosely with their heels, and are first on one side of the sidewalk and then on the other.

Very strong-minded persons place their toes directly in front of them, and have a kind of stamp movement.

The Richest Nation.

It is generally supposed that England is the richest nation in the world, but late estimates place France at the head in point of wealth. France values her private property, real and personal, at $43,110,000,000, and her navy, palaces, public buildings and other property, excepting highways, at $1,475,000,000, making a total of $44,535,000,000. A similar estimate for England is $42,500,000,000. Real estate in France greatly exceeds in area that of England, but the personal property is much less.

Parody on "John Anderson, My Jo."

John Alcohol, my foe, John,
When we were first acquaint,
I'd sliter in my pockets, John,
Which noo ye ken, I want;
I spent it all in treating, John,
Because I loved you so;
But, mark ye, how you've treated me,
John Alcohol, my foe.

John Alcohol, my foe, John,
We've been over lang thegither,
See ye maun tak' an road, John,
And I will tak' anither;
For we maun tumble down, John,
If hand in hand we go;
And I shall hae the bill to pay,
John Alcohol, my foe.

John Alcohol, my foe, John,
Ye've bleer'd out a' my een,
And lighted up my nose, John,
A dery sign atween!
My hands wi' palsy shake, John,
My locks are like the snow;
Ye'll surely be the death o' me,
John Alcohol, my foe.

John Alcohol, my foe, John,
'Twas love to you, I ween,
That gart me rise me ear', John,
And sit see late at e'en;
The best o' friens's maun part, John;
It grieves me sair, ye know;
But "we'll nae mair to yon town,"
John Alcohol, my foe.

John Alcohol, my foe, John,
Ye've wrought me muckle skaith;
And yet to part wi' you John,
I hae I'm unco' laith;
But I'll join the temperance ranks, John,
Ye needna say me no;
It's better late than ne'er do weel,
John Alcohol, my foe.

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S TOUR.

His Excellency as a Plate-Layer.

From the London Times Correspondence.

Familiar as one is with the full-fledged railways, it is not often that one gets the chance of seeing them, so to speak, still in the shell. Of the six stages of incubation—the surveying, grading, bridging, surfacing, plate-laying, ballasting—the first four had been already got through, and we came in for the fifth—the plate-laying. The ties, or sleepers, brought to the spot in horse waggons, had to be laid across the road. Lord Lorne and Mr. Norquay, the Premier of Manitoba, seized each an end of one tie and laid it, and some of us following the example had the proud satisfaction of having lent a hand to the construction of what, when completed, will be the greatest, or, at any rate, the longest railway in the world, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, over about 4,000 miles. The ties laid, a railway car, loaded with rails, and with nails, spikes, and "fish splices" to rivet them, is run close up to the first of them. Two strong fellows seize a rail, pull it out on to the ground, place it, rivet it, so that it makes a safe road for the car, which advances to the end of it; and then a second rail is pulled out, rivetted, and another bit of road made; each process being performed with a skill and alacrity which quite prepared us to believe in the prophecy of the superintendent that 90 miles would be completed before the end of the year. After driving about five miles from Sandy hills, (which are 100 miles west of Winnipeg), where the path-laying operations were performed, the correspondent describes

THE PROCESS OF GRADING.

As we had already seen plate-laying, we were glad yesterday morning to get a chance of seeing the preliminary process of grading—a chance kindly afforded us by Mr. Brackett, who had his men working not far from our camp at Unknown lake. We found the grading going on as vigorously as the plate-laying. Indeed, an amicable rivalry exists between Mr. Brackett and Mr. Grant, who "bosses" the plate-laying, the latter vowing that he will catch up the former, who is equally resolved that he will never be caught. Mr. Brackett is now 20 miles ahead, and a stern chase is a long chase. Nevertheless an outsider would probably be tempted to put his money on the plate-layer. The grading seemed much higher and necessarily slower work, vigorously as it was being carried on. We came up as a swamp, or "muskeg," as they call it here, was being crossed. Some 25,000 tons of sand had been put into it, and it was nearly ready for bridging, though for this we had not time to stop. The soil in the neighborhood was first broken up with ploughs, so that in its loosened state it could be caught up easily by the "wheel-scrapers," a curious machine, in shape something like a housemaid's dustpan—a Brobdingnagian housemaid's be it understood. Thirty of these wheel-scrapers were all working at the same time. They catch up a huge load of sand as easily and quickly as a man would catch up a handful, carry it to the mouth of the muskeg, discharge it deftly down the throat, whoa! about, retire, and off for another load. No muskeg, however strong its constitution, can long stand treatment of this sort. Curtius need never have jumped down his gulf if wheel-scrapers had been used in early Rome. Mr. Brackett has 250 teams and 600 men in his employ, working 10 hours a day, but not all at the same place. They are divided into smaller bodies, each taking its own section under a sub-contractor.

THE LAND.

The land we passed through yesterday was curiously varied. For miles the soil would be too sandy and light to be worth much, if anything—somewhat such land, in fact, as we saw at the well-known Sandy hills. Then would come a sudden change, and for a few miles the soil would be first-class. Then, again, would come sand. Mr. Brackett pointed out a tract of land on either side of the road, extending over about 1,000 acres, and covered with splendid crops. It is owned by four brothers, who find it so good that they have actually deserted that "flour-garden of Manitoba," Portage la Prairie, leasing the land they own there. They prefer this soil, as less heavy than that at Portage la Prairie, and bringing quicker returns for their labour. In May they put in the crop, and by the middle of August have the wheat stacked. We drove through a very fine field quite ready for the sickle. It is said to average 30 bushels to the acre; and one man, a keen farmer, with an exceptionally good piece of land, has for ten years averaged 35 bushels. Of this land, be it remembered, 160 acres were "home-steaded"—that is, not gratis, except a fee of $10. Another 160 would be "pre-empted" by the same man for a fee of $10, which secures him his previous right of purchase against any other would-be purchaser, and then bought for one dollar per acre, the payment being extended over ten years, with interest at 6 per cent. Thus the four brothers would get between them, 1,280 acres of splendid land for a little over $1,280, or, say, from £260 to £270. They probably would not take $10 an acre for it now. I may mention that the soil is also well suited for oats, barley, and such vegetables as potatoes and turnips.

Hunting a Burglar.

A gentleman residing in the western part of the city had a thrilling experience last Thursday night, at least it thrilled up and down his spinal marrow, and caused his heart to feel sea-sick. He was awakened by a sound as of some one stumbling against a chair in the kitchen. There was the thump, the scraping of the chair legs on the floor; all excepting the swear. But the gentleman thought that, under the circumstances, this omission was excusable. No desirable burglar swears—at such times

Now, Blifkins, for that isn't the gentleman's name, has declared, all through the twenty years of his wedded life, that the burglar he caught in his house would be eternally thankful for the revision of the New Testament. It was true that Mrs. Blifkins was away from home and couldn't possibly arrive in time for the funeral, and that there was no one to applaud his valorous deed. The burglar had got to die, just the same.

"Now," thought Blifkins, "that was certainly a kitchen chair he ran against, and he is waiting to see if he has disturbed anyone. He will wait a few minutes and if I don't move he will. I don't believe I locked the back door when I came to bed and that's how he got in. Then he came into the kitchen, cracked his shins against a chair. His next move will be in this direction, for there is nothing for him to steal out there. I'll be ready for him when he arrives."

Then Blifkins slowly slid one foot from under the coverlet, and protruded the member outward and downward until it touched the floor. Then the other foot noiselessly followed the first. Inch by inch he raised his head, his shoulders, his body, until he sat erect on the side of the bed. All this he had accomplished without a sound. But hark! There was a slight noise, as if the burglar was beginning to move. Blifkins raised his hips as carefully as if he had the rheumatism, and stood erect. A stealthy, sideways step, and his hand encountered the bureau, glided along the polished top to one of the small drawers, drew it out with a very slight grating sound, seized a 42-calibre Smith & Wesson, drew back the hammer, and the burglar was practically a dead man.

He did not come; but Blifkins could wait. Moreover, Blifkins did wait. Waited ten, fifteen, twenty minutes, a half an hour. He waited until his arm ached with holding the revolver at point blank. He waited until he couldn't wait any longer, and then he struck a match and lighted a lamp. With the light held high above his head in his left hand, and the revolver ready cocked in his right hand, he started on a tour of inspection. The first place was the kitchen. No one was there; not even a chair lying upon its back and thrusting its legs into the air. Parlor, dining-room, bed-rooms, summer-kitchen, woodshed all were visited but not a burglar could he find.

The next morning Blifkins carried his investigation to the cellar and the mystery was explained. Upon the floor lay Mrs. Blifkin's hanging shelf (or fallen hanging-shelf), while, grouped about it in a most pathetic tableau, was a large and costly assortment of uncanned tomatoes, peaches, pears, plums, grapes and berries, with here and there an untumbled mass of jelly, shaking its sides. Blifkins laughed, too. He hasn't got to twist away at the cover of a single fruit-jar all winter. He says he is going to take the garden rake and get the broken glass out of that mass, stir in a barrel of flour and a pail of yeast, and bake a fruit cake that will last till Christmas.

The War in Tunis.

A *Times* despatch says: The attack on the railway station at Wadzergha was made by the Arabs who recently attacked Ali Bey. Wadzergha is the sixth station on the French railway, six miles from Tunis. The Arabs threw the rails into the river. The station-master who was an ex-lieutenant in the French army and a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, was burned alive, and ten employees, mostly Maltese and Italians, were massacred. M. Roustan, French Minister at Tunis, invited the English and Italians Consuls to assist at an official enquiry into the disaster. The English and Italian Consuls, clerks, doctors, &c., have accordingly gone to Wadzergha for that purpose. Six hundred French troops went there on September 20, but the Arabs disappeared long before their arrival. The massacre was undoubtedly caused by the wholesale destruction of olive forests, villages and vineyards which General Sabatier considered necessary around Zaghouan. The Tunisian authorities are evidently trying to screen the Arabs accused of murdering the Maltese and Italians. No arrests have yet been reported. Ali Bey has sent a messenger stating that he is not able to hold out any longer, and demanding a French escort to effect his retreat. It is rumored that his position is critical, mutiny having broken out in his camp.

The Paris correspondent of the *Daily Telegram* says it is clear that the Arabs have assembled in force in a position which seriously threatens the flank of the force advancing from Mehmedia and Zaghouan on Kairwan.

General Farre, Minister of War, has received despatches confirming the report of the burning of the railway station at Wadzergha and the massacring of a number of employees, including several British subjects, by the insurgents in Tunis. The French troops afterwards repaired the railway which had been torn up.

The Paris press is filled with indignant comments on the negligence of the French military authorities at Tunis, which has led to the massacre and mutilation of all of the French officials at the railway station at Wadzergha.

Harvesting in Scotland and in the north of England is still going on. The wheat thrashed in the south is discolored and light and brings very poor prices.

Rheumatism.

Dr. Holbrook of New Yorks says:—Rheumatism is not contagious in any sense of the word, nor is it a very fatal disease, even in the acute form; statistics show that it occupies the 34th place in the list in this respect. But if we take into account the fact that rheumatism is the cause of a great deal of heart disease then its fatal effects are at least indirectly much greater. About 1,000 persons in every million die of heart disease, and it is believed that two-thirds of these cases have their direct origin in rheumatism, or in it twin brother, gout. Heart disease gets credit for those deaths which really primarily are due to rheumatism and gout. According to English statistics, from 1850 to 1870 the death rate from rheumatism is a trifle over 100 persons yearly to each million.

In the army, rheumatism is a great cause of invalidism. In the navy, it is a still greater cause. All those who are workmen, and are exposed to wet, cold, and sudden changes of weather, such as farmers, railway officers, policemen, cab or stage drivers, soldiers, etc., are likely to get rheumatism. For this reason men are more liable to it than women or children. Chomel states that in 72 cases which he treated, only two were under fifteen years of age. Thirty-five were between fifteen and thirty, twenty-five were from thirty to forty, seven cases were from forty-five to sixty, and only seven cases were after sixty.

There can be no doubt but that cold, damp, clayey soils promote in a remarkable degree this disease and on the other hand dry, warm sandy soils prevent and cure it.

Food has a powerful influence in causing rheumatism. A rich nitrogeneous diet of lean meat promotes its development and retards its cure. Dr. S. K. Chambers, a high authority on food, says: "A nutrient nitrogeneous diet, which the patient assimilates too readily, retards recovery, and will even bring on a relapse during convalescence. If meat in any form, solid or liquid, is eaten, it seems to turn into acid, which is already in excess in the blood. The power of converting it into healthy tissue is wanting, and until this power is regained a semi-conversion into an organic acid takes place. The redder and more muscular the meat is the more it disagrees."

Alcoholic drinks, even cider, also cause this disease. In England, in cider drinking districts, there is a form of rheumatism attributed to cider alone, and it is cured when the use of this food is discontinued. This would indicate that either the alcoholic fluids derange the digestion so that the food is not fully converted into good blood, or that the presence of the alcohol in the circulating fluids is injurious. Perhaps both are the case. Certainly drinkers are more liable to this disease than the temperate, other conditions being the same.

Rheumatism is inherited, or rather the tendency to it is, the same as gout. We have known many members of the same family bring it down from one generation to another as a family inheritance, quite undesirable, to say the least.

Chronic gout we know is largely due to good cheer, indulged in either by the sufferer or his ancestors. When a man with weak digestion eats too much food day after day, and year after year, more than is needed to repair the waste of life, the excess passes into the alimentary canal undigested, and partially decomposes there. Then all sorts of abdominal derangements ensue. This undigested food, however, is soon expelled, and perhaps little harm is done. Suppose, however, this food is partially digested and absorbed into the system, an excess of uric acid is formed and rheumatism or gout results.

A Wonderful Tree.

An Italian naturalist has been studying the eucalyptus tree, and finds it as valuable for destroying miasma as the most sanguine Californians have ever claimed it to be. It has extraordinary powers of absorption, the trunk of a full-grown tree taking up ten times its own weight of water from the soil in which it stands. This alone is often enough to purify a fever district, the superfluous miasma-breeding moisture in the earth being absorbed by the trees. Experiments with eucalyptus planting in miasmatic regions have given surprising results. The vicinity of the Convent Dell tre Fontane, near Rome, was one of the most pestilential spots in Italy but monks sent there in 1868 to plant groves of these trees made it a healthful region within five years. On a farm near the Algerian borders, where previously no human being could live for any length of time, 1,300 eucalyptus plants set in 1867 have counteracted every tendency to fever. Similar experiments have been successful also in Alsace and Lorraine. The home of the tree is in Australia and Tasmania. It composes in great measure the forests of Australia. In California all varieties of the trees are to be found. It is planted there chiefly on account of its rapid growth, to obtain shade and woodland on some of the otherwise treeless plains. So quickly does the eucalyptus grow that a plant three feet high set in the ground near Mentone in 1867, had attained in 1874 a height of over fifty feet and a diameter of forty inches three feet from the ground.

Chip Dirt for Trees.

The great value of "chip dirt" for spreading round young and newly set fruit trees, imparting to them double vigor in growth, is simply the benefit derived from good mulching. Decayed chips, leaf mould and dried muck are all quite similar in their nature, and as they tend strongly to hold the moisture in the soil below, and cannot form a crust on the surface, they are well fitted for the purpose. It is probable that frequent stirring the surface of the soil about the trees would answer nearly the same purpose; but as planters generally neglect this stirring, or perform it in an inefficient manner, while the action of the decayed vegetable matter cannot be hurt by neglect, it has a special advantage over other modes of treating the young trees.

A pair of steers sank in the muck of a Connecticut swamp, and a yoke of oxen were sent to pull them out by a chain around their horns. One was drawn to a firm footing, but the horns of the other were pulled from his head. The agent of an anti-cruelty society is prosecuting the man who make the attempt to save the steers, on the ground that the humane action would have been to shoot them.

The Varieties of Steel.

Originally, the word steel was applied only to iron which contains such quantities of carbon as would cause hardening when the red-hot iron was cooled suddenly. This definition still applies, but, in addition, the term cast steel applies to all of the products of the crucible, the Bessemer converter, and the open-hearth furnace, whether such products are too low in carbon to harden or not. The steels that are not cast steel are known in the market as blister steel, German steel, shear steel, and double shear steel. Blister steel is made by heating bars of wrought iron, bedded in charcoal, in hermetically sealed chambers. The carbon of the charcoal penetrates the hot iron, converting it into a crystalline mass of crude steel; large blisters rise on the surfaces of the bars, giving the name blister steel to this product. German steel is blister steel rolled down into bars. It is used mainly for tires and common springs, but is being rapidly superseded by the cheaper grades of cast steel. Shear steel is made by taking a high heat on blister steel and hammering it thoroughly. Double shear steel is made by cutting up shear steel, piling it, heating it, then hammering again. The best shear steel is made from the best wrought iron. The shear steels are very useful on account of their toughness and the ease with which they can be welded on iron, and when of good quality and well worked, they will hold a very fine edge. Crucible is made by melting in a crucible either blister steel, or blister steel and wrought iron, or wrought iron and charcoal, or wrought iron and scrap steel, or, in short, a great variety of mixtures, which depend on the quality of steel to be produced. Crucible steel can be applied to any purpose for which steel is used. Generally, it is better than any other steel—that is to say, crucible steel made by melting blister steel and tempered to suit by mixing iron of the same grade in the crucible, is always better than German or sheer steel made from the same blister.

Bessemer steel is made by blowing air through melted cast iron, thus burning silicon and carbon out of the cast iron. After the silicon and carbon are burned out, melted spiegeleisen or ferro-manganese is added to the charge. The carbon in the spiegel recarbonizes the steel to the desired point, and the manganese unites with and removes the oxygen which the air used leaves in the steel. Open-hearth steel is made by melting in a very hot furnace, a charge of pig iron. To this melted iron, which is called the "bath," is added either wrought iron, or scrap steel, or iron ore, and the whole is kept hot until all is melted. The wrought iron or scrap, or ore, reduces the carbon or silicon in the bath to such proportions as are desired in the steel. Bessemer and open-hearth steel are much alike in quality. They are used mainly for rails, boiler plates, ship plates, bridge and other structural purposes and machinery. The better qualities are also used largely for springs. The best spring steel, like the best tool steel, is simply that which is made from the best material. Quality of material, chemically speaking, being equal, the best spring steel is that which is made from crucible cast steel, as the crucible process is less crude than either of the others.

English Hotel Clerks.

I tried conclusions with a hotel clerk in a city in England, but I shall never do it again. I went to bed at night with two candles on the mantle. It was bright moonlight, and as I read my regular chapter in the Revised Testament in the office, I had no occasion for light. I simply wanted to get into bed; therefore I didn't light the candles at all.

The next morning I found in my bill a charge for two candles—two shillings. I protested.

"I used no candles," I said.

"But they were there," was the cool reply. "Perhaps you used matches—it is all the same."

"But I didn't use matches; and if I did I had my own."

"We do everything for the comfort of the guests of the house. There were candles and matches for you."

He never blushed, but took the two shillings as coolly as possible, receipted the bill and thanked me, and hoped if I ever visited the place again I would call upon them.

It reminded me of the man who built a tavern in Indiana. A traveller stopped with him one night, and the next morning asked for his bill.

"Twelve hundred and fifty dollars," said the landlord, promptly.

"Twelve hundred and fifty dollars for one night. It is outrageous."

"It is a little high," said the landlord, "but I'll tell you how it is. I opened this house exactly a year ago yesterday. I expected to make $1,000 the first year, and you are the first customer I have had. I ought to charge you a little more to cover insurance, but I like you and don't want to be hard on you; $1250 will do."

I have orated much against the American hotel clerk and his diamond pin and cool insolence, but I shall never do it again. He is a babe in arms compared with his English brother.

Sponge Underclothing.

Sponge underclothing is a recent novelty invented and patented in Berlin. It is claimed for it that it can be cleansed more easily than woollen goods, and, being more flexible, does not chafe the skin so much. It is a bad conductor, and tends to keep the surface temperature uniform. One who wears this underclothing is not liable to take cold, for it absorbs the perspiration without checking it. After the mineral and vegetable impurities in the sponges have been sufficiently beaten by a heavy hammer to admit of being readily washed out, the sponges are dried and pared with a sharp knife. These parings are then sewed together. The fabric is prepared without any use of poisonous dyes, which, as incorporated in cloth underclothing, sometimes proves very deleterious to the system.

The theological faculty of Yale College has decided to use the revised version of the New Testament, voting it "better than any other English version, because it follows more exactly the Greek text as originally written, and is a more clear and correct translation."

NEWFOUNDLAND NEWS.

Poisoned Well.—A woman was recently poisoned near Trepassey, by using the water of a well which it was believed was impregnated with poison supposed to have been used by trappers for the destruction of foxes.

Chooses Protection.—The editor of the St. John's *Patriot* has been reading the speeches of the Dominion statesmen in their summer campaign, and confesses that "much as we admire the arguments of the Liberal leader and his coadjutors, we are decidedly in favor of the view of protection to home industeries advocated by Dr. Tupper and his friends, and trust that the N. P. will be the policy of Newfoundland by-and-bye."

The Railway.—Gratifying progress is being made with the railway works. At the shipping terminal point at St. John's a large pier is being built. The *North Star* of September 17th says: "It is not improbable that work may be commenced not only at the eastern extremity of the Harbor Grace branch, but also at the head of Conception Bay, during the fall, in which event the road will very likely be put in running order through Harbor Grace or Carbonear in the course of a few months."

Libel Suit.—Miss Fanny Fennell, of Harbor Grace, has instituted proceeding against Messrs. William D. Crichton, John E. Furneaux, Frank Barnes, William Horwood, James Heale and William Norman, to recover a thousand dollars of damages for a libel published in the *Mosquito* newspaper in July last. Messrs. Crichton, Heale and Norman have been arrested on a charge of criminal libel for having in the same sheet made very unbecoming and offensive references to Sir Frederick B. T. Carter, K.C.M.G., Chief Justice, and members of his family, in an article entitled, "A New Play."

Mining.—The Harbor Grace *Standard* says: "We learn that there is a prospect of mining operations being prosecuted vigorously at Bett's Cove and Little Bay the ensuing season. Work in the latter mine has been continued this year on a large scale, but the Bett's Cove mine has kept only about ninety or one hundred men employed this summer. If what we learn be correct, some 600 or 700 operatives will be needed there the coming winter. This will be good news for our laboring classes. Another paper says that some mineral specimens brought from the west coast by an exploring party just returned, comprised different varieties of copper ore and molybdenite, with a splendid sample of coal.

The Fisheries.—Late arrivals from Labrador and the Straits do not bring encouraging reports from those quarters. Many of the fleet that had gone north were returning badly fished. On the southern shore the fishing continued fairly successful, but a large quantity of the catch was being spoiled by the bad weather. Among losses of vessels reported are: Messrs. Mann's schr. "Helen McGregor," with supplies; Capt. Fitzgerald's schr. "George S. Fogg," with a quantity of fish, and Messrs. Patterson & Foster's schr. "Ornament," with a full lead of fish. The intelligence from the westward is also without encouraging features. With the exception of Fortune and Hermitage Bays, where the catch is reported as being fair, little or nothing has been done all along the coast from Channel to Cape St. Mary's. The weather has been bad, the prevalence of rain and fog making the people quite indifferent about catching fish, which they have no hope of being able to cure. The *North Star* (St. John's), say: "In this vicinity fish has been plentiful enough, and a good deal was taken during the three or four tolerable day of the past week. But the unsettled state of the weather is very disastrous in its effect upon all industries, and the misfortune is that there are no indications whatever of improvement. Indeed the season is now too late for that; and all the appearances indicate an early fall and a long winter as pretty closely at hand."

The Sun at Midnight.

The enterprising persons who are always planning new expeditions or tours for travellers may perhaps find it worth while some pay to indulge their followers in a visit to Mont Avasaxa. This is a peak which does not, indeed, rival the Matterhorn, or even Mont Blanc, is the difficulties of its ascent, but it offers a spectacle that may be more attractive to many than the boasted sunrise of the Righi. For it is here that the good people of North Europe are generally accustomed to go when they have a mind to see that curious phenomenon, "the sun at midnight." The mountain is situate between Russian Finland and Swedish Lapland, and is equally accessible to the Swedes and the subjects of the Czar. Those who come from countries further to the south usually arrive by boat from Uleaborg, on the east side of the Gulf of Bothnia, and are landed at Tornea, a small garrison town at the mouth of the river bearing the same name. From this place, which is under Russian jurisdiction, and from the neighboring town of Haparanda, which is garrisoned by the Swedes, expeditions are organised for the benefit of the tourists and inhabitants, who make a sort of fete day of the 24th of June. The journey of Mont Avasaxa is made in *skjutes*, or express cars, which are described by a correspondent of the *Debats* as something between a jaunting-car and a hand-truck, drawn by one horse, and driven by a child of about ten, so that the John may not add much to the weight of the burden. All along the road, which is broad and well made, are seen huts made of red wood, with sheds and gardens, lining the bank of the river Tornea. The sight of the sun on the horizon is described in glowing terms by the travellers who "assisted" at the spectacle.

Seating the Pious.

Church pews date back a good long time. In early, Anglo-Saxon days, a stone bench running round the inside of the sacred edifice was all the accommodation people had, and in 1319 we read of worshippers sitting on the ground. Then three-legged stools were brought by those who came from a distance, and wooden seats followed. In 1387 persons attending service were forbidden to wrangle for seats, and no one might appropriate one. In 1530, appropriation was allowed, and in 1614 we read of pews comfortably cushioned, but with sides enough to hide the occupants, a device of the Puritans when it was a punishable offence to stand at the name of Jesus.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, OCTOBER 27, 1881.

"A BEAUTIFUL EDIFICE."

Opening of the New R. C. Church by his Lordship the Bishop of Kingston.

Apart from the relative height, length, width, or seating capacity of the various Church buildings in the village of Madoc, that of our R. C. friends is certainly the handsomest by far, in its interior ornamentation and arrangement, in this part of the country. Yesterday it was quietly and unostentatiously consecrated to the worship of God, according to the rites and ceremonies of the Catholic Church, by the Rt. Rev. James Vincent Cleary, Bishop, of Kingston, assisted by Mgr. Farrelly, of Belleville; Fathers Donohue, of Erinsville; Brophy, of Tyendinaga; and Connolly, of Madoc. Rev. Father Davis, to whose unwearied exertions the congregation is mostly indebted for possessing such a fine edifice, received his full share of praise for the success which has crowned his efforts, and he may justly feel proud of the result of his labors in this connection. The ornamentation of the interior is specially deserving of lengthy mention, but owing to our limited space and the short time at our disposal to prepare this article, we will defer our description of the building to next week. The ceremony consisted of a procession of the Priests from Father Davis' residence to the Church, around which they walked sprinkling Holy Water and chanting the *Miserere*, the 119th, 120th, and 121st Psalms, and also the Litany of the Saints, after which appropriate prayers were offered. His Lordship the Bishop, dressed in full Pontificial Robes, then took his seat in front of the altar, and the following address was read by Mr. Denis Fox:—

To the Right Reverend James Vincent Cleary, Bishop of Kingston.

MY LORD,—On this your first visit to this part of your extensive Diocese, we, the Catholics of Madoc, beg leave to approach your Lordship to express to you our felicitations at your appointment by the Holy See to succeed our late lamented Bishop O'Brien. My Lord, we, the Catholics of this part of the Mission, number only some twenty-five families; but we can assure your Lordship that although we are few in numbers yet we trust that our welcome to you is as heart felt and enthusiastic as any more populous part of the Diocese, and we are happy to tell your Lordship that peace and concord reign in our midst, and that no such thing as religious bigotry shows itself amongst us. Our Protestant fellow-citizens are liberal and tolerant, and we fondly trust that nothing will be done by us to mar the present happy relation between them and us. This good feeling has been brought about by our beloved pastor, who gives his whole thoughts to the welfare of his flock; and his praise we cannot find words to express in high enough terms for all the good he has accomplished. We are proud, my Lord, on this day, both on account of having for Bishop one from the dear little Isle beyond the sea, from which we, or our forefathers, were reluctantly obliged to be exiled, to better our positions in a foreign land; and also we are proud that your first visit to us is to open our new Church, which, for size and beauty, my Lord, we think will give your Lordship to understand that the faith of our forefathers is still fresh and green in our hearts, and that we, here in Canada, love the beauty of the House of the Lord. We know that your Lordship has made many and great sacrifices in taking upon you the office of our Bishop, and we trust that knowing this we shall do all in our power to lighten the burden in every way we possibly can. Thanking you, my Lord, for your kindness in coming to open our church, and once more expressing to you our loyalty as Catholics, we beg most respectfully for our small congregation your Lordship's blessing.

Signed on behalf of the congregation by:—Denis Fox, T. Marrin, D. O'Donnell, M. O'Connell, A. Harvy, R. O'Rierdon, J. St. Charles, Thos. Neville, J. Thompson, John Gillen and L. Doyle.

His Lordship replied at considerable length thanking them for their kindly and loving words of welcome. He expressed his surprise at finding a congregation in such a remote part of the country as Madoc in possession of such a beautiful edifice, and his pleasure at being called on to open such a church for public worship. He also expressed his pleasure at the harmonious feeling existing between themselves and their Protestant fellow-citizens, alluded to in the address, and urged upon them the necessity of their ever maintaining this feeling of liberality. He concluded an eloquent and earnest address by assuring his people that God would surely reward them for the work they had done.

The address was beautifully gotten up on fine cardboard, the penmanship being executed by Mr. R. R. Casement. A border of scroll work, interspersed with groups of flowers, of an elegant and artistic design was the work of Mr. A. E. Maybee, and to the credit of that gentleman we may say that it surpassed anything of the kind we have hitherto seen in this part of the country, and reflects great credit on his ability in this direction.

The services will be continued to-day, commencing at 10 o'clock, a. m., and Grand Vespers and a lecture by Father Casey, of Campbellford, this evening.

Dr. Carson's Stomach and Constipation Bitters are in every sense of the word a *family medicine*, and we are glad to learn that they are rapidly taking the place of those nauseous little Pills.

COUNTY AND DISTRICT NEWS.

Compiled and Boiled Down from our Exchanges.

The Anti-Treating Society is getting a firm footing in Belleville.

Belleville thieves are stealing the timbers that support the rifle targets, for wood.

Since August 6th, 86 cows, 1 horse and 51 geese have been impounded in Belleville.

Considerable barley is being shipped from the Bay of Quinte district to Michigan.

A pack of squirrels attacked a man at Sharbot Lake and he had a desperate fight before beating them off.

A spaniel dog in Kingston loved a cow and has died of a broken heart because the cow was turned into beef.

The Rev. Bidwell Lane has resigned his pastorate of the M. E. Tabernacle, Belleville, and has gone to New York to preach.

There are already twenty-five skilled mechanics at Napanee, awaiting the commencement of operations in the new Glass factory. Work is expected to commence this week. Many of the men have their families with them.

The statement is made that work will be begun on the Murray canal this season. This public work has an important bearing upon the future of the Bay of Quinte section, and we hope to see the work speedily carried to completion.

On the 19th inst., the barn of Mr. A. McIlwane, of Marmora, was struck by lightning and burned with all its contents, including a thousand bushels of grain, which consisted of 600 bushels af barley, besides wheat and other grain, a large amount of hay and straw, also 2 fanning mills, 6 hogs and 8 sheep. A large quantity of this produce belonged to Mr. C. Barron. Total loss, about $2000; insurance, $600.

We are informed that a fatal shooting accident occurred near the village of Parham one day last week. A son of Mr. Harvey Babcock, a respectable farmer of that neighborhood, had been out hunting during the day, and upon his return fired off his gun, which was loaded with either buckshot or ball, at the barn. His two sisters were in the barn at the time, and the charge striking them, one was almost instantly killed and the other fatally wounded. The boy, it is said, is not very bright in intellect, which may account for his thoughtless action in firing at the barn without ascertaining whether it was occupied. The family are generally respected and much sympathy is expressed for them in the dire calamity.—Napanee *Beaver*.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

THREE HORSES

FOR sale by Public Auction on Monday, November 7th, if not sold by private sale before that date, one, 6-year-old, past; one, 5, past, and the other, 2, past.

MICHAEL KIRK,
Lot 11, 9th concession.

Madoc, October 1st, 1881.

$5.00 REWARD!

STRAYED OR STOLEN, from a pasture near the Village of Madoc, an INDIAN PONY, bright bay, with two white feet and marks of an old brand on the rump. Any person finding the same, by sending or bringing it to the REVIEW Office will receive the above reward. Any person detaining the same after this notice will be liable to action.

Madoc, Oct. 25th, 1881. 238-2t

EVERY ONE

interested in the lumber trade *should* subscribe for THE

Canada Lumberman

the only paper of the kind published in the Dominion and the recognized organ of the trade.

The LUMBERMAN is a large four column, 16 page, semi-mouthly journal, devoted exclusively to the lumbering interests of Canada, which is now entering upon the second year of its publication and in which the publishers, guided by the experience of the past, hope to make important improvements during 1882.

The LUMBERMAN offers special facilities to advertisers reaching those engaged in this important industry, as it has already secured a very large circulation among those in whose interest it is published. For specimen copies, rates of advertising, &c., &c., address

TOKER & CO., Publishers,
Peterborough.

JUST OPENED.

The undersigned has just opened a splendid assortment of

CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE,

which will be sold at the Lowest Prices for Cash.

My stock of

GROCERIES

is complete, consisting of

TEAS,
SUGARS,
TOBACCOS,
SPICES,
&C., &C.

PORT, SHERRY AND GINGER WINES, Gooderham & Worts' PROOF, OLD RYE and MALT WHISKIES, R. Davies' ALE & PORTER on Draft and by the Bottle.

Give me a call.

D. W. WRIGHT,
Grocer and Wine Merchant,
VICTORIA BLOCK, MADOC.

LOTS FOR SALE!

THE balance of unsold lots on the

BAILEY ESTATE

will be offered, again by Public Auction, at Moon's Hotel, on

SATURDAY, OCTOBER THE 29nd.,

at 2 o'clock p. m.

The lots are splendidly situated for building purposes, and are located adjacent to the site for the station on the Toronto and Ottawa Railway, only a short distance from the business centre of the village.

Titles indisputable, and are to be paid for by the purchasers.

TERMS:—One-fifth of the purchase money to be paid down, the balance will be made in five equal annual instalments at 8 per cent. interest.

JOHN BAILEY.

Madoc, October 20th, 1881.

FARM FOR SALE!

NORTH half of Lot No. 14, 4th Concession of Elzevir, containing 100 acres, about eight miles from the village of Madoc. There is on the premises a good frame house and barn. About eighty acres cleared. Watered by both well and creek. The land is under a good state of cultivation. Title indisputable For terms and other particulars apply to

JAMES L. HERBERTSON,
Queensboro' P. O.

Elzevir, Oct., 1881. 235-1m.

S. A. MOORE,

—DEALER IN—

MARBLE & GRANITE,

Upper Bridge, Front st., Belleville, Ont.

MARSHALL MAYBEE,

AGENT AT MADOC.

Any orders left with him will receive our prompt attention. 235-6m.

WANTED,

By the Subscriber,

50,000 Railway Ties

to be delivered along the line of the Grand Junction and Madoc branch Railways, in lots of not less than 150, at any point.

Offers will be received from parties wishing to deliver from 500 to 5,000 or upwards. PAYMENTS MADE MONTHLY, or as soon as the ties are culled and counted by the inspector. For further information apply to

J. NOSWORTHY,
Contractor,
237-6t Belleville.

HORSE LOST!

FROM the field of Wm. Tanner, Rawdon, on the night of the 25th September, a valuable chestnut mare, (working) about 12 or 13 years old, of good size. Any person giving such information as will lead to the recovery of the same will be suitably rewarded.

JOHN BROWN,
Marmora.

Marmora, 3rd Oct., 1881. 235-1m.

FARM FOR SALE!

LOT No. 9, 5th concession, township of Madoc, containing about 100 acres, only three miles from the flourishing village of Madoc. There is on the premises a good log house, frame barn, and other out-buildings, and also a number of living springs of good water. Title indisputable. For terms and further particulars, apply to

JOHN ELLIS,
Madoc.

Madoc, August 8th, 1881. 228-tf.

FARM FOR SALE!

A Farm containing 175 acres, in the Township of Sidney, County of Hastings. It is conveniently situated on a Gravel Road close by a School and Cheese Factory, two miles from Frankford and ten miles from Trenton. 100 acres cleared. About 35 Apple Trees. Frame House 18x24 and Kitchen 14x18. Frame Barn 18x24, Stone Stable under it. Well watered. Well adapted for fruit. Terms easy. A certain sum required, balance on any reasonable time required by purchaser.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, Sept. 10th, 1881.

OYSTERS!

I HAVE made arrangements for a supply of Oysters DIRECT FROM THE PACKERS, and will be enabled to retail them as near Belleville prices, as a small additional charge to cover passing them through the Customs and extra freight will permit. I shall deal in none but

Well Known and Reliable Brands,

and expect to be in receipt of the first lot by

"October First,"

probably sooner.

We have largely increased our facilities for

SERVING LUNCHEONS,

and we trust to the steady increase in the past as encouragement for the future.

A full supply of

CANDIES, NUTS, FRUITS, &C.,

always on hand.

S. A. DAVIS.

Madoc, September 21st, 1881.

This Space

—RESERVED FOR—

JOHN DALE & SON.

Good News!

—(o)—

A large stock of

READY MADE CLOTHING

Just received at

"THE RIGHT HOUSE,"

which we are offering very cheap.

OVERCOATS A SPECIALTY,

—ALSO—

SCOTCH AND CANADIAN TWEEDS

in great variety.

D. C. CLARKE.

MADOC BOOT & SHOE STORE!

We have just received the greater part of our

FALL & WINTER

—STOCK OF—

Ladies' Fine and Coarse Boots, Buttoned Balmorals, AND Side-laced, Misses' and Children's Boots

in all sizes and styles, also the largest stock we ever had of

MEN'S YOUTHS' & BOYS' BOOTS.

JOHN GRANT,

Next door to Mrs. Wright's.

MRS. WRIGHT'S BLOCK.

Madoc, October 4th, 1881.

Mineral Land for Sale.

LOT No. 31, 10th Con., Madoc. Good iron ore beds on the same. Gold has also been found. Apply to JOHN BROAD.

EPIZOOTIC.

Jacob Huff's Discovery

Warranted to Cure in Three Doses

As I understand some parties are selling an inferior article and using my name therefor, the public is hereby cautioned against purchasing any Powder represented to be mine unless the package has my label thereon.

—FOR SALE AT—

Wilson's and Loomis' Drug Stores.

JACOB HUFF.

Madoc, December 16th, 1880.

WAIT'S HOMŒOPATHIC SPECIFICS.

CURES EFFECTED by them are rational and certain. They do not cure one disease and produce another. They will cure a larger per centage of cases, and in less time than any medicine KNOWN.

PRINCIPAL NOS.	CURES	PRICE
1.	Fevers, Congestion, Inflammation,	25
2.	Worms, Teething, Worm Fever,	25
3.	Cures Colic, or Teething of Infants,	25
4.	Cures Diarrhœa, or Cholera,	25
5.	Dysentery, Griping, Bilious Colic,	25
6.	Cures Cholera Morbus,	25
7.	Pains, Rheumatic, Neuralgic,	25
8.	Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis,	25
9.	Cures Toothache, Faceache,	25
10.	Headache, Sick Headache, Vertigo,	25
11.	Dyspepsia, Biliousness,	25
12.	Suppressed or Painful Menses,	25
13.	Leucorrhœa, Whites, too Profuse Periods,	25
14.	Croup, Hoarse, Difficult Breathing,	25
15.	Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions,	25
16.	Rheumatism, Chronic or Inflammatory,	25
17.	Fever and Ague, Chill Fever,	25
18.	Piles, Blind or Bleeding,	25
19.	Ophthalmia, Sore or Inflamed Eyes,	25
20.	Catarrh, Acute or Chronic,	50
21.	Whooping Cough, Violent Coughs,	50
22.	Asthma, Oppressed Breathing,	50
23.	Kidney Diseases, Gravel, Renal Calculi,	50
24.	Nervous Debility, Spermatorrhœa,	$1.00
25.	Impotency, Involuntary Discharges,	1.00
26.	Wasting Diseases, Emaciation,	1.00
27.	General Debility, Physical Weakness,	1.00

If your Druggist does not keep them, any number will be sent by mail on receipt of price. Send for Manual free. Address, WAIT'S HOMŒOPATHIC MEDICINE MANUFACTORY, JOHN T. WAIT, Proprietor, Simcoe, Ontario.

Brock & Co.'s Photographs
Bring better prices than any others in the City. Why? BROCK & CO., Belleville.

The wide-awake,
Up with the times business men prosper. "Quality not quantity" is our motto. Come and see us. BROCK & CO.

New Goods at Foster & Reid's!

WE HAVE OUR

Fall and Winter Stock

about complete in CHOICE DRESS GOODS, of which we show a large line, and TRIMMINGS to match.

—OUR BLACK CASHMERES ARE THE—

BEST VALUE EVER OFFERED IN MADOC.

See them before purchasing. We have a large stock of

JACKETS AND SHAWLS, AND ARE OFFERING THEM CHEAP.

—See the full lines of—

Velvetees, Winceys, Kid Gloves, Ladies' and Childrens' Hosiery, Corsets, &c., Ready-made Clothing, Tweeds, Shirtings, Flannels, Overalls, Bags, Cotton Yarn, etc.

OUR MILLINERY DEPARTMENT will be complete in a few days with all the fashionable goods of the season.

Madoc, September 27th, 1881. [HIGHEST PRICE PAID FOR BUTTER AND EGGS.] **FOSTER & REID.**

D. A. JOHNSTON, M. D., C. M.
PHYSICIAN, Surgeon, &c., Graduate of Queen's University, Kingston.—Office, Bridgewater, Ont.

DR. E. D. VANDERVOORT,
GRADUATE of the University of Toronto, Fellow of Trinity Medical School, Physician, Surgeon, &c. Office—Queensboro, Ont.

Local Lines.

—The roads are bad.

—Mud every where.

—Going up—Coal Oil.

—What about the Market building?

—The smiling Collector is on his rounds.

—"Marmora items" unavoidably crowded out. Thanks.

—The late heavy rains have not materially effected the rivers or wells.

—The season for "apple-cuts," with all the attendant festivities, is at hand.

—Two wagon loads of dualin, for the use of our mines, arrived here on Saturday.

—The sale of lots on the Bailey Estate will be continued every Saturday. See advt.

—Take in your chimneys next Monday night, for it's Hallow'een, and the small boy will be around.

—Vennor promises us a fine November. We advise all to hunt up their thick boots and ulsters immediately.

—The severe frosts of the past few nights is a sure indication that the "melancholy days" are not for distant.

—On Saturday morning last thirty-five French Canadians arrived from Belleville to work in Rathbun's shanties.

—Henry Corby, Sen., an old and well known resident of Belleville, died at that city on Tuesday last. He was 75 years of age.

—Mr. C. F. Aylsworth, of this place, Government Inspector of Colonization Roads, is on a tour of inspection in the upper Ottawa district.

—A party of San Juan ranchers made a bonfire of an Apache Indian, and the coroner's jury returned a verdict of "overcome by the heat."

—We are informed that from $15 to $20 per month is paid ordinary hands in the shanties this fall. This is a considerable advance on last year's rate.

—The last *Canada Gazette* announces the closing of the following post-offices of this county: Blessington, in East Hastings, and Harold, in North Hastings.

—Sneak thieves have been operating in the vicinity of Tweed lately, a quantity of potatoes and some geese having been stolen. Such gentry should be looked after.

—A number of Italian miners, from the Gatling mine, were in the village on Saturday last, and owing to their picturesque dress were the object of no little attention.

—We acknowledge a call yesterday from Mr. J. F. Lewis, of the *Intelligencer*, who came up to "do" the opening of the new R. C. Church for that journal. Call again, brother.

—On Tuesday night the steps leading to O'Flynn & O'Hara's store were broken down, and owing to the great darkness numerous narrow escapes were made by pedestrians. They were repaired yesterday.

—To indite well and to write well are valuable accomplishments, but a good pen is helpful to the one, and indispensible to the other. Those of the Esterbrook make are well known and widely appreciated.

—The Napanee *Beaver* says that Messrs. Rathbun & Son, of Deseronto, have this year raised on a piece of ground containing a little less than twelve acres, eleven hundred and two bushels of oats. Who can best this record?

—In gathering autumn leaves, ferns, and other forest treasures, care should be taken not to touch the three-leaved ivy,' the leaves of which are in beautiful tints and therefore very attractive; it is poisonous. It will be found clinging to fences and trees and interwined with clematis, so much sought for, in the bushes and hedge rows.

A Queer Egg.

The *Intelligencer* says:—"A remarkable phenomenon was shown us a day or two ago, which is worthy of mention. It was a large hen's egg with another perfectly formed egg inside of it. It was produced by a hen owned by Mr. C. W. Young, of the 1st concession of Sidney. King George III asked respecting the apple-dumpling, "How—how the devil got the apple in?" but the question might with much greater force be asked with regard to this internal egg."

Horses For Sale.

Mr. Michael Kirk advertises in this issue the sale of three Horses by public auction on Monday, November 7th, unless disposed of by private sale sooner. See advt.

Credit Sale.

Mr. John N. Moore advertises by posters a Credit Sale of farm stock, which will take place on his premises, lot 19, 7th concession Madoc, on Monday, 7th November.

Hastings Judgeship.

Junior Judge T. A. Lazier has been appointed Judge in room of Hon. G. Sherwood, who is superannuated. The appointment is a good one, as Judge Lazier is a painstaking gentleman, and deserving of the position. No Junior has yet been appointed.

A New Wire.

Last week workmen were engaged in removing the telegraph wire between this village and the North Hastings Junction, at Luke's, and placing it along the Railway line. The one wire will now, we understand, be used for both railway and public purposes.

Robbed.

We take the following from the Belleville *Intelligencer* of Saturday last:—"On Wednesday night a man named James Holden, from Madoc, had his room in the Dominion House entered, and a silver watch and chain and $16 in cash stolen from him. No clue to the robber has yet been obtained."

Good Work.

A much-needed drainage improvement has been going on for some time past by the building of a substantial stone drain from St. Lawrence street at Mrs. Christie's, across to Elgin street, behind the Madoc House stables. This will effect a good drainage in that locality, and is an important step towards a perfect system of drainage for the whole village.

Free Fair.

We would remind our rural readers of the free fair to be held in this village on Tuesday next, November 1st. There is no reason why these fairs should not be of immense benefit to both buyers and sellers, and we believe they would be if the farmers would only see that their stock is in proper condition before offering it for sale. Buyers will not pay fancy prices for poor animals. We trust this fair will be a success.

Ruffianism.

On Tuesday a Frenchman, with one of those unspellable names, entered Mr. G. D. Rawe's shop, and proceeded to demand of that gentleman a new crystal for his watch, which he had carelessly broken. On Mr. Rawe refusing to replace it for nothing, the Frenchman made an assault on him, and struck him once or twice over the counter. He was hauled up before Mr. Wood, and made to pay $1.00 and costs for his ruffianism. We believe the law would be better served in such cases by giving rowdies of this stamp a sound thrashing.

Thanksgiving Day.

We were pleased to observe that the business men of Madoc generally observed Thursday last as a day of thanksgiving—at least publicly, all the stores being closed. Appropriate services were held in the churches during the day, Rev. Mr. Macfarlane preaching in the Presbyterian church in the morning, and in the evening a platform meeting was held in the Methodist Church of Canada, addressed by Revs. Hutton and Wishart, and Mr. A. F. Wood. Mr. E. D. O'Flynn acted chairman. Rev. Mr. Christie also held services in the English Church, the Sacrament being at the same time administered. The services were well attended.

This will pay you.

We consult the best good of our readers in recommending them to now secure the valuable and important information and most interesting reading matter, including a Thousand or more of pleasing and instructive Engravings and sketches, that can be obtained at a trifling expense in the *American Agriculturist*. This is not merely a farm and garden Journal, but is very useful to *every* House-keeper and to every household in Village or Country. It has an entertaining and useful department for the little ones. It is a journal that *pays to take and read*. Try it, and, our word for it, you will not be disappointed. Its constant, persistent exposures of Humbugs and swindling schemes are worth far more than the price of the paper. The 41st annual Volume begins January 1, but those subscribing now for 1882 get the rest of this year free. Terms: $1.50 a year; four copies $5 (English or German edition); single copy, 15c. Those desiring can get an extra or double specimen number post-free for 10 cts., by addressing the Publishers, Orange Judd Co., 751 Broadway, New York.

County of Hastings Teachers' Professional Examinations.

The following are the names arranged in order of merit of the candidates for Second Class certificates, who were successful at the examination held in this village on the 19th, 20th and 21st of October. The number placed opposite the name is the average of marks obtained for Education, Mental Arithmetic, School Law, Hygene and Aptitude to teach:—

Maximum, 575. *Minimum*, 287.

Lott, Willett,	Madoc Model	School	448
Lillie, Orlando,	Belleville "	"	427
Huyck, Gussie,	" "	"	421
Horkin, William,	" "	"	418
MacFarlane, Arthur,	Madoc "	"	414
Harry, Mary,	Belleville "	"	407
Metcalf, Wm.	" "	"	384
Christie, Anna,	Madoc "	"	383
Peters, J. Wesley,	" "	"	378
Ketcheson, Freeman,	Belleville "	"	359
Meyers, Walton,	" "	"	357
Hardy, William,	Madoc "	"	349
Ward, Lilla,	Belleville "	"	338
Macaulay, Alex.	Madoc "	"	335
Richards, Miss,	Belleville "	"	334
Rush, Bridget,	Madoc "	"	330

Gunpowder Plot.

A dinner under the auspices of the Bible Christian Church, will be held in Bethel Church, McCoy's Settlement, on Saturday, 5th November. Addresses will be delivered by several rev. gentleman, members of the Orange Society and others, and will be interspersed with vocal and instrumental music. For particulars see posters.

The New Railway.

The *Mail* says until the engineers of the Ontario and Quebec railway report as to the result of their survey on Yonge street, it will not be known where the actual terminus of the road will be located. It may happen that the depot will be built in Yorkville, and several lines run into the village. If this place is not selected the line will likely run into the city from the east, near the Grand Trunk. It will be seen from this extract that the road is going ahead.

Fine Potatoes.

While so many are complaining of the poorness of the potato crop this season, the following, which we clip from the *Beaver*, shows what our "back country" is capable of producing:—"Mr. Geo. Bott, of the first con. of the township of Barrie, sixty miles north of Napanee, exhibited in our office on Saturday samples of potatoes which surpassed anything of the kind we have yet seen. He had a bag full of early rose, chili and peerless, any of which would weigh from a pound and a half to two pounds, all round, smooth, and of good quality. He had seven of the latter variety taken from one hill, big and little together, which brought down the scales at seven and a quarter pounds. Can this be beaten? If it can, we should like to hear it." Perhaps some of our readers in North Hastings can surpass this.

A Kind Feeling.

That Mr. Kirk, head-master of the Madoc Model School, is a painstaking and popular teacher is evidently the opinion of the students in training, who have been attending the session which has just closed. Had he been otherwise they would scarcely have made him the recipient of the very handsome Student's Lamp, and complimentary address with which he was presented on Friday evening last, on their passing from under his charge. The address reads as follows:

Mr. George Kirk.

DEAR TEACHER,—We, the Madoc students of the Model Session of 1881, earnestly desire to acknowledge the obligation we feel ourselves under to you for the interest you have manifested in us and the indefatigable labor you have performed in season and out of season, for our advantage during the Model term now closed. We purpose to follow your example of labor for, and close attention to, the interests of your pupils. The moral influence of your exemplary life shall not be lost upon us. We shall at least aspire to do to others as you have done to us. We desire you to accept this students' lamp as a small moment-to of our heart-felt appreciation—a mere index of what we would gladly do for you. Trusting that you will be pleased to place our names on the list of your best friends, we will always endeavor to show ourselves worthy of that honored place.

BRIDGET RUSH.
J. W. PETERS.
WILLIAM HARDY.
W. O. LOTT.
ARTHUR MACFARLANE.
A. T. MACAULAY.
ANNIE CHRISTIE.

Madoc, October 21st, 1881.

Moveo et Proficio.—The public have so often been deceived by representations made through the advertising columns, that if an announcement is made offering unusual inducements, it is considered at once as a 'blow' and no further attention is paid to it. I believe it pays to advertise providing the truth is told. If the advertiser is not able to carry out the inducements offered to the public it is but a waste of money and printers' ink. I have this season endeavored to secure a stock of furniture suitable for a first-class trade and I think an examination will bear me out in asserting that I have the finest and most complete stock of furniture ever offered in Madoc. I wish the public to understand most particularly that I keep no auction or Cheap John trash in my ware room, but all goods made for a legitimate trade.

UNDERTAKING.

I keep as usual a full stock of Coffins, Caskets, Robes, Shrouds, and Undertakers supplies on hand, and will furnish as usual as low as can possibly be done.

MARSHALL MAYBEE.

MORE OF THOSE

CHEAP DISHES

—AND—

CHEAPER THAN BEFORE

——AT——

N. D. PETERS,

O'Flynn Block, Madoc

H. JAMES, M. D.,

OF BELLEVILLE, will visit Madoc professionally every Friday and Saturday of each week, when he will be prepared to meet patients or make calls upon the afflicted of this village or surrounding country. Office in Moon's Hotel, where orders may be left.

Belleville, March 14, 1881.

AN EXTENSIVE

AUCTION SALE

—OF—

HIGH GRADE BREED OF COWS.

The sale takes place upon the premises of John Bateman, Lot 3 in the 4th con., 1½ miles from Madoc Village, on

TUESDAY, 1st NOVEMBER 1881.

COMPRISING:

30 head of cows, 6 beef cattle, 2 winter cows, 1 bull, 1 ox, 1 span draught horses, 1 two year old colt, 1 one year old colt, 11 fat hogs, 6 store pigs, and 1 fine organette, costing $225.

TERMS:—12 months credit by furnishing approved paper at 7 per cent interest. Five per cent off for cash.

THOS. SCOTT, Auctioneer.

Madoc, 5th Oct., 1881.

N. B.—To Dairymen of this County, it is worth your attention to this sale.

CLOTHING.

We are now receiving one of the largest stocks of Ready Made Clothing ever shown in Madoc, all of which will be sold at prices far below its value.

SYDMER ROSS & CO.

Madoc, July 6th, 1881.

We keep constantly on hand a large stock of

Nails,
Glass,
Putty,
Paints and Oils,
White Lead, etc.,

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

We are offering nails at $2.85 per keg.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA.

POST OFFICE BLOCK,
Madoc, April, 28th, 1881.

THAT LITTLE CUTTY.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

How they all kept the secret from Jeanie no one of the conspirators afterward could tell. But by superhuman efforts they did so. They took her across the Firth for change of air, and there she was out of the way of all gossips who might have betrayed to her what was concealed so carefully by all around her: and newspapers, in those days, were unfrequent, and Jeanie was too young to care for reading of this kind, so that everything went on smoothly until the very day of the departure. Edward had to go to Leith in the evening, making some excuse of business, in preparation as he said, for certain changes next day. And Jeanie, quite unsuspicious, made no special inquiries, but chattered about his return on Saturday with all the ease imaginable. She held up *him* to be kissed as the poor young soldier went away; then giving the baby to her mother, went out to the door to see Edward get into the postchaise; for, in those days, that was the only convenient mode of travelling. It was late in the afternoon, almost evening, but still full daylight, and poor Edward had hard ado to take his last look of her with the composure necessary to keep up the deception. She told him his hands were cold as he held hers at the window of the chaise. "And you have not a bit of color in your cheeks—are you sure you are quite well, Edward?" she said with sudden alarm.

Poor fellow, he was ghastly—he could not make any reply; and but for Mr. Pillans' artifice, who startled the horse and made an imperative sign to the driver to go on, there is no telling what disclosures might have followed. They were all in a state of speechless agitation, except Jeanie, who knew nothing. On ordinary occasions, when Edward went away, mother, father and brother took pains to be with her to "divert her"—to keep her from thinking. But to-night, when somehow there seemed more need of this than usual, they both abandoned her, Mrs. Pillans to shut herself up in her room, whence she announced that she had a headache through the keyhole—a thing that, in all Jeanie's experience, had never happened before. "May I not come in, mother?" "No, my darling; go and get a turn on the sands before dark. That will do yon more good. Go with your father and Willie." Jeanie turned away from the door, bewildered. And when she went to look for her father he was gone. There was nobody but Willie to accompany her on her walk. She came in sooner than she had intended, and heard the nurse, who had been her own nurse, crooning to the baby, walking about with him till he should go to sleep. The woman sang and talked in a breath:

Baloo, my lamb, lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sore to hear thee weep:
Baloo, my boy, thy mother's joy
Thy father wrought me great annoy;
Baloo, my lamb—

"Ay, ay, my lamb, that's just what it is," said the nurse to her croon, "thy father's wrought her great annoy. "She's just a poor sacrifeesed lamb hersel', my bonnie, bonnie bairn; and, eh, if she but kent what's happening the nicht, or the morn's morn—Baloo, my boy, thy mother's joy—oh, if she but kent what's happening to-nicht, or the morn's morn."

Here Jeanie leaped in upon the woman like a young deer, and seized her by the arm—"Janet, what do you mean? what do you mean? What is going to happen that I ought to know?—tell me, for I will hear."

"Miss Jeanie—I'm meaning Mistress Sinclair, my bonnie lamb; oh, my dearie, take you care or you'll waken the bairn!"

Jeanie grasped her arm violently. "What is it, what is it," she cried, "that is happening to-night, or the morn's morn?"

"Oh, my bonnie darlin'," cried the nurse, "it was an auld song I was singing, and, there you see, there you see, you've wakened the bairn!"

"What is the bairn to me," cried Jeanie, wildly. "What is it that is happening to-night, or the morn's morn?"

"You maun satisfy her yoursel', mem," said the nurse, turning to Mrs. Pillans, who came into the room in alarm. "I canna look in my bairn's face and tell her lees about her man, no me! and I have this innocent to look to—you maun satisfy yoursel.;'

Jeanie turned upon her mother like a wild creature, seizing her by both her hands. "What is it about Edward, mother. He's ill—he was like a ghost when he went away—or you know something that has never been told to me. What do I care for the baby or anything? Dinna speak to me, dinna speak to me about the bairn!—Edward—what is happening to Edward! Oh, it's cruel, cruel, to keep it from me!"

"My darlin'," said Mrs. Pillans, "my bonnie Jeanie! that is what I always said. I would not have done it; but my pet, it was for your good, to save you a sad sore parting—it was to save you—it was for your good."

"Parting!" Jeanie cried, with a shriek. The poor little girl was half crazed. She pushed her mother away from her, and flew out of the room without another word. As she did so, she ran almost into her father's arms. Edward would have reached Kinghorn; he would be crossing the Firth by this time, Mr. Pillans thought. His heart smote him a little for what he had done, but he said in heart, as his wife was saying, that it was all for her good. Far better for her to remain safe in her father's house than to sail away in a miserable troop ship to the end of the world following a regiment. He meant to come in very quietly and slip away to his own room and pretend to be very busy with his papers—for he did not feel that he could confront the poor little victim to-night.

But there she was, wild with despair and fury, clutching him with her two little strained hands. "Edward!" she cried, "where is my Edward, father? I'll not be parted from him—I am going with him—I am going after him—I am going to my husband. No, no! I'll not hear a word—you have cheated me already. And where's my Edward, where is he? Good-by to you all, for I'm going away."

"Jeanie," cried her father, gasping her in his arms, "what is it you have heard about Edward? There is nothing wrong with Edward. If he has not told you, it was not our place to meddle—"

"Patrick!" cried his wife, in a tone of warning, "Oh! my darling, come back, come back to your bonnie baby. Listen to him, wakened and crying for his mother. Come back to your little bairn!" But Jeanie would hear no more. She struggled with her father, twisting her slender frame out of his grasp, with the strength of passion. "Oh! what do I care for my baby?" "I am going after my husband. You've cheated me, and blinded me, and I will never trust you more. Let me go, father, let me go! I am not going to stay with you, nor with him, nor anybody but my husband. No, I want no clothes; I want nothing. I'll not wait the night. Do you think I could sleep and Edward away? Oh, what would you say, mother, if it was you, and they had taken your man from you? Dinna speak to me! Dinna speak to me! Good-by to you all—I'm going after my husband?" she cried, bursting from her father's hold and flying out wildly into the road. Poor Jeanie was distraught. She rushed along, her fair hair flying behind her, along the road to Kinghorn; and it was not till the first impulse had failed her, and her steps began to flag that, in her passion and terror, she became capable of thought, and reflected that she could not run all the way to Kinghorn. And she met some of the village people, who stared at her, thinking her mad. And then the poor little girl stopped breathless, and tried to think and to recollect herself. She had almost started off again when she saw her father close behind her. Mr. Pillans was a humbled and broken-down man. "Do not shrink from the sight of me," he said. "Jeanie, you'll never get to him like that; come back, and we'll think what's best to be done."

"I'll not think," cried Jeanie: "no, no! I'll not think, nor go back; unless you promise me to get a chaise this moment, and take me after him—this moment! or I'll walk all the way. I'm strong enough, and I'm not frightened for the dark, and I know it's not more than ten miles, and a straight road to Kinghorn."

"Jeanie! Jeanie! Will you break your mother's heart? and think of your baby. There's no boat to-night. Come in and go to your bed, and the night will bring counsel. You shall do what you like, I give you my word, in the morning."

Jeanie looked at him indignantly, with her blue eyes blazing—

"The morning," she said, "when Edward's gone! I am going now. I'm a married woman; I can get a chaise for myself, and I need nobody to take care of me. You'll maybe let Janet bring my bonnet and shawl to put about me. The folk would think me daft if I crossed the Firth without a hat upon my head or a thing on my shoulders. Good-bye, father; you need not trouble yourself any more about me."

There was nothing for it now but to yield. It was not difficult to engage a boat to make the passage. Jeanie sat in the bottom of the boat with her shawl wrapped round her—for it is cold on the Firth in the middle of the night, even in July—and fixed her eyes upon the lights opposite, never moving, scarcely answering when her father spoke to her. They reached Leith in the first gray of the morning, just in time to see the embarkation of the regiment, which was going to London first, no small voyage of itself. On the pier young Sinclair was standing, very pale, shivering, and disconsolate, watching his men as they marched on board. He turned round at the first sound of Jeanie' voice, and clutched at her with a cry of joy.

"I never believed that you would let me go," he cried, with a confidence which made the angry, downcast father feel as if he had received a blow. What good is it to be a father—to be a mother—to love your children and bring them up so tenderly? the first stranger that takes their fancy is more to them than father and mother. This was what Mr. Pillans said to himself, as, with a very brief leave-taking, he went away.

CHAPTER III.

It may be supposed that this was a night of much agitation in the little seaside house which had been so suddenly deprived of its chief inmate. Mrs. Pillans was in a state of indescribable commotion. A kind of cruel satisfaction was in her mind which wounded her, and gave her a certain pleasure. She had known it would be so. She had never approved the plan or believed it. Deception could never come to any good, she said a hundred times; and in her heart she could not help a painful approval of Jeanie and sympathy with her; though how she could leave the baby was incomprehensibe to the mother. And though she thought it impossible that she could sleep, she still did so, with the baby in her arms; and the morning was not so dreadful to her as she expected when she awoke and all the events of the night returned to her mind. In the forenoon Mr. Pillans came back, very gloomy and depressed, to give the news of the sailing of the transport with Jeanie on board. The regiment was bound for Chatham or some such place; thence to be drafted to another ship and take its way across the seas.

The parents sat and talked it all over mournfully enough. "Did she never ask for HIM?" Mrs. Pillans said. "Never a word," replied her husband. This was the one thing the mother could not understand. "She is so young—not much more than a bairn herself," she said apologetically; and then she took her husband by the arm and said, "Come in and see HIM. He'll have to be yours and mine, Patrick, since's he deserted, poor lamb." In truth the situation was cruel enough for the poor baby; but HE was none the wiser; he crowed at them in the nurse's arms, and a thrill of pleasure ran through their wounded hearts. Jeanie had left them her representative, and if ever there was a child assured of love to shield and care for it, Jeanie's deserted baby was that child. They went back to Bruntsfield very shortly after, the reason for their absence from home being removed by Jeanie's flight, and there the baby grew and flourished, suffering no harm from its mother's departure.

The voyage to the Thames was a good one, but the sea did not continue to be like glass all the way, and even in this respect Jeanie was miserable enough. As long as she could keep upon deck, clinging to her husband's arm, the case was bearable; and Edward, poor fellow, did everything he could to make up to her for the want of all ministrations but his own. When Jeanie, however, saw the poor soldiers' wives—forlorn enough, poor souls, though they were the privileged women of the little band, permitted to accompany their husbands—with their babies (and they all seemed to have babies)—the sight was more than she could bear. She would disappear again almost as soon as she had come on deck, and throw herself into her little narrow berth and cry till her pretty eyes were blurred out of all shape and color, and her very heart sick. She made a heroic effort to hide from Edward what she was suffering, and so long as he was with her it was possible to keep up; but he had his duty to do, and when she was alone the poor little thing broke her heart unreservedly, and was as miserable as ever a girl of her years was. "Oh, my baby! Oh, my bonnie little man! Oh, my bairn—my little bairn!" the poor young creature would moan. When they got to their destination it turned out that there would still be weeks to wait before the transport was ready, and the battalion was one while at Chatham and another at Portsmouth, lingering and weary, till it received its final orders to embark. Perhaps the novelty of these movements helped her to conquer herself, and it is certain that she made a heroic effort to represent to herself that HE would be better off—far better, with her mother, now that he had lost his natural food. How was a baby like that to support a long voyage? Edward was soon brought to take this view of the case. He had been very proud of his child, and delighted with him; but to have Jeanie back again with no divided interest, able to go with him wherever he went, without leaving half her thoughts behind, was a still greater happiness to the young fellow. And he acquiesced with a philosophy which instantly woke in her the germs of rebellion. They had been sitting talking one evening of him. "My mother," Jeanie was saying, with a quiver in her voice, "has no reason to complain. If I've come away, I've left her something better than myself. Oh, my bonnie little man! He was taking such notice! If I only passed him he would laugh to me and put out his bonnie arms; and never so happy as when I took him. I think I feel him, with his wee head down close, and his cheeks like velvet."

"My darling!" said Edward, "but think, we owe your mother something for your running away. He will be all to her that he was to you. He will be like her very own. She will have all his bonnie little ways to cheer her."

"But he's no her very own," cried Jeanie, with a start. "He's my bairn—nobody's in the world but mine. Oh, my little baby! She's only his granny, after all."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Great on the Piano.

"I think," said a well-known orchestral leader to a San Francisco friend, "that the best joke ever played in this town was on an ambitious amateur pianist when Gottschalk was here. The amateur's father was the owner of a large hall, and he offered the use of it to Gottschalk for his benefit. There was to be a piece for eight pianos, and the amateur was to play one of the instruments. I was leader. I thought Gottschalk would have a fit when I told him that the amateur couldn't play three straight notes of the piece. 'He is sure to throw us all out,' said I, 'and ruin the performance.' Gottschalk swore like a major, but it was no good. The bills were out, and he couldn't go back on his programme, even if the gift of the hall for the night was no consideration to him. At last I hit on an idea that fixed the whole business. The amateur came down to rehearsal, and we praised him until he thought he was to be the star of the night. As soon as he left, we took the hammers out of his piano and made it as dumb as an oyster. I guessed he would never know the difference with several pianos going at once. And, just as I thought, that amateur and his friends never discovered the trick. No; he just sailed in and pounded on that piano as if it was the worst enemy he had ever had. He was bound to show off among so many good pianists, and hammered on his keyboard until the perspiration nearly blinded him. Now and then I looked at him approvingly to give him fresh courage, and every time I did so he gave the piano a lick that nearly made matchwood of it. His friends all around threw bouquets at him till he looked like a wedding arch; and when it was all over his fond parent fell on his neck in the green-room and slipped a check for two hundred and fifty dollars into his hand. The old man didn't know whether he was standing on his head or his heels, he was so tickled. 'Didn't he do fine,' said he to me—'among so many first-class professionals too?' 'I never heard an amateur do so well in public,' said I; and, what's more, I meant it."

Baby-Monkeys.

Monkeys are born in almost as helpless a condition as are human beings. For the first fortnight after birth they pass their time in being nursed, in sleeping, and in looking about them. During the whole of this time the care and attention of the mother are most exemplary; the slightest sound or movement excites her immediate notice; and, with her baby in her arms, she skilfully evades any approaching danger by the most adroit manœuvres. At the end of the first fortnight the little one begins to get about by itself, but always under its mother's watchful care. She frequently attempts to teach it to do for itself, but never forgets her solicitude for its safety, and at the earliest intimation of danger seizes it in her arms and seeks a place of refuge. When about six weeks old, the baby begins to need more substantial nutriment than milk, and is taught to provide for himself. Its powers are speedily developed, and in a few weeks its agility is most surprising. The mother's fondness for her offspring continues; she devotes all her care to its comfort and education, and, should it meet with an untimely end, her grief is so intense as frequently to cause her own death.

Savage Manners.

A gentleman gave a party in honour of a distinguished missionary lately returned from his field of work. The ladies appeared with very decollette dresses, and as the host feared the style might shock his reverence, he apologised to him for it, saying that fashion demanded it. "Oh, I don't mind it at all," replied the missionary; "I have been ten years amongst the savages."

A Doomed City.

The *Times'* St. Petersburg correspondent writes:—Against the scourge of the summer dust which sweeps day and night over St. Petersburg, all the pumps drawing water from all the four branches of the Neva are inefficient. There is nothing for it but to turn one's back upon it; and that is what every man does who can manage it. The city is left to a few priests, the police, officers of her Britannic Majesty's squadron, who are on a week's holiday, and to myself; and the Hotel de l'Europe, the best in the town, is being swept, scraped and painted like a London club in mid-September; for this is the dead season in St. Petersburg, and the place is really too much of a thing for a man to have it all to himself. What a town it is! How large, how dismally empty! How it squats like an immense alligater half in and half out of a swamp modelled on Amsterdam, and reminding one of Venice! What miles and miles of "prospects," or, as the French would say, "boulevards:" what endless succession of wide, open spaces and magnificent distances, of long straight lines of walls and rows of trees, and interminable avenues, contrived, as it were, to allow the town ample room to run out of town! A city of churches, convents, and palaces, of steeples and monuments, of gold, bronze, granite, and marble, of buildings in all styles, European and Asiatic, quaint originals, or indifferent copies, many of them grand and massive, yet strewn over space at haphazard, on a perfectly flat surface, grouping nowhere; nowhere laid out for effect or with an eye to the picturesque. A town of princes, to all appearance, or of wealthy bankers or traders, with nothing mean, no back slums, no Ragfair; the homes of the poor, if at all existing, carefully hidden out of sight; the whole covering scores of miles of ground, a maze of isles and islets, of bridges and embankments, of river, and branches of river and canals. It is a town made by one man, made on a plan and for a purpose; and when that is said, all is said. It was not one of the cities of God's own building; consequently, it may be feared, not one of those that abide. Its foundation was suggested by a great thought and it turns out now to have been a mistake. It is questionable, indeed, whether Peter the Great ever meant St. Petersburg for a permanent Court residence and capital. As late as 1724, seven months before his death, it was not here, but at Moscow that he celebrated the coronation of his wife Catherine; and if he spent much of his time on this spot, it was chiefly because a work of such magnitude as he had undertaken required the master's incessant presence. For the rest, all that Peter wanted here was a port, and he could under the circumstances find no better. He built it on conquered ground, out of all the boundaries of Old Russia, amid a Finnish population, the former subjects of Sweden. He drafted his workmen among the serfs of all his provinces, and wasted 100,000 human lives in the achievement, labour being as cheap for him as it ever was for the kingly builders of the Egyptian pyramids. The site was a swamp—an unsafe and unhealthy swamp; so unsafe that some of its finest monuments—the monolith column of Alexander I. and the Isaac church—show in their deep crevices the rapid decay to which the treacherous ground underneath is dooming them; so unsafe, besides, as to be subject to inundations, like the ground of ancient Rome; for the city has already been destructively flooded eight times since 1703, the date of its foundation, and even last year the waters rose more than 10 feet above the ordinary level, driving people from their cellars and basement floors, as well as from the villas and gardens of the lower islands. There were even for many years ominous speculations as to the possibility of the whole town being submerged. "The Gulf of Finland," Peter reasoned, "runs westward from St. Petersburg in the direction whence the heaviest storms always blow. Imagine a storm to set in from the West in April or May, when the ice is breaking up; and suppose that this should happen just when the water in the river is at the highest. The masses of ice blown in from the sea would meet those that float down from the landside, and the collision between the two opposite masses could not fail to overwhelm the whole city, with its proud palaces, when princes and beggars would be drowned promiscuously, like Pharaoh and his host in the Red Sea." The town, however, has already stood 178 years, and the catastrophe seems indefinitely adjourned. As no such combination of storm, high water, and great thaw as croakers conjured up has yet occurred, sanguine people have become perfectly sceptical as to the possibility of the dreaded contingency.

Unpunctual People.

You may take it for granted that unpunctual people are thoroughly selfish. Their own inclinations are paramount to the convenience of others. The unpunctual man is apt to think that the greatest evil he occasions, by his special infirmity, is temporary inconvenience or disappointment. But this is not so. If one of his delays should disturb only the arrangements for one day of a single person, he may congratulate himself. What bitter disappointment, and what serious annoyance and loss, may come from a letter a little too late for the mail—a bill paid after the promised time—an appointment not kept—a commission deferred! Note for yourself, and think on these things. Punctual people are always reliable. Do all that you promise to do, and all that you are rightfully required and expected to do, as certainly, so far as it depends upon yourself, as the sun rises and sets, so that the hearts of all with whom you are in any way connected may safely trust in you. Then you will become "pillars of support" in the family and in society, instead of broken reeds. Let your word be as good as your bond; and when you say you will do a thing, *do it*.

When distributing lately at Birnam the prizes won at the Highland games, Lady John Manners said that she believed the Scottish peasants owed their great muscular power to oatmeal and milk, and she wished that the English peasantry would live on the like fare. Lady John has excellent authority for her belief. Twenty years ago a most careful Parliamentary report declared that the declension in the physique of the Northumbrians was coeval with their abandonment of oatmeal and milk for wheaten bread and tea.

FACTS AND INCIDENTS.

The Belgian idea of Sunday is a festival. On that day they crowd to the seaside to bathe, picnic, and go to the places of amusement. On one recent Sunday 7,000 excursionists arrived in Ostend.

Germany has the most accommodating of Post Offices. It daily transmits birds, beasts, and fishes, if of a harmless sort. A goose, unintelligibly directed, was lately put up for auction sale, when 3875 was found under its left pinion. The sender has not been discovered.

Incendiary fires in the western departments of Russia have caused the destruction of an immense amount of property this year. Up to the end of June sixteen towns and villages had been burned to the ground, including Whitebek, with 23,000 population; Bobrinsk 23,000; Slomin, 20,000; and Mobileff, 25,000. But the greatest conflagrations have occurred in Korez and Minsk. In Korez 1,020 houses and shops were destroyed, including eleven prayer houses and the synagogue. Thirty-nine lives were lost, and the bulk of the survivors are destitute and without shelter. At Minsk the conditions of things is said to have been even worse, and the loss is estimated to have been three times as great.

The Corporation of London intend to present in a gold box to the Prime Minister an address, recording their high esteem of his great services to his country, and to ask him to sit for a marble bust to be placed in the Guildhall. The original idea was to present the freedom of the city to Gladstone, but he is already a Freeman and a Liveryman of the Fishmongers' and Turners' Companies, and therefore a Freeman of the City. The compliment is apart from party considerations, the majority of the members of the Corporation being Conservatives. Among the very few public men to whom a somewhat similar honor has been done have been William Pitt, Viscount Althorp, Earl Grey, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Palmerston, Earl Canning, Earl Russell, Mr. Cobden, and Lord Beaconsfield.

The Earl of Airlie, who died recently in Denver, had visited this country several times—first in 1867, when he made a trip with a large Chicago party over the Union Pacific Railroad as far as it was then completed, which was nearly to Cheyenne. Last year, accompanied by one of his daughters, he spent a couple of months in Colorado, where he purchased a large sheep ranche (some 30,000 acres) for one of his sons, whom he placed on it. The young man's health had not been good, and the father thought that the clear, pure, bracing air of Colorado would be just the thing for him. This summer the Earl came again, with his oldest son and hereditary heir, Lord Ogilvy. He visited the Tennesse colony and then travelled to Colorado to inspect the estate there. On his return to England last year he published a series of papers in the *Nineteenth Century* on the agricultural resources of our Western country.

The Siberian pest that has been raging in Russia is described as an inflammation of the spleen, that first attacked cattle and horses. The diseased animals, without giving any premonitory symptoms of illness, would suddenly fall in their tracks and expire. The spread of the epidemic to human beings is attributed to the ignorance and carelessness of the people and police authorities. Although with sufficient evidence that the pest is contagious, the owners of animals dying of it were allowed to skin them and use or sell the hides. This spread the contagion both within and beyond the confines of the province of Novgorod, in which it first manifested itself. The peasants sought to check the epidemic by forming religious processions and marching about with banners bearing the figure of the Virgin, and reciting prayers. This only helped to distribute the seeds of the disease still further. Large numbers of domestic animals have fallen a prey to it, and also many human lives. One circumstance that added to its destructiveness was the differences that existed for a time among the physicians as to the best mode of treating it, their apparent uncertainty serving to heighten the natural terror of the country populace.

The Irish Land Commission.

The following are the new assistant Land Commissioners for Ireland: 1. Prof. Baldwin. He is Superintendent of the Government Model Farm and is a scientific farmer. He was a member of the *Herald* Relief Committee. He was on the point of starting for America to visit the great wheat farms in the West when he was appointed. 2. Lieut.-Col. Barley. He is agent for Lord Carysfort in County Wicklow, and lived for several years in Wisconsin, where he had practical experience of farming. 3. Mr. Garland. He is a well-known authority on land in the North. 4. Mr. Loughlan. He is the son of a Dublin merchant, and a practical farmer. He may be said to represent commercial interests on the Commission. 5. Mr. O'Keefe. He is assistant professor of chemistry in Queen's College, Cork, and is a scientific farmer. 6. Mr. O'Shaughnessy. He is a well-known Galway farmer. 7. Mr. Rice. He was one of the members of the Duke of Richmond's agricultural commission, and signed the minority report which favoured more protection for the tenant. 8. Mr. Ross. He is a Presbyterian farmer, formerly a shopkeeper in Monaghan. Col. Bayley and Messrs. Houghton and Rice are Protestants, the others are Catholics. All are Liberals except, possibly, Colonel Bayley. The *Freeman's Journal* and the *Irish Times* seem to favor the appointments. The former, however, recommends an attitude of reserve, until it has been seen how they act. The *Express*, a Conservative organ, is dissatisfied. It says that the appointments decidedly favor the tenants' interests.

"Grit."—"Grit," as applied to a man, has a peculiar signification. It is the opposite of softness, and still it does not mean hardness; it is the opposite of fear and of faintheartedness. We know of a man of "grit" that if he is in a fight he may be overcome, he may perish, but he will never voluntarily surrender. He may fail, but it will be with his face to the foe. He neither surrenders his own nor that of another which has been intrusted to his keeping. He holds life, however dear in itself, cheap in comparison with fidelity and honor. "Grit" is a manly quality.

DISCIPLING GRANDPA.

Adelaide used to remark, throwing a rare musical halo about her words: "These beans are better than they look, ain't they, teacher?"

And I was wont to reply conscientiously enough, though with a sweet-wearied glance at the family dish. "Certainly they do taste better than they look."

Occasionally we had what Elmer Swift called "squash on the shell," an ingenous term for the last of the winter pumpkins boiled in halves, and served au naturel. Grandpa, too, pined and put away his food. He used to look across the table at me with a feeble appeal for sympathy in his expression. Oftentimes he sighed deeply, and related anecdotes redolent of "red salmon" and "deer flesh," "strawberries as big as teacups" and "peaches as big as pint bowls," in places where he had smiled. Once he ventured to remark, apologetically, referring to the beans and pumpkins, that "bein' sich a mild winter, somehow he didn't hanker arter sich truckin' food, and he guessed he'd go over to Ware'am and git some pork."

"Wall, thar, now, pa!" said Grandma, "seems to me we'd ought ter consider all the fruits o' God's bounty as good and relishin' in their season."

"I call that punkin out of season," said grandpa recklessly. "Strikes me so."

"I was talkin' 'bout fruits. I wasn't talkin' about punkins," said Grandma with derisive conclusiveness.

"Wall," said Grandpa, very much aroused, "if you call them tarnal white beans the fruits of God, I don't."

"Don't you consider that God made beans, pa?"

"No, I don't!"

"Who, then—" continued Grandma in an awful tone, "do you consider made beans, pa?"

Grandpa's eyes, as he glared at the dish, were large and round, and significant of unspeakable things.

"Staunton Fisher!" Grandma hastened to say, "my ears have heard enough!"

As for Grandma, neither her appetite nor her spirits flagged. In spite of her confirmed habit of tantalizing Grandpa—and this was from no malevolence of motive, but simply as the conscientious fulfilment of a sacred religious and domestic duty—she was the most delightful soul I ever knew. At supper it was a habit for her to sit at the table long after we had finished eating our meal, and to continue eating and talking in her slow automatic, sublimely philosophical manner, until not a vestige of anything eatable remained, and then as she rose she would remark, simply, with a glance at the denuded board:

"It beats all how near you guessed the vittles to-night, daughter!"

Then Grandma resorted to an occasional pastime, harmless and playful enough in itself, yet intended as a special means of discipline for Grandma, and certainly a source of great torment and anxiety to that poor old man. Between the hours of 8 and 9 p. m., Grandma would deftly glide out of the family circle, and be seen no more that night. At bedtime Grandpa would begin the search, while Adelaide and I ungeneriously retired.

In the privacy of my own chamber I could hear the old captain tramping desolately about the Ark, calling "Ma! ma!" Could hear the outside door swung open, and imagine Grandpa's wild face peering into the darkness, while still he called, "Ma! ma! where be ye! It's half after 10!" Then from the foot of the stair would arise his distressed, appealing cry: "Come, ma, where be ye? It's half after 10!" Silence everywhere. With a mighty groan Grandpa would come shuffling up the steep stair, and what was most remarkable, Grandma was invariably found secluding amid the rubbish of the old garret. Then the whisperings that arose between those two would have pierced through denser substances by far than the little red door which separated me from the scene.

"How'd I know, ma, but what you gone out and broke your leg, or somethin'? Come ma"—with exasperated persuasiveness—"what do you want to pester me this way for!"

"Why, pa," arose the calm, mellifluous accents of Grandma Fisher, "So's you might know how you'd feel if I should be tuk away!"

Grandma—Heaven bless her, always devoted, though original—never saw a human ill that she did not long to alleviate. So as grandpa and I daily refused our food, she affirmed, as her opinion, that the one need of our deranged systems was a clarifier! And she forthwith prepared a mixture of onions and molasses, with various bitter roots, which latter, she upon her knees had wrested from the frosty bosom of the earth in an arena immediately adjoining the ark. Thus I beheld her one wintry day, and wondered greatly what she was at. When I came home from school at night, through a strangely permeated atmosphere, I beheld the clarifier simmering on the stove. Grandpa already stood shivering over the fire. He smiled when I came in, but it was a faint and deathly smile—the smile of one who has returned, perforce, to weak, defenceless infancy. Grandma pressed me kindly to partake. I preferred to keep what ills I had rather than fly to others that I knew not of. So I gently and firmly declined. But for several days in succession Grandpa was made the victim of the ghastly remedy. His sufferings went beyond the power of mad expostulation to express, and came nigh to produce upon his features the aspect of a saintly resignation. Never shall I forget his appearance during this clarifying period—his occasional faint and fleeting attempts at wit—his usually hopeless and world-weary air. The wonder to me was that he did not then enter upon a celestial state of existence, being eminently fitted to go, so far as the attenuation of his mortal frame was concerned.

Carlyle's Laugh.

Carlyle's laugh, as described by a writer in the *Atlantic Monthly*, was not the bitter laugh of the cynic, nor yet the big bodied laugh of the burly joker; least of all, was it the thin and rasping cackle of the dyspeptic satirist; but it was a broad, honest, human laugh, which, beginning in the brain, took into its action the whole heart and diaphragm, and instantly changed the worn face into something frank and even winning, giving to it an expression that would have won the confidence of any child.

FOR THE LADIES.

THE woman question—To hoop or not to hoop?

All sorts of furniture are now made out of paper.

THE more flour a housekeeper has the more she kneads.

WHEN a stupid man marries a vixenish wit he becomes shrewed.

A scolding woman's roughly planned to fume and bluster and command.

THERE in the afternoon is the hour for tying the wedding knot in the best society circles.

AUBURN-HAIRED girls are coming into fashion again, much to the chagrin of the golden-haired.

WE may yet see our belles on bicycles. London ladies ride them at the doctor's recommendation.

EIGHT and ten bridesmaids, one-half being little girls, accompany fashionable London brides to the altar.

THE Indian and woman are very much alike in their ways. Both put on their war paint when they go out to capture something.

PRINCESS DOLGOROUKI, the widow of Alexander II., is travelling in Germany. She registers as "Princess Dolgorouki, from Petersburg."

THE Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark have come into a fortune of about $15,000,000 by the death of Prince Frederick of the Netherlands.

THE sunflower, the idolized blossom of the embroiderer, has a fine effect in mellowed tones of yellow and green, on a pillow of deep green plush.

An æsthetic young lady now conducts all her social correspondence on art-tinted paper, bearing the emblematic sunflower or some weird device.

A beautiful screen, hand painted on natural wood, has for its designs, woodbine, blossoming lilac branches, and hollyhocks on the three separate panels.

WE occasionally meet a hoop-skirt on the streets, but only on those of no decided style. Ladies will not put on the unbecoming harness until obliged to.

A New York woman offered a novelist $500 to write a story in which her pet poodle, "Beauty," would figure as the hero. The tooness of this is too apparently too for comment.

ALTHOUGH the Princess Maud, the youngest daughter of the Prince of Wales, is but 12 years old, she shows extraordinary vocal powers, and is so devoted and persistent a student of music that her parents have been obliged to restrain her enthusiam.

YELLOW lace is by no means a modern novelty. In the sixteenth century the fair Venetians appreciated this becoming tint and had their laces dyed yellow, and Irish linen, which as long ago as that date was highly prized, was always of that hue until Henry VIII. forbade the use of saffron as a dye.

Curious Sea Inhabitants.

There is a continual warfare going on in the deep—a constant struggle for the sustaining of life. The carnivorous devour the vegetarians, and the mud-eaters swallow both animal and vegetable forms; and this runs all the way down the scale, from the shark and the equally ravenous bluefish to the least of the annelids. These last—the sea-worms—are wary, but they cannot escape their enemies. If they were to confine themselves to the bottom—where they feed, and where many of them grow to the length of a foot or two—they might in a measure escape, though they would still be a prey to scup and other fish that know how to dig for them; but they love to swim, particularly at night and in the breeding season, and then they are snapped up in countless numbers. They have almost every variety of forms, and their structure is marvellous—monsters with hooked jaws at the end of a proboscis, and with sides of bluish-green, and throw off an infinite variety of iridescent hues. Some of the sea-worms have scales, others have soft bodies; some are sluggish, and curl themselves up into balls when disturbed; others are restless, particularly at night; some are round, others flat; some build tubes of sand cement, woven together till they make a colony of many hundred members; the tubes of others are soft and flexible, and some, when disturbed, withdraw within their crooked, calcareous tubes, and close the orifice with a plug. One variety of the serpulæ has three darker eyes; another variety has clusters of eyes on each tentacle. The amphipods were accounted of no great value till it was shown by the Fish Commission that these small crustacea furnish a vast amount of food for salt and fresh-water fishes. Indeed, there is not a creature that swims or crawls that does not become the food of some other animal. A beach-flea is caught up by a scup or a flounder, and squids make havoc among young mackerel, while sharks and stingrays find something appetising in the gasterpod.

Good Advice on the Chicken Question.

Bro. Freas, the veteran editor of the *Germantown Telegraph*, hopes the spurt of good luck which has befallen those who had eggs on hand or knew how to pamper and pet the chickens, will not cause every one to rush into the chicken business beyond what prudence would dictate. Keep a fair number of fowl of approved breeds, care for them in the best manner so that the best results may be achieved, and it will at all times bring into the family purse a steady supply of ready money that will be exceedingly handy. The boys and girls in a family who have been brought up among fowl should be fully capable of making a good thing out of a few score of chickens, and ought to be encouraged in the business, and allowed to have all the surplus profit of it. There is so much offal about a farm that the actual cost of the flock is scarcely worth considering; and the pleasure of raising and caring for them is one that grows upon people and is really worth all the trouble and expense.

A young lady fond of riding on horseback had a vicious roan horse which ran away with her one day; whereupon a rival remarked that she "always knew she couldn't hold her roan in equestrianism."

Jim's First Squid.

You see, I am from Nantucket, and before I came up here had been on a whalin'-cruise for three years, and had tried everything from a mad fin-back to a man-eater. I liked jokin' the skipper about the big squids he kept tellin' about, but in fact I was down-right anxious to see one, and it wasn't long before I had a chance. We were a-lyin' out a gale in Hare Bay, and on the third day, if I don't disremember, the wind had let up and the sea gone down, so we were beginnin' to think of movin', when the skipper comes along and says, "Jim, you want to tackle a squid, don't ye?" "I do," says I. "Well, here's your chance; there's one over in the breakers aground on the rocks; the water ain't over a fathom. Take the dingy and bring him aboard." I looked over, and sure enough there was somethin' splashin' around among the rocks, a throwin' up its arms. Takin' a boat-hook and a bit of rope, I jumped into the dingy and pulled away. I see the skipper tip a wink to the hands, so I made up my mind I'd bring the squid back, no matter what happened. "Did you ever see one alive?" turning to me. On my replying in the negative, he continued, "Well, they are the worst lookin' things you can imagine; more like a big spider, all legs and eyes, than anything else." I pulled along, keeping before the seas, and in a few minutes had the boat within twenty feet of it; and there's no use talkin', I wished I was back on board the sloop. There it was, a great big bag, cream-white, with a big fluke like a whale on the end, and the other was full of legs, all lined with round suckers. Every time the water let down and it hit the rocks, up would go its arms in the air like signals of distress; and, worst of all, its eyes, which were big as your hat, seemed to be a-watchin' me. But I didn't have much time to spend in thinkin', for the boat was driftin' in all the time. It had a long sucker fastened on to a rock, and was hangin' onto that like a ship anchored on a lee shore. I concluded to pull off and loose this, and let the waves carry it up, and take it without any trouble—so I pulled out about 40 feet to about where the sucker seemed to go. Watchin' my chance, I dropped the oars, grabbed the boat-hook, and hooked to the sucker, and soon had it off; but I had drifted in, and as luck would have it, a big sea came along. Afore I could get the oars it had landed me right in on top of the squad; and I tell you there was some lively gettin' around for a few minutes. It wasn't a minute afore he had four or five legs over the boat, and I would 'a sworn he was tryin' to climb in. We always kept an axe in the dingy, and I grabbed that and soon had one leg off; in my excitement I put it right through the side of the dingy besides, and next wave half filled her and banged her on the rocks in a terrible way. The first thing I knew one of the critter's arms had me by the leg—and talk about pullin'! I laid back half in the water, and braced against the seat with my clear leg; for a few minutes it was nip and tuck, I makin' hits at it with the axe, and missin' 'most every time, owin' to the boat's jumpin' round so. At last one of the other arms caught on my shoulder; I got in a hit then and cut another arm off. Another was wavin' around my head, and caught me in the hand, takin' the skin right off; but I knocked this back into the water with the boat-hook, and then I went for its eyes and head, and in a few minutes had it pretty well used up. I was bound to take it aboard; so I got the boat out of the rocks and hauled her up, got a rope round the squid, and soon had what was left of it on the beach, and when I got the dingy righted I towed it aboard. They had the laugh on me, but I got the squid, and there's the receipted bills, pointing to a pair hanging over the table.

High Heels.

Until the ladies of our day resumed the antiquated fashion of high heels, bunions were shown up only in burlesque, and there is more than their ridiculous absurdity to be condemned in wearing them. The weight of the body is thrown upon the toes, which are thus unduly burdened, and thrown forward against the front of the shoe. But worst than this, the ankle has many a twist or *wrick*, the step is not firm or secure, and the further tendency of all this is to give to the spine more curvature than even fashion ordains in the "Grecian bend." Add to these unlovely results the clatter of the heel-blocks, and we have a total not less disagreeable than that of the pattens of our grandmothers, which had at least the strong recommendation of utility. It is true that high heels make the instep seem higher; but surely no proper-minded person would be guilty of a sham. And further, as the heel of the foot is kept up above the proper level, the muscles whose duty is to raise it are enfeebled by the loss of that exercise. These muscles are in the calf of the leg, which will thus dwindle away to leanness of decrepit age, and become a "shrunk shank," if this unseemly distortion be long persisted in. "The animal machinery," says Sir Charles Bell, "can be seen in perfection only when it is kept in full activity. Exercise unfolds the muscular system, producing a full, bold outline of the limbs, at the same time that the joints are knit small and clean. Look at the legs of a poor Irishman travelling to the harvest with bare feet; the thickness and roundness of the calf show that the foot and toes are free to permit the exercise of the muscles of the legs. Look, now, at the legs of an English peasant whose foot and ankle are tightly laced in a boot with an inflexible sole; and you will perceive, from the manner in which he lifts his legs, that the play of the ankle, foot, and toes, is lost as much as if he went of stilts; and therefore are his legs small and shapeless. In short, the natural exercise of the parts, whether they be active or passive, is the stimulus to the circulation through them; exercise being as necessary to the perfect constitution of a bone as it is to the perfection of the muscular powers."

London has taken a little over forty years to double its population, but is now growing at the rate of more than a thousand a week.

Mrs. Jennie McGraw Fiske, who lately died at Ithaca, left a fortune of $12,000,000. She was building a residence to cost $2,000,000, intending to make it the finest in the United States. While in Europe last year she was married to Prof. Fiske of Cornell University.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

The Duke of Westminster has decided to sell Clivedon, his house near London. This place is famous for its beauty, and was a favorite residence of the late duchess.

THE citizens of a Colorado mining town want to borrow Guitteau for a few minutes. If they don't return him in good order they promise to pay the government his full value in cash.

A KNOTTY point has arisen in an English insolvent society at Bologne, whether a gentleman who has merely liquidated should take precedence, at the dinner table, of one who has filed a bill in bankruptcy.

AT a recent meeting of the Academy of Science in Paris a communication was read from a man who announced that he had discovered a mode of inoculating vines as a protection against the attaok of the phylloxera.

AN English pauper named Worth, an inmate of the Leicester workhouse, where he is engaged in tending pigs, will shortly come into a fortuue of $19,000 by the will of a gentleman with whom he was at one time in partnership.

THE trousers, an English critic writes, is the weak point in the German military costume. Those worn by the officers are so tight that they remind one of the English dandy in old times who would never venture to sit down in his walking trousers.

THE telegraph system has made but little headway in China, but its growth in Japan has been very rapid. It was introduced in 1871, and at the beginning of last year comprised 9,345 miles of wire. During last year the total number of telegrams reached 1,272,756.

A NEGRO went home from a Georgia camp meeting in a state of estacy, declared that he was going to heaven by the way of a tall tree that grew in a dooryard, climbed to a height of seventy feet, and then undertook to fly the rest of the journey. The fall killed him.

A CLUB has been established in St. Petersburg, the members of which bind themselves under penalty of heavy fines, to wear only clothes made of Russian cloth, to employ only Russian workmen, to dine at Russian restaurants, and abstain from anything coming from foreign sources.

THE British Board of Customs is endeavoring to prevent the introduction of the Colorado beetle into England. A fright has been caused by the rumor that Irishmen in the West were gathering potato beetles and securing them in small boxes for transportation to England, where they were to be turned loose to prey upon English crops.

ALMOST all the "marbles" with which boys everywhere amuse themselves, in season and out of season, on side-walks and in shady spots, are made at Oberstein, Germany. There are large agate quarries and mills in that neighborhood, and the refuse is turned to good account in providing the small stone balls for experts to "knuckle" with.

THE Lord Mayor of London has received from New South Wales a large consignment of game and fish, comprising thirteen kangaroos, twelve brace of ducks, several wild turkeys, and some boxes of Sydney salt water fish, including flatheads, schnappes, guard fish, whiting, jew fish, seamullet, and bream. It all arrived perfectly fresh, though frozen, having been kept in refrigerators throughout the journey.

ONE Sunday, during the meeting of the Geographical Congress at Venice, a boat race took place on the Grand Canal. The whole city turned out to witness it in gondolas. Twelve gilded barges, richly carved and draped, attracted general attention. The gondoliers were dressed in fancy costumes. Those of one barge had a bear at the stern, a seal at the brow, and were dressed as Esquimaux. Nine skiff gondolas competed for a prize. The King and Queen looked on from the Palazzo Foscari.

SINCE the death of Dean Stanley innumerable stories of Westminster Abbey have come to light. Here is one of the best: "A gentleman passing through the Abbey observed an apparently devout person on his knees. It is true no service was going on, but the occupation was a quiet and harmless one. A verger soon took note of the irregularity, and touched the kneeler on the shoulder, informing him that praying was against the rule. 'Why, sir,' exclaimed the verger with geniune disgust to a bystander, 'if I let 'em, we should soon have 'em praying all over the place.'"

AMONG the remarkable operations performed in Germany recently by eminent surgeons, those in which the stomach or the abdomen had to be opened have been at once the most dangerous and the most successful. After the achievements of Dr. Billroth of Vienna in the removal of cancers from the stomach comes now Dr. Schinzenger, a professor in the University of Freiburg, with two cases in which obstructions in the entrails had to be removed. In one case, that of a woman, a section of one of the intestines had to be cut out and the severed ends sewed together. In both instances speedy recovery followed.

AN interesting return has been lately prepared, by order of the Russian Minister of War, of the weight actually carried by the infantry soldier in each of the largest European armies when in the field in time of war. At the head of the list stands the Russian soldier, with a load of between 70 and 71 pounds. Next comes the French soldier, who carries 66 pounds; and then comes the English and Italian soldier, each with a burden of between 61 and 62 pounds. The Austrian carries only 57 pounds, the Swiss between 48 and 49, while the German soldier is only weighted with 57½.

THE question of transferring the Russian capital from St. Petersburg to Moscow is being agitated in the Russian newspapers. The warmest advocates of the project are the Panslavists, who look upon St. Petersburg as the typical representative of the "traitorous reforms" of Peter the Great, and of Moscow as the true centre of Russian patriotism. On the other side it is urged that the history of Russia as a great European power dates from the foundation of St. Petersburg, and that the patriotism of Moscow is merely of a local or provincial kind. St. Petersburg is not only the seat of the imperial court, but of Russia's social and literary world.

Dancing Girls.

Blackwood's Magazine.

When all had seated themselves on chairs round the room, and had partaken of the due allowance of sherbet and coffee, the performances commenced by the introduction of a dancing girl, gorgeously attired in crimson satin and brocade, abundantly spangled with tinsel, and adorned with jewels of some value. Masses of gold ornaments like coins were attached to her flowing tresses, and jingled on her back whenever she moved. In her dress, however, one could remark the growing influence of European habits; the gauze loose trousers of the Ghawasee of old days have given place to a full skirt reaching almost to the ground; her feet, instead of being bare, were shod with Parisian *brodequins*; and under her small jacket was a chemise-like garment of tolerable thickness, which was also an innovation adapted to imported notions of decency. Her dancing was of the character usual in the East, excepting that the attitudes were considerably modified, and a general air of propriety prevailed, which was also a decidedly modern improvement. It is said that the modern Egyptian dance is an inheritance bequeathed by the ancients, whose priestesses in the temples dedicated to Hathor, the Egyptian Venus, indulged in religious exercises, which finally degenerated in purity and dignity, so that a return to these qualities is scarcely to be regretted. The march of civilization has now so far advanced that the native band and dance were after the first performance, abandoned for bad European music by native artists, to which the Egyptian girl did her best to waltz without a partner, with a step which certainly had nothing in common with the *trois temps*. She was succeeded by a characteristic Arab concert—the orchestra being composed of four men, one of whom played a sort of cithern, another a tom-tom, while the fourth trusted entirely to his vocal powers for contributing to the general harmony, which it was necessary to be an Arab to appreciate. When the wild discordant strains raised by this quartet ceased we were treated to a performance of every novel and grotesque kind. A loud "tintamarree" was heard in the street, and a procession, which was accompanied by shouts of laughter from the spectators outside, entered the house. It consisted of what was intended to represent an awkward squad of raw recruits. The officer in command was dressed in British uniform, but his men wore tall fools' caps of paper, and were otherwise fantastically attired. The principal performer was a clown, who, it appears, was celebrated in the town for his talents for mimicry and disguise. He kept the assembly in roars of laughter by his absurd attempts to obey words of command and learn his drill, and by the insubordinate witticisms to which he gave vent. Suddenly some crackers were let off, supposed to represent file-firing, and a sham fight ensued, which resulted in the mock death of one of the soldiers, who lay stiff in the middle of the room, while his companions retired to prepare for the next act in the comedy.

SHORT SUNDAY SERMONS.

Money is a bottomless sea in which honor and conscience and truth may be drowned.

A suggestion to the pulpit: Less oratorical pyrotechnics and more head and heart argument.

The moment a man begins to rise above his fellows, he comes to be a mark for their missiles.

If you can say nothing good for any one, say nothing at all; for in friendship, as in love, we are often happier in our lack of knowledge.

Don't let your heart bleed over the poor heathen, while the poor Christian at home is starving for kindness and substantial aid.

In loving God so abundantly, manifest a little for your fellow men. 'Twill be consistent, and will win hearts to the church.

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than this, that when the injury began on his part, the kindness should begin on ours.

Don't weary your eyes and excite your own envy in church by scanning all your neighbors' dress, but give your head and heart to the preaching of God's gospel.

Good breeding is the result of much good sense, some good nature, and a little self-denial, for the sake of others, with a view to obtain the same indulgence from others.

Don't expect to make up for a neglect and violation of the commandments all the week by ostentatious service on Sunday. The Lord isn't unsophistocated. He has had too much experience with your ilk.

ALL SORTS.

It's real toney to have a good voice.

A little nut brown made: A peanut in a roaster.

THE young man with his first mustache backs down.

MORMONISM has some redeeming features. For instance it doesn't throw the burden of supporting a husband on one woman.

"WHY men drink is what staggers us," says a woman's journal. What men drink is what staggers them.

LAW suits are not always expensive. About the cheapest a man can get into is the striped one worn in the penitentiary.

A poor young man remarks that the only advice he gets from capitalists is "to live within his income," whereas the difficulty he experiences is to live without an income.

THE author of a recent novel has discovered a curious spring in his heroine. In one place "her eyes were suffused with salt tear,s" in another "her tears flowed fresh."

CONVERSATION on a sea-side hotel veranda between a young man and an elderly guest. Young man—"I must have seen you some where, sir?" Elderly gent.—"Very likely, I am a pawnbroker."

AN agricultural paper has an article on kicking cows. It is hard to imagine a man who can be so mean as to go around kicking these useful and inoffensive animals, but we suppose there are such wretches, or the article wouldn't have been written.

FOR SALE.

THE undersigned offers for sale all his property in the Village of Madoc, consisting of two fine dwellings, two tenant houses and two improved village lots without buildings. For further particulars apply to

WELLINGTON BRISTOL.

Madoc, October 13th, 1881. 236-tf.

CARD OF THANKS.

ALLOW me to express my thanks to the Liverpool & London & Globe Insurance Company, and to Mr. P. R. Palmer, their agent, for the prompt settlement of my claim of $1500 on my Barn and Contents destroyed by fire on the 17th Sept. last.

JOHN N. MOORE,

Madoc, October 6th, 1881. 236-3t

Strayed or Stolen.

FROM the premises of the undersigned, lot No. 9, 6th concession, Madoc, on Thursday, 22nd September, a Grey Horse, blind of the right eye. Any person giving such information as will lead to its recovery will be suitably rewarded.

HUGH CAMERON.

Madoc, Sept. 28th, 1881.

Nota Bene.—We buy our goods from the same firms that the dealers here have bought from ever since they dealt in furniture, and they buy now of the same firms. But mark! we pay CASH DOWN, they don't, and by discounts and close bargining we can sell from 25 to 50 per cent. less than credit buyers, or, as advertised, at and under Belleville retail prices. However, proof in pudding: compare our ARTICLES and PRICES. What is it to the public whether Auction or Cheap John so long as they can get what they want almost for half what they have been accustomed to pay. We sold 11 bedsteads on Saturday last, not by auction but private sale, besides other articles. A fact—People can buy at our prices, when they had to do without at extortionate prices. If slanderer wants any more truth let him keep at his little game we have lots more in forte.

THOS. SCOTT, Agent and Auctioneer.

Grain! Grain!

H. CORBY, JR.,

IS prepared to pay the highest Cash Prices for all kinds of Grain either at Madoc or Belleville. Grain to be delivered in Madoc at the Farmers' Warehouse. 232

LOTS FOR SALE!

In the Northern part of the Village of Madoc, (Russel Estate.)

AT MODERATE PRICES. Terms—one quarter cash, balance in three equal annual payments, 7 per cent interest on unpaid balance. Expenses of conveyancing to be paid by purchasers to vendor's solicitor, (Morgan Jellett, Esq., Belleville.)

Apply to S. D. ROSS, Madoc,
Or to R. D. RUSSEL, Montreal. 11

E. B. FRALECK, B. A.,

BARRISTER, &c.,

No. 17, Campbell St., Belleville,

AGENT FOR

Bristol & West of England Investment Company,

The only purely English Company loaning money in this Province, and consequently interest less than can be afforded by any other Company. Instalment loans from 2 years up to 20, at 5½ per cent. $152 per year for 10 years pays off a loan of $1000, principal and interest. Straight loans at 8 and 8½ per cent. Borrowers have privilege of making repayments on account of principal. No commission. $50,000 Private funds to loan at 8½ per cent., payable yearly. Charges reasonable.

Belleville, March 25th, 1880.

SPECIAL NOTICE

—TO THE—

AFFLICTED.

DRS. WILLIAMS AND NASH

may still be consulted at the

BRANCH OFFICE, DETROIT THROAT AND LUNG INSTITUTE, west front street, over OVERELL'S STORE, opposite GLASGOW WARE HOUSE, BELLEVILLE,

on all the various diseases of the Head, Throat, and Chest, including the Eye, Ear, and Heart.

The Doctor will also attend to all

Chronic, Blood and Nervous diseases.

Over 2,000 successfully treated at our Head Office in Detroit since 1870.

The very best references given from all parts of Canada from those already cured.

All diseases of the respiratory organs treated by Medicated Inhalations combined with proper constitutional remedies. Consultation free. If possible call for examination, otherwise write for a list of questions.

ADDRESS—

DRS. WILLIAMS and NASH,
Belleville, Ont.

P. S.—Office hours from 9 a. m. to 7 p.

THE MEDICAL HALL.

DURHAM STREET, MADOC.

C. G. WILSON

Chemist and Druggist

A full stock of Pure Drugs and Chemicals always on hand.

PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS

AND

Family Receipts

Carefully Compounded.

A full stock of

SCHOOL BOOKS,

AUTHORIZED BY THE

Council of Public Instruction.

At Publishers' prices.

Agent, Montreal Telegraph Co

Madoc, August 16th, 1881.

PIC-NIC & CAMP SUPPLIES

JUST RECEIVED AT THE

Italian Warehouse

CANNED PORK & BEANS.
" LUNCH TONGUE.
" C. C. BEEF.
" LOBSTERS.
" SALMON.
" F. HADDIE.
" SARDINES.
" TURKEY & TONGUE.
" BONED TURKEY.
" ROASTED CHICKEN.
" HAM CHICKEN & TONGUE.
" OX-TAIL SOUP.
" CHICKEN SOUP.
EXTRACT COFFEE,
CONDENSED MILK,
FRENCH MUSTARD,
C. & B. PICKELS.
NABOB PICKELS.

GRAY & McGREGOR,

Wine and Spirits Merchants,

NEW

BOOT AND SHOE SHOP

THE undersigned begs to announce to the people of Madoc and vicinity that he has opened a New Boot and Shoe Shop in the building formerly occupied by M. Ray, one door east of Mrs. Christie's Photograph Gallery, St. Lawrence street, where he will be prepared to receive and execute all orders entrusted to him, in a first-class manner. Having worked in some of the best shops in the city of Toronto and elsewhere I am confident of being able to give satisfaction as regards fits and the quality of the work done, to all who may favor me with their orders.

For patching on Ladies' and fine work I am using a new cement by the use of which no sewing is necessary and the patches cannot be detected. I am the only one in this village who is using this kind of cement.

TERMS Cash. - Give me a call.

H. COTTRELL.

Madoc, July 7th, 1880.

Boots and Shoes.

ALL KINDS OF

HOME-MADE WORK

FOR SALE,

OR MADE UP TO ORDER ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE,

—AT—

MORRICE'S

BOOT AND SHOE STORE, MADOC.

Terms in Future Strictly Cash.

All outstanding accounts if not paid by the 14th of June will be put into Court for collection.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

LIFE-LIKE PORTRAITS

in all the different styles and sizes.

☞ CHILDREN TAKEN ONLY IN CLEAN WEATHER.

D. MORRICE.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

This Great Household Medicine Ranks among the leading necessaries of life.

These famous Pills purify the BLOOD, and act most powerfully, yet soothingly on

The Liver, Stomach, Kidneys,

and BOWELS, giving tone, energy and vigor to these great MAIN SPRINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious in all ailments incidental to Females of all ages; and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE, are unsurpassed.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT

Its Searching and Healing Properties are known throughout the world.

For the cure of BAD LEGS, Bad Breasts,

Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers,

it is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it cures Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even Asthma. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas,

GOUT, RHEUMATISM,

And every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.

The Pills and Ointment are Manufactured only at

533, OXFORD STREET, LONDON,

And are sold by all Vendors of Medicines throughout the Civilized World; with directions for use in almost every language.

The Trade Marks of these medicines are registered in Ottawa; hence, any one throughout the British possessions, who may keep the American Counterfeits for sale, will be prosecuted.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

JAS. WHYTOCK,

Grocer & Provision

DEALER,

Keeps constantly on hand a first-class stock of

CHOICE GROCERIES

AND

Provisions of all kinds,

Which will be sold at the

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Farmers' Produce of all Kinds taken in exchange.

DURHAM STREET, MADOC.

—TINWARE.—

RIFLES & REVOLVERS. GUNS, FROM $4 TO $30.

SIGN OF THE CIRCULAR SAW.

WRIGHT'S *Grocery, Provision,*

WINE & LIQUOR STORE,

(Established by the late Andrew Wright, in 1858,)

NOW CARRIED ON BY MRS. WRIGHT,

On the premises, in Wright's Block, Durham Street, Madoc,

WHO KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND A FULL ASSORTMENT OF FIRST-CLASS

GROCERIES, Confectionery, and BISCUITS

(A SPECIALITY.)

FRUITS IN SEASON.

Wine Brandy, Gin, Spirits, Ale and Porters!

of the best brands imported direct from the manufacturers.

—ALSO—

CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE,

FLOUR AND FEED, &c., &c.,

Wholesale and Retail at the lowest Cash price.

JANE WRIGHT.

MADOC, January 1st, 1880.

GOODS AT COST,

FOR THE

NEXT 60 DAYS

—AT—

JOHN ROBERTSON'S.

Madoc, August 18th, 1881.

STIRLING AND MADOC

PUMP FACTORY!

THE undersigned has leased the shop previously occupied by R. SIMMONS as a Pump Factory, and is now prepared to furnish

Pumps of the Latest Styles on the shortest notice

All Pumps not bearing my name and recommended as my make are an imposition.

A CALL SOLICITED.

A. L. SAYLOR,

Madoc, June 16th, 1880. Madoc and Stirling.

MADOC PLANING MILL.

The undersigned having removed their Planing Mills from Bridgewater to the Village of Madoc, and fitted up a

Planing Mill, Door, Sash AND Blind Factory

are now prepared to do all work in our line with promptness and despatch.

CUSTOM PLANING DONE ON SHORT NOTICE.

KERRS & WALTON.

Madoc, June 29th, 1879.